General
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FIRST MEETING OF JOSEPH HOWE AND CHARLES TUPPER

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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FORT GEORGE: ITS AWAKENING

BY RUSSELL R. WALKER

Illustrations from photographs

IN the picturesque Fraser Valley of Central British Columbia, near where the hurtling waters of the pretty Nechaco River sweep majestically into the Fraser, there stands, and has stood for nearly a century, the trading-post Fort George. Here, for a space of time, the beginning of which antedates the childhood days of the oldest inhabitant of the valley, the *siwash*, with his *kloochman*, has bartered with the shrewd factors of that intrepid body of pioneer merchants The Honourable The Hudson's Bay Company, exchanging the pelts of the beaver, marten, otter, mink and kindred fur-bearing animals for blankets, trade-guns, steel traps, and those staple articles of food, flour, sugar and tea—so essential to the appeasing of the epicurean appetite of the modern Indian.

Here, less than a year prior to the time of writing, I witnessed the birth and development of the embryo town of Fort George—"A city in the making," so say its optimistic builders; and a brief study of existing conditons leads one to agree with them. A keen rivalry between the promoting interests, and an unwillingness to cooperate, have resulted in the placing on the market of two or three townsites, each possessing the name "Fort George," with prefixes "South" and "Central" as distinguishing features. However, there will undoubtedly be but one city at the junction of the Fraser and Nechaco Rivers when the transcontinental railroad, now building, is completed—and that the *united* Fort George. When speaking of Fort George, I therefore have reference to the united city at the confluence of these two beautiful rivers, the city that is rapidly becoming the commercial centre of the interior of Canada's Pacific Province.

"The Call of the Wild" and "The Lure of Gold," two incentives, which, when combined, amount to an almost uncontrollable passion in man, were sufficient reason for finding myself at the close of April leaving the bustling City of Vancouver on the "Limited" for Ashcroft, at which point connections were to be made with the stage for the Interior, accommodation having already been secured by wire. I had anticipated a ride of about two hundred miles in, or on, a typical Western stage, drawn by the customary four-horse team, but was agreeably surprised at being able to secure a seat in a fine new touring car, which was one of several machines being used experimentally to ascertain the possibility of transforming the

nerve-racking ride on the stages into an automobile excursion. The experiment happily proved a success, and the ride from Ashcroft over the famous old Cariboo Road in this modern luxpleted during the summer. A snapshot of the first to be placed in commission is here shown, the picture taken as she was entering the rough waters of the Fort George Canyon.

A "STERN-WHEELER" ENTERING FORT GEORGE CANYON

urious manner, to the village of Soda Creek on the Fraser River, was a delightful experience, and one which will long remain a pleasant memory. To the awe-stricken natives the flight of the big car seemed a revelation of the infinite, and it was indeed small wonder that they gazed at us in open-mouthed amazement.

A few scattered dwellings, built mostly of logs, a post-office, store and telegraph-office, with the customary saloon, constitute the village of Soda Creek, at which point we boarded the steamer for our trip up the Fraser. The village derives its name from a small creek running near it, the waters of which contain carbonate of sodium. Here all the steamers operating on the Upper Fraser have been constructed, the materials having been hauled into the country on freight waggons at great expense. There were three new boats under course of construction; all of which were com-

This steamer during the summer revolutionised navigation on the river and maintained a semi-weekly service, affording a comfortable and pleasant mode of travel. The trip up river earlier in the season was hardly so pleasant; in fact the discomforts were its most noticeable features. However, the object of my fellow travellers and myself was to reach the little town in the north, and we were fortunate in finding ourselves on board the *Nechaco*, the "Pathfinder of the Interior."

By great good fortune I secured accommodation for several horses purchased in the Sheep Creek Country to the south. These were to be used for riding and packing purposes. One would travel extensively before beholding such a heterogeneous cargo as that carried on the old *Nechaco* that trip. In addition to horses, pigs, chickens, and farm implements, there were stoves, beds, baled hay, flour and

NEW ARRIVALS AT FORT GEORGE, BRITISH COLUMBIA

supplies of all kinds piled promiscuously all over the boat wherever there was a foot of room. The horses were so cramped that they were unable to lie down for three nights and were nearly exhausted upon reaching the Fort; their small quarters and the excessive heat of the boilers quite close to them not being conducive to comfort. Most of the passengers were little better off. A few secured all the berths which the little craft boasted and the rest stretched out on the upper decks, securing some sleep des-

pite the uncomfortable surroundings. Passengers and crew were truly a cosmopolitan aggregation. The French fireman cursed the Indian deck hand for his laziness and called to the Swede soon everything was comparatively quiet.

After battling for three days against the mighty current, the heavily laden *Nechaco* finally rounded a

THE FRASER RIVER NEAR FORT GEORGE

"working his way" to "pass that wood a little faster" and, lying on the upper deck with my blanket about me, the guttural jargon of the Chinese cook and flunkey reached my ears.

On my left lay a Scotch laddie, scarce out of his teens, anticipating the founding of home and fortune in the new land; but then, as we lay under the starry sky, methought he longed for the silent handclasp and gentle caress of his waiting lassie, "sae far awa in the guid hame land." His rich brogue as he told me of her that night was music to the ear, and I trust I may see them together some day in his comfortable little cabin, which has since then sheltered me. "Gott in Himmel, dis iss der limid" exclaimed the sturdy German with whom I was touching shoulders on the right; "We doand haff sooch ships like dis on der Rhine." I smothered a laugh and expressed the wish that we had better beds on the Fraser. Just then the boat ran her nose into the bank, tied up for the night, and curve in the river about one mile below South Fort George, and we had our first glimpse of the little settlement. The afternoon sun was shining brightly as the steamer hove to opposite the town, and soon a landing was made. Practically all of the few inhabitants met the boat, some to welcome incoming friends; others idly curious; the arrival of strangers with news from outside being quite an event in the lives of some. The mail was at once taken to the house of the factor at the Post and the letters spread out on the table in the dining-room, each man acting as his own post-master.

Not being able to secure sleeping quarters, I unpacked my outfit and pitched the tent, which, with several pairs of heavy blankets, had been shipped in from a trading-post farther down the river; tents and blankets, owing to the great demand, not being obtainable in the upper country, except at fabulous prices. After a hearty meal consisting of pork and

"OLD MARY"—GRAND-MOTHER

"OLD MARY'S" GRAND-DAUGHTER

beans, bread and canned butter, prunes and tea, served in the little log restaurant just opened for business, I set about putting my tent-home in order and, being somewhat worn out after experiencing the discomforts of the week's travel, turned in for a good night's rest. This, however, was not to be undisturbed. After sleeping for what seemed to be a very short time I suddenly awakened and sat erect, hearing stealthy footsteps close to the tent and a voice, lowered to a whisper, saying "You go to that side and I'll take this corner." I sprang noiselessly out of bed and stood in the centre of the tent, nervously awaiting developments. These came speedily. Someone pushed a mangy cur in under the tent flap and presently the ridge pole struck me on the head and the tent collapsed about my ears, leaving me struggling—as was my canine companion—to get free. Instead of an interesting, though undesirable hold-up, as first expected, I came to the conclusion that this was my initiation. Standing out there in the cold at midnight in dishabille, with the tent to be erected again before I could crawl into the warm blankets, I failed to see the humorous side of the situation; but, judging by the outbreaks of laughter floating back on the cool night air, and growing fainter in the distance, my late visitors, at least, were enjoying my discomfiture.

The next few days were spent in

making my surroundings as comfortable as possible, taking short trips into the neighbouring country, and visiting the Indian village near by. The sound of saw and hammer was heard on all sides and new settlers were arriving daily, some coming in over the trail from the south and others arriving on the steamers. The river was rising rapidly, and navigation of the wild waters of the canyon, twelve miles below, was becoming difficult for the small boats. June is the month of high water on the Fraser and, now that the warm days had come, the snow in the mountains was melting rapidly and the river rising accordingly. Cool days, with rain, cause the river to lower considerably, for the moisture which falls as rain in the lower country falls as snow in the mountains, where the river has its source, and this does not melt until the return of the bright warm days, thus causing the river to rise again.

At last navigation was temporarily closed, and for twenty-seven days we had no communication whatever with the outside world; no mail arrived; no telegraph or telephone system was in operation, and as the days passed by it seemed as if we were indeed cut adrift from the world. The death of King Edward had occurred four days before the news reached the Fort. An Indian who had tramped the entire distance from the telegraph-office, over a hundred miles away, brought the news, saying, "Big King, he dead." The flag at the Fort, flying at half-mast, was the first intimation to many that the great ruler had passed away.

Supplies were running short; butter and fresh meat were luxuries, and the town ate pork and beans for a week, this diet being varied occasionally by the addition of fish. It was with feelings of relief that the welcome whistle of the steamer was finally heard, and she arrived with a small supply of fresh meat and other much needed provisions. It was not until the new steamers were completed and placed in commission that the shortage in supplies was relieved. The strict game laws forbade the sale of any game, and although there was an abundance of deer, moose and bear meat to be had, very little of it found its way into the town.

Meanwhile the community prospered and, despite the many drawbacks and inconveniences, building progressed rapidly, houses and stores being built in a few days. A man's friendliness was measured by his willingness to lend hammer, saw or square. Axes took the place of hammers; roofing material was at a premium, and when I finally found myself ensconed in a home a little more pretentious than the tent, it was not so comfortable after all, as about as much rain came through the roof as was shed by it.

A small saw-mill attempted to supply the demand for lumber, but its output was wholly inadequate, and it was rather amusing to see men eagerly buying lumber and carrying it away as rapidly as the boards fell from the saw, and, in many instances, if a man added a dozen boards a day to his incompleted dwelling he was fortunate. The people lived mostly under canvas and, as the weather was mild, this was a pleasant and novel experience. The population was composed mainly of men, but, as the months passed by, women, as well as men, arrived and pleasant social evenings were spent. The community boasted a fiddler, and dances were held in the new billiard hall, the dull monotony of the long evenings being thus relieved. Despite the fact that no hotels as yet existed, the inebriating draught was ever present, and several "blind pigs" did a roaring business, disregarding law and order. Gambling for a time became common. Black-jack joints flourishing day and night. Soon, however, the law-abiding element gained the upper hand and

great progress was made in general improvement. Church services were held in a large tent, and although sermons were almost always delivered to a small congregation, the presense of a tent and blankets, I developed a great deal of respect for the Indian's prowess as a canoeman.

Life during the summer and fall months in the beautiful valleys and

FORT GEORGE ON JUNE 10, 1910

"sky-pilot" at least was beneficial.

My work necessitated a great deal of tramping through the Fraser and Nechaco River valleys, riding whereever the trails would permit, and working on the rivers and lakes in cottonwood canoes. These canoes are dug out of cottonwood logs by the Indians, who become expert in their use. To see an Indian canoe race is to witness a wonderful exhibition of skill in the handling of these little craft. The waters of the majority of the rivers are so swift that in working upstream it is necessary to hug the banks, stand erect, and propel the canoes by means of poles; and to accomplish this feat, and make good progress, requires some skill and much practice. The careless use of a pole often results in a cold bath and, after capsising my canoe and precipitating my companion and myself into the icy waters of one of the mountain streams, thereby losing some of our provisions and soaking among the lofty mountains of this new country is indeed enchanting, and if it were not for the murderous mosquitoes and black-flies it would be well-night perfect. During the fly season no comfort can be obtained unless one wears a veil during the day and sleeps in a mosquito tent at night. The most satisfying moments of the day, during this season, for the bushman and camper are when he finally crawls under the cheesecloth walls of his mosquito tent at night and listens, with sighs of relief, to the hum of the myriad wings of these little butchers.

Nevertheless the exhilarating pleasures of the outdoor life more than offset the discomforts. The latter part of August is pleasant, and when the shooting season opens on the first of September, the days have become beautiful; the hot weather has passed, and the first signs of Autumn—the best season of the year—appear.

Trout as gameful as ever rose to a fly are to be found in the many streams throughout the valleys, and several catches of "Rainbow" made by a companion and myself in a small lake a few miles east of Fort George were very fine, as many as fifty being taken in an evening. On the shores of this lake, which is but a few hours' tramp from the town, over a good trail, we came across the home of "Old Mary" —a squaw possessing more activity and business acumen, despite her great age, than a dozen ordinary members of her tribe, who live, or rather exist, in dirty hovels on the Reservation at the Fort.

The lake abounds in trout and whitefish, and the catching of the latter is practically the sole occupation of the old squaw, who lives here the year round with her grand-daughter, drying and smoking the fish caught, making occasional visits to the Indian village to dispose of her catch. Several times have I met the strange couple on the trail, plodding along with huge loads of fish on their backs, several mongrel curs following them, each carrying a goodly sized pack. The accompanying photographs, taken one evening after my companion had gladdened the heart of the old soul by paying her for the use of her canoe, give a good idea of the habits and dress of these people.

The trout were jumping splendily, and very eagerly we paddled the cottonwood dug-out into the centre of the lake and commenced fishing. After two hours of exhilarating sport, during which time we secured nearly fifty fine trout, we ceased fishing, made ourselves comfortable in the canoe and rested, well content with our catch. The lake was as placid as a millpond and, as the soft shades of evening slowly fell, all nature seemed to rest. The occasional splash of a leaping trout was heard, or the weird cry of a loon floated discordantly across the water. The twittering of the birds on shore was hushed, and when the full moon rose over the eastern hills it shone upon the most peaceful scene I have ever beheld.

The months passed quickly and it was with considerable reluctance that I parted with the friends made there and left the familiar scenes in that new country; and, as I stood on the steamer's deck as she left the landing, I could agree with the enthusiast who the day before exclaimed, "Truly, in this favoured land we have a rich heritage.

THE FUTURE OF THE FRENCH-CANADIAN RACE

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF HENRI LEMAY

BY W. S. WALLACE

[*This article is the translation of the greater part of a paper printed in the* Revue Canadienne *for 1910. How far the sentiments expressed by the writer represent the mind of the French-Canadian people, it would be difficult to say. The* Revue Canadienne *is a journal published by a group of professors in Laval University, and should be fairly representative of educated French-Canadian opinion. With regard to the present article, the editor says in a footnote, "We welcome it with pleasure in the pages of our Review." This would seem to be a sort of endorsation. On the other hand, the editor points out that Mr. Lemay is a young man, and is apt to see things* en couleur de rose. *"To many some of his statements will appear, from this point of view, very optimistic." Perhaps the youthfulness of the author does not detract from the value of the article so much as the editor of the* Revue Canadienne *would appear to think; since it is among the young men that the strength of the present Nationalist movement in the Province of Quebec is to be found.*]

THERE are three alternatives which present themselves to Canadians, three great paths which open before the destinies of Canada: Independence, annexation to the United States, or the continuance of the *status quo*.

No one can doubt that whatever else may happen in the future, the colonial tie will go on, by reason of the natural force of things, growing weaker and weaker until it finally breaks. This movement will probably take place without noise and without shedding of blood, in the same manner as the separation of Norway and Sweden took place in 1905.

To use a familiar metaphor, there will appear some fine day in the heaven of nations a new star of the first magnitude and of an unprecedented brilliancy — the star of Canada, thrown off by the momentum of liberty from the constellation of which it had hitherto been compelled, by the ever decreasing force of necessity, to be the satellite.

The imperialistic movement at present seems to be a refutation of the views which I am advancing; but I am confident that the future, and the very near future, will prove me right. If England leans too heavily on the colonial tie, that tie will finally stretch and break.

When will that happen? It is very difficult to say precisely. But it is reasonable to suppose that the men of our generation will be witnesses of it.

Let us suppose first of all that we remain simple colonials, as we are to-day. At the rate of increase in our population, there will be in a century, to judge by the century and a half which has elapsed since the cession of the country to England, 40,000,000 French-Canadians in North America. In 1760, under the old flag of France, our fathers, the true proprietors of this land which they had cleared, and which they had watered with their blood and their sweat, were about 60,000 in number. To-day there are 2,000,000 of us in the confines of Canada, and this number is perhaps equalled by those of our race who live in the shadow of the star-spangled banner. But let us suppose, so that we shall not appear to exaggerate, that North America contains only 3,000,000 French-Canadians. That means that where there was one French-Canadian in 1760, there are fifty French-Canadians to-day. If we continue the calculation, we shall see that if we increase in one hundred and fifty years from one to fifty, we shall easily reach, if we do not pass, in a century, the figure 40,000,000—a figure equal to the present population of France. These are figures sufficient to cause reflection, and above all to point the moral to sluggards and pessimists, to those who have not the courage to believe in themselves and in their race, and who think themselves destined to become engulfed in the rising tide of foreign immigration; to those who do not realise that the victory is never to those too craven to deserve it; to those who would see our dear French tongue perish, rather than make some personal sacrifice to save it; to those who flee before the enemy, because they are afraid to face the field of battle; to those who do not believe themselves able to do what our fathers did, fight and struggle with tongue and pen, since we can no longer fight with the sword, and die if it is necessary, in order to transmit to our children the thrice consecrated heritage which the hands of patriots have confided to us. And these figures are not given off-hand; they are based on our census statistics, on the growth of the French population compared with that of our compatriots of different origin.

The conquests made by the French language in the last fifty years, that is, since confederation, cannot be kept count of. It is true that we have also undergone reverses, and reverses sometimes very great, but the balance has never been on the wrong side, and our successes are sufficiently startling if one thinks of the feeble arms at our disposal, the power of our enemies, and the culpable apathy of some among ourselves.

Among these conquests of the French language, I shall cite, first of all, one which is to me particularly grateful, because it was effected in my own part of the country, the beautiful district of the Eastern Townships. Nowhere else probably has our progress been more rapid; and what is a consoling fact, our successes, instead of abating, continue to increase. Twenty years ago, eleven counties of the Province of Quebec had a majority of English inhabitants: the counties of Sherbrooke, Stanstead, Megantic, Richmond, Wolfe, Compton, Missisquoi, Huntingdon, Shefford, Brome and Argenteuil. To-day, the majority in these counties is French. And it is to me especially pleasant to cite as a special example my native town of Sherbrooke. Twelve years ago, there was there a population of 9,000 inhabitants, with a slight English majority. To-day there are 17,000 citizens, about 11,000 of whom are of French origin.

It is the same in the other counties and towns of the Eastern Townships. In Compton, for example, a county colonised by Scotch farmers, and reputed the most fertile in the Province,

our compatriots from the older parishes—principally from Beauce, where there is a surplus population—may be seen arriving every day, and buying the magnificent farms. This movement is so considerable that in numerous townships where, ten years ago, not a word of French was spoken, you would not be understood to-day if you spoke in English. Our English compatriots understand perfectly the significance of this movement. Witness Mr. Robert Hess, president of the Agricultural Society of the County of Huntingdon, who deplored, at the last meeting of the society, the departure of the English farmers for the West, and the abandonment of the soil of this Province to the French-Canadians.

That is how we have accomplished the conquest of the soil, that is how we have ousted our conquerors from the district of the Eastern Townships which they had reserved as if it were a strong fort, when they could send out the armies which were to subject us to the yoke of Anglicisation.

This conquest of the Eastern Townships is one of the most brilliant conquests of which we could ever dream. It was accomplished without noise; but the train of the Dufresnes, the Racines, and the Chicoynes has done more for our national future than many people whose patriotism is more exuberant than practical. Henceforth, from this citadel, which was formerly English, there will descend numerous battalions of war-like patriots who will not fear to face the combat, since they have already proved themselves victorious. Let all French-Canadians follow the example of those who went to conquer the Eastern Townships, and there will not be in the world a power strong enough to bar the path that we would follow.

What is true of the Eastern Townships, is equally true of several other parts of the Province. What is the case in the counties of Charlevoix and Gaspé, where an attempt at English colonisation was made in order to bar our progress? There are there whole townships of *habitants* bearing English names, but not knowing how to utter a "yes" or "no" in the tongue of Shakespeare.

What is the situation in Montreal, that great city which is the centre of the industry and commerce of Canada? An observer cannot fail to notice that we have made enormous progress there also in the last half-century. Not only has an attempt been made to Anglicise us by surrounding us by a belt of British population; but when that attempt failed, recourse was had to immigration. By that means, it was hoped to counterbalance the incessantly growing number of the French population. This device did not succeed better than the others. And you will see that for having called in the Jews to their aid, our English compatriots will be the first to suffer. They will lose the control of their schools, as they have almost done already; they will lose here their financial and commercial supremacy, as they have lost it elsewhere. This commercial supremacy is, moreover, no longer so crushing as it was a few years ago. Do the people of our race count for nothing in gigantic enterprises such as the tramway, lighting, railways, navigation, banking, wholesale trade, etc.? I cite no name; I need only say: open your eyes and see. In a few years, with the support of French capital which is commencing to arrive for us, it will no longer be possible to say that business is exclusively in the hands of the English.

What we have gained from the point of view of the spread of our influence over a greater territory, and the diffusion of our language in regions where it had not been spoken before, is connected naturally with another victory, our victory in the Legislature.

Since Confederation, there have been twelve legislatures in the Government of Quebec. Up to the accession to power of Mercier in January, 1887, the cabinet was always formed half of English-speaking and half of French-speaking members. The Ross Cabinet, the two Taillon Cabinets, and the Mousseau Cabinet contained a majority of English-speaking members. The debates took place at Quebec at that time almost as often in English as in French. To-day all that is changed. Three ministers only out of nine are English; and of these one has no portfolio. As for the debates, it is an exception to hear English spoken in our legislature, for apart from the report of the Treasurer, which is made in English, French is almost exclusively used.

* * *

This spread of our race and our language is going on also beyond the bounds of our Province. Witness the great congress which has just been held at Ottawa*, where the best means were discussed whereby our somewhat scattered forces in the Province of Ontario might be united and made to co-operate in the common work of the national triumph.

The newspapers of Ontario are beginning to be disturbed about our forward march. The question seems to them very grave. So it is, in fact; it will be grave in its consequences as it is in its causes.

It is twenty-five years since the arrival of French-Canadian settlers in the county of Nipissing first began. To-day this great country, divided into two parts, is represented in the Legislature at Toronto by two French-Canadians. The situation is the same in several other counties, such as Prescott, Russell, Glengarry, Renfrew and Essex, this last having as its representative at Toronto, the Honourable Dr. Rhéaume, who is the Minister of Public Works in the Whitney administration.

We have at present a preponderant voice in about fifteen counties of Ontario. Ottawa, with a total population of 83,000 souls, contains 20,000 French-Canadians.

The Province of Ontario has been invaded at three points simultaneously, in the east, the north, and the southwest. According to the most exact estimates, our compatriots must number at present about 225,000 in the sister province, that is, nearly one-quarter of a million, or double what they numbered twenty years ago. A Toronto newspaper, dealing recently with this question, said that in twenty-five years the French-Canadians would form at least a fifth, if not a quarter, of the total population of Ontario. The newspaper was right. For when we have once penetrated any region in sufficient number to breathe freely, we live and prosper. Following for Ontario the same rate of increase which I have just referred to, that is to say, two to one in twenty years, we find that in a century, this province will be peopled by nearly 6,000,000 inhabitants of French origin; that is to say, that this region, where almost all the movements have originated which aimed at our Anglicisation, will be itself Gallicised by the logic of events.

Let us remark once more that there is here no exaggeration, and that these figures are not merely approximate. They are the result of a serious study of the movement of population among us. And observe that owing to the exceptionally advantageous circumstances in which we find ourselves to-day—since no one can no longer persecute us openly—our march forward is much less difficult than it has been hitherto. We have, so to speak, only to walk in the footsteps of those who have gone before us. . . That which our fathers have done in

*Congress of the French-Canadian youth, held at Ottawa, June 25-26, 1910.

Quebec, we shall do in Ontario, in the West, and in the Maritime Provinces.

* * *

The last census shows us that the entire population of the Maritime Provinces is remaining almost stationary, so that these Provinces in 1901 lost several seats in the House of Commons. The immigrants from Europe do not stop there, but pass immediately to the West, and like Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have to deplore the departure of a great number of their sons either to the United States, or to other parts of the country. But a remarkable and consoling fact is that if the total figure of the population is not increasing, or hardly increasing, that of the French-Canadian population is growing very rapidly. According to the most exact data, the Maritime Provinces were peopled in 1908 by 940,000 inhabitants. Of this number 140,000 were of French origin, which means that the proportion between the French and English race is still more in our favour there than in Ontario.

In 1901, New Brunswick had a population, one-fifth of which was good Acadian. The census of 1911 will certainly show that this proportion will have increased to one-fourth of the total population. Thus, out of an approximate total of 360,000 inhabitants (the figure was 350,000 in 1908), there will be 90,000 loyal English subjects of French origin. The Acadians have one of their number in the provincial cabinet and the Legislature contains among its members several representatives of French blood. Out of ten Senators, one is an Acadian, out of thirteen representatives in the House of Commons, three are Acadians. The influence of our race in this Province is going on increasing, thanks to their phenomenal birth-rate. It is 42 per 1,000 inhabitants, while it is only 22 per 1,000 among the English-speaking population. So it is easy to see that, since New Brunswick is receiving almost no immigration, and since the birth-rate of the French-Canadians is double that of the English, the day is not far distant when the two races will be in number equal. From that time forth, no one can doubt that the French will of necessity overcome before long the opposition of their rivals, and New Brunswick will be conquered peacefully, just as the Eastern Townships have been.

In Nova Scotia, our progress, although less noticeable, is not less real. The influence of the Province of Quebec is less felt there, and as the groups of French-Canadians are less numerous their cohesion is more difficult to bring about. That, however, does not prevent our counting about 50,000 French-speaking inhabitants out of a total population of 480,000 inhabitants, or almost a ninth of the whole. Out of ten senators for this Province, one is an Acadian, and several representatives in the Legislature are also of French origin.

The most curious phenomenon is perhaps that which is occurring in Prince Edward Island. In 1901, the population of this Province had suffered a decrease of 5,719 inhabitants since 1891, while the French population had increased by 4,000 in the same time. This meant a gain of 10,000 in ten years, or a gain of about one-tenth of the whole population. Let that continue (and we have no reason to suppose that this movement will not continue), and you can judge whether in a century the French race will not predominate in this Province. Acadia, that is to say the Maritime Provinces, will be as French then as the Province of Quebec is to-day.

Let us stop for an instant to consider the future map of Canada. From Cape Breton to Lake Superior, the whole country will have become a land almost exclusively French. It will be only in the South of Ontario and certain parts of Nova Scotia, that

French will not be generally spoken.

As for the West, the problem is more difficult to solve. The elements which compose to-day the population of the new provinces are so diverse, the material progress which is making itself felt there is so intense, events succeed one another with such rapidity, cities are born so easily, that it would be the height of imprudence to dare to prophesy the fate reserved for this part of the country. But it is easy to forsee that the Canadian West will hardly be a field of French influence . . . That, however, does not mean that the French race is to be considered a negligible quantity in the Prairie Provinces. Thanks to the slight help received every day from our Province, thanks to the stubborn toil of a number of patriotic pioneers, powerful French-Canadian centres have been formed which are prospering marvellously. Certain parts of the country are reserved exclusively for French-Canadian colonisation. At present our compatriots must number 60,000 in the Western Provinces. It is plausible to believe that the birth-rate will maintain itself where it is with us to-day, at 42 per 1,000 inhabitants. According to this rate of increase, and with the aid which will come from Quebec, from France, and from Belgium, the French in the West will be in a century at least three million in number. Our compatriots are to-day represented in the cabinets of Alberta and Saskatchewan, and out of twelve Senators for the three Prairie Provinces, three (that is, one-fourth) are of French origin.

* * *

Whether in a century Canada is independent, or whether it has the patience to leave the car of its destinies attached to that of Great Britain, what rôle will these millions of French in America play? Many believe that our race has not yet seen its best days on American soil, and that Providence has reserved for it still greater destinies . . .

These designs of Providence are shown clearly at several periods of a history; and we ought not to doubt that, if we are always the good and free people that our fathers were, the great destinies which I have been unfolding to you will be accomplished. The arm of God, has it not always been ready to protect us and to help us to conquer our enemies? This land was moreover consecrated to the Catholic faith by the bold explorers who first set foot on it. Everywhere in fact, beside the fleur-de-lys, those pious mariners planted the cross, that emblem of the celestial land and of the King of Kings. Champlain, while founding Quebec, put the new colony under the ægis of the Most High, and struggled as much to save from paganism the souls of the first inhabitants of the country as to add to the crown of France a new colony. Providence could not fail to bless a settlement founded under such auspices.

Thus our past, our glorious past, is filled with facts which bear witness to the protection of Heaven over us. Our being handed back to France in 1632; the valiant combats of our great heroes Frontenac, Iberville, Dollard, Montcalm, Lévis, and many others; the destruction of the fleet of Admiral Walker; the brilliant victories of Carillon and Montmorency; the tortures of our Canadian martyrs are so many facts written in letters of gold in the grand book of our history. Even our defeats have been changed by the hand of Providence into triumphs. The expulsion of the Acadians, who are to-day arising in their might before their persecutors of yesterday, their adversaries of to-day, their prisoners of war of to-morrow; the capitulation of Quebec, and our passing under the domination of England, which caused us to escape the terrible and sombre days of the Revolution and the Empire in France, and allowed our faith

to continue to develop freely on this soil; our alliance with our conquerors to combat the Americans in 1812, under de Salaberry and other heroes unknown; our glorious fights against the tyranny of the English regime; the triumphs of our language, which has succeeded in getting recognition of part of its rights; the influence of our great French-Canadian parliamentarians—these are facts which it behooves us to set in relief and publish abroad as a confirmation of our providential mission.

* * *

We shall have sometimes to undergo without doubt the reproaches of our English fellow-citizens. They will accuse us of not being loyal to England, of not having the true Canadian spirit, of confining our aspirations within the limits of a narrow provincialism. We shall answer them that our loyalty to the Empire is probably truer and certainly more solid than the eccentric chauvinism of certain great imperialists. As for our aspirations, I think I have just made it clear that they are far from being confined within the limits of one province, since we hope in a century to see our race dominate all the east of the country. We wish to be ourselves good Canadians, and in fact we are certainly the most Canadian of the Canadians. So let them leave us to grow and prosper in peace. If each part of a nation is full of vigour and force, that same nation could not do other than enjoy excellent health. If they make it a crime in us that we love too much our French language and our national traditions, very well, let us be criminals, and let us not be afraid to be great criminals. Our fathers were not ashamed to put themselves in the position of rebels; they were not afraid to shed their blood upon the battlefields of St. Denis, St. Charles, and St. Eustache; they were not afraid to mount the scaffold—in order to preserve for us the precious heritage of our language and our faith; and shall we do nothing to transmit that precious legacy to our children, for fear of displeasing our English compatriots? If such were the case, we should not deserve to exist as a distinct national unit.

NOLAN

A SKETCH FROM LIFE

BY BRITTON B. COOKE

THEY say that the Bishop does not quite approve of him and for that reason that he is where he is in the church. But then that is only gossip by the people who love big Nolan and who might be inclined to misunderstand the Bishop. And, after all, the Bishop is probably acting wisely. Perhaps he knows what Nolan is best adapted to. It may be that he realises were he to move Nolan away from the Coast there would be Sin itself to pay, and the Coast would cry anathemas upon the Bishop's head and a part of it at least would go to perdition out of mourning for the loss of Nolan. Nolan himself knows it, grimly, but with a patient philosophy, is content to take a few moments with his poets when he has finished his day's work among the people and to leave the great city pulpits to other men, and weaker men you would say —if you knew Nolan.

Nolan is not his name, though in the Irish of it, the two are much the same. But any man up or down the Coast would know at once the man you meant and would direct you to the English church at Port ———. He would warn you, if you were a stranger to the Father, to beware of his handshake He would tell you, perhaps in the interludes of a game of poker, that the Father was the first man on the Coast and would stand for no villainy. If he knew it he would boast of the Father's degree in Dublin University, for the whole Coast is proud of that; and he would assure you that the Father knows the wisdom and unwisdom of all the world, just as he knows the sneaking heart of the whiskey pedlar and the primitive psychology of the *siwash*. In the end he would probably say that whereas he had, himself, no time for religion he would adopt Father Nolan's brand of it, if any, provided he could live somewhere within fifty miles of the Father, so as to get a bit of sound inspiration at least once in a while.

Nolan has lived there this thirty-three years and more. Sometimes perhaps he may wish for greater audiences and that the men to whom he preaches could understand everything as he understands it. But he continues in the yoke of the Coast, drumming civilisation and rudimentary morality into the heads of his Indians, where the Bishop thinks he should be planting only the seed of salvation, though Nolan knows that salvation would only be choked down by the weeds. And so with his great voice and his fists he is maintaining, first of all, law and order and decency among his Indians, and then religion.

The Pacific Coast is peopled with big men, but most of them are pygmies beside Nolan, and indeed the time was when he was the giant of British Columbia; they dreaded him. That is to say, the crooked dreaded his closed fist and his friends dreaded his open palm and the warmth of its clasp. Probably he is still the champ-

ion, but he is not called upon to prove it. He must be sixty. His hair is white, and yet he weighs two hundred and fifty pounds. Through his tight-fitting gray homespun clothes, you can see the great shoulders of him like the foreshoulders of a Buffalo. His limbs are like full-grown firs. His fists are weights, and above everything, above the crowd, he shows his head set back, poised like a senator's. Together with the body, his Irish mother gave him grace of face and keenness of eye. He faces every man in the same way, with dauntlessness and a steadiness of gaze wherein lurks fine humour and impatient understanding. There is nothing of the diffident village preacher about him, nothing of the affected scholar, but just strength and grace of body, fixedness of mind, and a cool courage in his soul.

The Coast is full of stories concerning Nolan, but he is so large that he has no vanity. They tell you how on the Coast, when a river boat broke her ties and the Skeena was carrying her off in triumph, Nolan seized the end of a rope and held the craft for three minutes until help came. It was a work for horses. They tell how the Bishop shifted him from the Parish where he had worked so long to another Parish, weed-grown, neglected and soulless, and how Nolan, after building a rectory for himself, working late in the night to do it, made men of the shiftless Indians and a garden of the untidy Island. Men speak, almost as if they were ashamed of themselves, of his hatred for unclean things and cowardliness, of how he protects weak Indians from vicious Indians and of how when a certain *siwash* tried to lead a certain foolish one astray Nolan found him hiding in a house and gave him a sermon which, it is said, ran in this way:

"Chief Bill, ye're a hound. I don't like the touch of ye. Now I'm not goin' to hairt ye. Ye needn't be afraid, ye coward, but I war-r-r-n ye! I war-r-r-n ye, that I won't stand it, and if I find ye at it again, I'll break ivery bone in your miserable body."

With that he tossed the Indian aside, not with intended violence, but the force of his contempt was so great that the *siwash* fell and broke an arm, whereupon all Nolan's anger went out. He picked the villain up in his arms and carried him to bed. Then, having set the fracture, he nursed the patient and pounded morality into him, so that thereafter the man walked in the paths prescribed by Moses and married the squaw.

One rainy day, looking out the window, I saw Nolan shrouded in oilskins and an sou'-wester lumbering down the road. It was blowing the fiends' particular kind of weather, and the Pacific was angry.

"Come for a walk," said Nolan solemnly, stepping in at the door: "come till I show ye something."

He led to a jutting rock overlooking the sea and pointed. "D'ye see it?" he demanded.

"Yes, Canadian fishing vessel, isn't it?"

"Canadian! Man, it's a poacher! Can't ye see her lines—Seattle built? Can't ye see, man, she's beatin' away with her ill-gotten gains? And do ye not observe the Canadian Government vessel labourin' up forninst the wind? Oh! Arrah! Arrah! What sort of a country air we, that we let them rob us of our own halibut?

"Look at her-r-r. She's doin' twenty knots and the Government vessel eight. Will ye tell me, man, why in the name of charity don't they put a real cruiser in these waters, twenty-one knots, wireless, and guns? Every one of the thieves should be shot on sight. I'd blow them aff the face av the Pacific. Sink her, split her in twain. No quarter I'd say. For will annybody tell me for why we should let them be stalin' our fish?"

I could not. It was not then gen-

erally known along the Coast that the matter was involved in the Hague arbitrations. I merely admired Nolan's outbreak, and saved up the brogue that his indignation had let loose as we saw the poacher give the Government ship *Kestrel* the slip.

"You should have been a soldier, Father," remarked his companion after the *Kestrel* had given it up; "I fancy fighting blood is in your veins."

"Och, but ye're right," he returned in a melancholy tone. "I'm stronger on law and order than on fine theological points, I'm afraid."

Afterward I confirmed it — that "war" was his weakness. He loved fights, but for his Cloth's sake he stopped, regretfully even the most promising ones by knocking the heads of the combatants together. When Lord Dundonald, whose name the Father is quick to defend from unfriendly mention, was in Canfine evening did the two gentlemen have together. Nolan for the time forgot his Indians and even perhaps his ministerial calling, as he and the distinguished officer talked of wars and rumours of war, and argued whether rope harness was not better for the artillery than leather. Dundonald afterward sent a set of bagpipes to the mission, the manipulation of which Nolan the Hibernian taught to a *siwash,* to the perpetual pride and glory of the mission.

But the war instinct cropped out in another way. Honourable William Templeman, the Minister of Inland Revenue, visited Prince Rupert and attended a banquet in his honour. Nolan and I went. Nolan was to speak. Templeman had been warned that the Irishman was going to attack the Government for failing to supply more adequate protection to Canadian fishing interests against the poachers. The Minister prepared accordingly to answer the attack before it was made.

Nolan, innocent, was impatient for his turn to speak. Not that he wanted to occupy the floor, but he was impatient to declare his war on the Government. There was a long list of speakers even before the Minister, and the Father would turn and whisper, like the fifty years' old boy that he is, "Is't my turn yet? Do I get up now? Poonch me when it's my time."

Of course, he was disappointed. Templeman was called upon and made the long-wanted explanation about the poaching situation. You could read Nolan's chagrin in his eyes. He had declared war in his heart, and here a truce was offered before he could deliver even one charge, but his turn came and he rose.

"Mister Chairman," he said, "Mister Chairman! The Honourable the Minister of Inland Revenue, Mister Templeman, has stolen my thunder. Och, Templeman, but ye did and ye know it. I've been labouring at it and savin' up my wrath for ye all these months and I'm beaten. More shame to ye, Mister Templeman!"

There was a pause. He had been called upon to speak of matters of defense. That was to have been his opening. In some people the pause might have indicated embarrassment, but in Nolan it was merely his ease. The banquetters knew him and understood. His burly, tanned face frowning, made more stern by his close-cropped white hair, his beard trimmed to a short point, his hands clasped behind him, he searched the room with his blue eyes. Suddenly they rested on a British flag, and like a flash he exploded.

"And do ye know what that little bit of buntin' stands for?" he cried. "Do ye know all that it means out here on this coast, or back on the other side of the world where it was first made victorious? Do ye know the glory of it, men? The honour of it? Do ye know the flag ye're under or do ye only think ye do?"

He dropped his right fist on the head of a man who was sitting dangerously near,—the head almost disappeared. By Nolan's face the men knew what was coming.

"Half a league! Half a league! Half a league onward.
Into the valley of death, rode the Six Hundred—"

Tennyson would have recognised the glories of first inspiration. Not any mediocre oratory, not amateur elocution, was it, but the rhythm-loving soul of Nolan making itself heard. It was not a question of a taste for poetry, whether the men applauded or not; it was a matter of ears, and they all heard. They asked for more, and for more after that again. Before they had finished, he had charged and recharged at Balaclava and a half-dozen other fields. There in that little room, under the swaying cloud of tobacco smoke whole armies lay slain under his feet. Carnage reigned. There was blood everywhere, and dismembered bodies, and we were all rampant militarists and imperialists until after a little while we recovered amid the fragments of a half-dozen armies and found that there was merely Nolan and the British flag and ourselves there, after all.

Next morning I went to Nolan's church, little bit of wooden place that it was—draughty, dried out and not very cheerful. The altar was a trifle bare. Somebody tried to cough without precipitating the whole weight of stillness upon himself, but failed. I heard a child whispering in a back seat and clumsy boots at the door trying to walk unheard. And presently an Indian acolyte slipped in and did little mysterious errands among the choir seats, and then I heard the snore of the bell-rope, the squeak of the bell resisting on its pivot, and the bell rang out, over the Island and over the sea. The little Indian choir, a queer little body, droned in, to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers." With his surplice hanging from his shoulders, like bells around the neck of a lion, Nolan appeared. His eyes searched the congregation. The congregation answered in stillnes like soldiers to a general.

And in a great voice he opened the service. "Dearly beloved Brethern, the Scripture moveth us in sundry places . . ." As he stood there, I wished that the Bishop had been there to hear, and with an open mind. As he thundered forth upon his flock of Indians all the meaning of the Law and the Phophets as it affected them in their daily lives, with an intimation that with his own hands and at the same time with the sympathy of his own heart, he would see to it that the Law and the Prophets were accorded all that mortal man can accord them; and as he stood there and talked, to the end that those Indians might be made men, real men, capable of self-control, and worthy of self-respect and worthy of offering worship to a real God. One felt like saying as young MacPherson, the chain-man, said when he was ticking off his last minutes in Nolan's arms, "God must be proud of you, sir."

CISSIE'S STRATEGY

BY T. HARCOURT LLEWELLYN

"SIR," said General Fullerton, "you forget yourself, in my opinion.

Admiral Weston bowed thoughtfully.

"I am obliged to you for your opinion," he said with a merry twinkle in his eyes. "I do endeavour, to the best of my poor ability, to be unselfish. Now, in your branch of the service——"

"I wish you good-day, sir!" exclaimed the General with fresh flame about the eyes, as he snatched up his hat.

"The same to you, and a healthful constitutional into the bargain," said the Admiral, in his most urbane manner.

"It will be none the less healthful, as you call it, and none the less pleasurable, either, that I take it alone, sir."

"I agree with you. When one has one's temper up, as the saying is—"

General Fullerton stamped hard on the pile carpet, and immediately afterward let loose an expressive monosyllable.

"Quite so. When one has the gout one ought to be careful. Now, if you will do me the honour to take my advise——"

Admiral Weston's smile was like gunpowder on the fire of the General's wrath. "Confound it, sir!" he cried.

A waiter hurried into the smoking-room which these two had to themselves.

"Beg pardon, gentlemen; did you call?" he asked, with a look of surprise. The attitude of the two old friends was for once not at all friendly.

"Bring some ice," said the Admiral.

The General limped to the door, purple as to his cheeks. Half-way, he turned and shook his right forefinger at the Admiral. "If your son," he said, "presumes to accost my daughter in public again I'll horsewhip him, sir, horsewhip him, on the parade or off it, and tell him what I think of him."

"Gad!" said the Admiral, as if he had heard a very good joke, "what a capital show you'd make, the two of you, at that game! 'Pon my word, I'll arrange to be there with my camera. I suppose you know Harold is one of the champion light-weight boxers?"

General Fullerton put his hand to his forehead.

"Come, old chap," murmured the Admiral, moving on his part towards the door, "let's be sensible. At our time of life——"

Down dropped the General's hand. He was an excellently preserved old soldier, barring his gout, which was intermittent. He dyed his hair, wore a corset, drank brandies and sodas, and rode a bicycle.

"I—I'll give him a week to apologise," he said tensely, "and if in that time I get no apology, I'll give him his lesson."

"I'll tell him what you say. Anymore to give him?"

"No, sir," roared General Fullerton, "our—our friendship is at an end

—spoiled by that iniquitous young puppy. And I'm glad of it, sir—glad from my heart."

"Wish I could say the same, old chap."

The General seemed to relent, but only for a moment. "There, sir," he said, "I've given you my last word. Good-day." He turned to the door and smote the carpet with his stick.

Admiral Weston's mouthed twitched mirthfully.

"Well," he said calmly, "you've given me a good deal in the course of the last fifteen minutes. Suppose now you give me my hat."

The General started as if he had been kicked, and glanced at the hat in his hand.

Just then the waiter appeared with the ice.

"Take that hat to the gentleman yonder," said the General.

The waiter seemed more perplexed than before. He said, "Certainly, General," yet stared.

The Admiral took his hat, smiled with the utmost sweetness, considering what a bronzed and wrinkled old fellow he was, and observed: "The ice is not for me. General Fullerton is rather warm. Take it to him."

But the General hurried from the room with growls that would have done credit to a small menagerie.

"All right, John," then said Admiral Weston, "I'll have it, and some whiskey and a cigar."

He flung himself into the easy chair nearest the window and became grave. He grew more grave as he watched his old friend totter down the club steps and across the lawn to the gardens, shaking his head as if he were somewhat palsied.

"Poor old Fullerton!" he said, with real tenderness. "He's certainly not the man he was a year ago."

He was still musing, not altogether gaily—for he, too, was in the sixties—when the door opened and a handsome young fellow entered.

"Thought I'd find you here," he began; but he broke of with a—"Hello! what's the matter?"

Admiral Weston had jumped to his feet, and there was neither sweetness nor light in his eyes now. He faced his son with squared chest and clenched hands.

"Now, then, sir," he cried, "I've a tough bone to pick with you. What the dickens do you mean by kissing Cissie Fullerton in a public place? Do you know what you've done, sir? You've——"

But Harold Weston's face arrested the further flow of his father's rhetoric. He was laughing in the coolest imaginable manner. Not a particle of shame on it either.

"Why, hang it all, Dad," he said blandly, "she asked me to."

"Asked you to?"

"Point blank. You know what a jolly girl she is, and I confess I'm awfully——"

"I know nothing about her except what I see of her. But you must be out of your mind."

"I thought she was—at first," said Harold, still smiling.

"Tell me the circumstances. Was she drunk, and were you too?"

"Neither of us, I'll swear. Cissie drunk! My hat, Dad! You're awfully rude."

"The circumstances, sir?" cried the Admiral, as if he were again on the *Monarch*, yelling to a subordinate in a storm.

"The circumstances? Oh, we were just together by chance, you know, on one of the benches at the pump-room end of the gardens, and she was saying how she loathed that beast, Sir Benjamin——"

"The man she's going to marry! A nice little thing—hang me!"

"Well, yes, sir, if you put it that way. He showed up—white waistcoat, strut, eyeglass, red nose, and all the ugly rest of him. He was quite a hundred paces off, you know.

We'd been talking common-places till then but she changed her manner all at once. 'I want you to do me a favour,' she said suddenly. 'I'll do it,' said I, as any fellow would. Then she went awfully red, and whispered, 'Kiss me — just once—on the cheek.' There wasn't a soul in sight except that brute. It knocked me silly. 'Will you, or will you not?' she went on. I'd no idea she could be so fierce. 'It is a matter of life or death.' Well, I couldn't stand that, of course, and so—I—did it."

Admiral Weston rubbed his nose tip. "She asked you?" he murmured, as if bewildered. "I thought—that is—you're not yarning, my boy?"

"My word, no! Only, you know, this is between ourselves, Dad."

"Between ourselves? Why, certainly. Bless my soul!" He seized his hat. "I'm—I'm going to the pump-room. Don't come with me. Bless my soul. What next!"

Admiral Weston came upon General Fullerton in the neighbourhood of that little temple near the pump-room. There was a woman's statue under a stone canopy in the temple. The woman's name was Hygeia. The General was still exceedingly irate, and there were latent feelings of remorse in him, which increased his anger.

"What the deuce has that to do with it, if we have been friends for five-and-thirty years?" he was asking himself, while he wiped his forehead with a large, sulphur-coloured silk handkerchief. Then he turned, for Admiral Weston had addressed him as General Fullerton.

"It's my go now," said the Admiral.

"I have done with you, sir!" exclaimed the General pettishly. "I wish to hold no further communication with you, even by letter."

"Daresay," said the Admiral. "You brought an accusation against my boy, just now. Well, you've got to apologise."

"I'll see all the Weston family in Jerusalem first, sir."

"Unfortunately, we have no estates there. Allow me to tell you that your daughter is a——"

"A what, sir? Out with it! After that you'll say I'm one, I suppose. There's Sir Benjamin, also; perhaps he's one as well. Robert Weston, I'd never have thought you, of all men, would have gone out of your way to call me a liar."

"No, nor I. But I've come here expressly to tell you something else. You're a silly old fool, George Fullerton, that's what you are, and I don't mind telling you."

"A silly old fool! Old fool! Thank you. And now perhaps you will give me the great advantage of your absence."

"By no means. Where is the minx? That daughter of yours isn't fit to pick up my Harold's tennis balls for him. How dared she do such a thing? You've got hold of the wrong end of the stick, my friend; and by Harry! I'll warm you up before I've done with you!"

General Fullerton sat down on one of the temple steps. "Give me patience!" he whispered.

"Precisely. You'll want all you can get anyhow. Who told you my boy had kissed your enchanting daughter—who, sir?"

"Who, sir? The best witness in the world—Sir Benjamin Harrison, the gentleman who is about to become my son-in-law. I want no more credible witness, sir."

"Poor chap," exclaimed the Admiral; "he has my sincerest sympathy. And yet, no; on consderaton, he is well rid of her. The young woman who would deliberately sacrifice her own character and compromise that of one young man in order to insult her fiancé, can be no great catch for anyone."

The General's hands began to shake; also his head. There was a

lack-lustre look in his eyes as he fastened them upon Admiral Weston, and his breathing was very rapid.

"Well, what does he say, this fellow, Harrison? What's he going to do?" proceeded the Admiral.

"Do, sir? He says he has half a mind not to have anything more to say to her!" The General shot out these words as if they were his ultimate degradation.

"Bravo, Harrison! I'm really sorry for you. If you feel like yourself again and will take me on at chess tonight, as usual, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll keep it as dark as——"

There was a weird cracking sound. The General had drawn one of the deepest breaths in his experience.

"My dear fellow, what happened to you? Was it a rib?" asked the Admiral, with real concern.

The General winked fast and looked very angry indeed. But distraction was in sight in the shape of his daughter. The girl was coming along the pine walk with her little dog held by a string. She looked positively charming, and her pale pink dress was everything that could be wished.

"There she is! Now we'll get at the truth!" said the General. "That is," he added pompously, "my statements will receive the corroboration which I for one do not require."

The Admiral hastily took snuff.

"She's a neat little craft," he murmured; "but I'm afraid she doesn't steer true. However——"

The two veterans stumped towards Cissie Fullerton, whose face lit up with smiles. They did not see Harold in the background. The smiles were largely for him, though her greeting of the Admiral was warm enough to astonish that old man.

"I—I beg to be excused, Miss Fullerton," said Admiral Weston. "Your father——"

"Merely desires a plain answer to an insulting question, my dear," put in the General testily.

"Papa!" exclaimed the girl. But her astonishment was lost upon the General, for Harold Weston was now at hand with a telegram.

"I thought I'd bring it on," he said. "My father said you were here. It came the moment you left, Dad."

The General snatched the envelope from Harold, giving him a look that would have been alarming if it had not been grotesque. The message was from Sir Benjamin Harrison.

"This note to you to say goodbye. Under the circumstances, don't expect to be in England again for a year or two. Hope you understand. Sorry."

Admiral Weston's face relaxed into a comfortable smile as he viewed Cissie Fullerton. He forgot his grievance against her.

"The impudent rascal! The lying, knock-kneed little upstart!" cried the General.

"Father, dear!" protested his daughter.

"I'll be 'deared' by no one, miss," continued the irascible old man. " 'Pon my word, I'll not be answerable for my senses! Here's one fellow charging you with making that young man kiss you in public, and—"

"It is true, papa," said Cissie in a whisper. Her cheeks were as pink as her dress, but her mouth and eyes were steady.

"True! You did, did you?"

"Take him to a seat," said Admiral Weston quietly.

The old warrior had collapsed, and was held up apparently by his daughter at one side and Harold Weston at the other.

He allowed them to guide him to a bench, where he breathed in heavy gasps.

"Papa, dear!" lamented his daughter, "what is it? Is it your heart?"

The General raised his eyes toward the Admiral. "Heart be hanged!" he said faintly, and then with yielding in his gaze, "read that, Weston."

"Well! Well! Well! Well!" said the Admiral when he had read the telegram; then he looked at his son and the General's daughter and smiled.

"We're well rid of him, sir!" exclaimed General Fullerton suddenly.

"That may be," said the Admiral pensively, "but my boy's character has to be considered now. When a young man is to all intents and purposes kissed in public——"

Cissie blushed divinely.

"Shut up, Dad," said Harold Weston.

"Once for all, let's settle it," interrupted the General sternly. "Was there anything between you two, here or hereabouts, yesterday afternoon?"

Harold Weston said not a word, but Cissie Fullerton spoke out like a heroine.

"It was Harold's birthday, papa," she exclaimed, "and I — I said he might kiss me."

"You said—do you mean that he asked if he might——"

But the Admiral intervened with a boisterous laugh that cleared the air like a thunderstorm.

"My dear Fullerton," he said afterwards, "that settles everything. Fate's stronger than a couple of old hulks like you and me. And, by Harry! I'm not sorry. There's no one's daughter I'd sooner see Harold married to. He's not a pauper, either. Get's all his poor mother's money, you know."

The General was beaten completely. His astonished eyes wandered from one to another of the three. But the mention of Harold Weston's pecuniary circumstances recalled him to himself.

"She's in the same case," he murmured, nodding at Cissie. "My wife's property was entailed, you know."

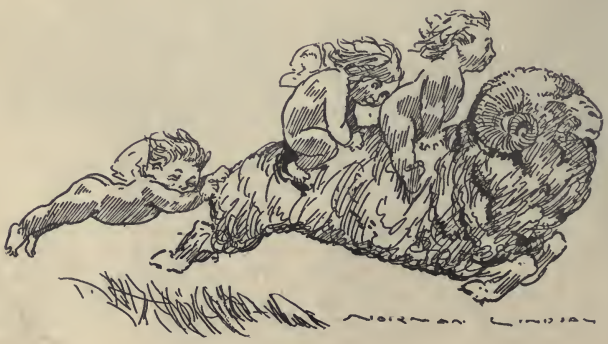
At these words, Admiral Weston stooped and linked his arm into that of his friend. "Come along, old chap; we'll just leave them together. A nice cigar and a chat will do us good," he said.

"The titled nonentity!" muttered the General, yielding to the Admiral's movement.

"Aye, he's all that," said the Admiral. Then turning to the girl. "Aye, aye, my dear! But you've made us all happy!"

"Come, Weston," exclaimed General Fullerton impatiently, "I'm quite ready for a refresher, and, if you feel in the humour, I—I'll challenge you to a game of billiards this very minute."

And together they sauntered out of the room, leaving the happy young couple alone.



SEPTEMBER IN ALGONQUIN PARK

BY J. HARRY SMITH

THIS is the uneventful tale of a canoeing jaunt through a few of the lakes that lie toward the south-western corner of Algonquin Park.

There were two of us. Friends and acquaintances were divided in opinion as to how we should enjoy it. There were those who frankly said it was no trip for a woman. Others dissembled their surprise to their own satisfaction and said "how nice." One or two were enthusiastic and we were much encouraged thereat particularly as these latter were well acquainted with the country through which we were to travel. In any case, my wife had made up her mind, and we went.

They call it a "park." As a slowly moving train drags you across its border from the west, you are surprised to find it a wilderness. When, after an hour's eastward travelling through a country of granite, astonishingly varied lakes as to size and shape, and impenetrable bush, you realise you are not nearly half way across this "park," you begin to feel that the word used to describe it is one to which some latitude must be allowed. It is a country; there have been kingdoms no larger, and it belongs to the people of Ontario, even though they use it less frequently than do nature-loving citizens of the United States.

Joe Lake was the place we had chosen as the point from which, leaving behind the railway and last traces of civilisation, we were to push into the great patchwork of blue lakes and dark green hills. A station and an extremely summery hotel comprised the settlement. The latter we found useful, as it rained unceasingly for twenty-four hours from the moment of our arrival.

By two o'clock the next afternoon the September sun shone warm and bright. In an hour the light soil had dried as if the rain had been but dew, and a rollicking wind shook the last heavy drops from the trees. The first loading of a canoe is a delicate matter. It must ride evenly or its journeyings will partake of the nature of a series of tacks. In half an hour the job was finished and the lady-like *Joe* bore tent, blankets, provisions and two wearied city dwellers out upon the bosom of the lake of her own name.

In ten minutes the park had claimed us for its own. A bend in the lake had shut out the little station, and into the blue distance (and no distances are so blue as those of the Canadian North), stretched a sweep of wind-swept water that danced in the sun for the very joy of being. A narrow channel at its end led to a smaller lake, around which the cedars and pines crowded to the very edge. Across this little lake lay our first camping spot.

If in this world there is a man to whom the reek of a camp fire in the

"THE CEDARS AND THE PINES CROWDED TO THE VERY EDGE."

woods is not a thing of extravagant delight, mark him as one whose soul is sodden with the ease of ready-made existance, a product of over-civilisation. When the tent was up, the brush bed made and covered with a good supply of blankets; when provisions were transferred from wooden boxes to easier carrying bags and the evening meal prepared, eaten and cleared away, the camp fire became the third living, sociable thing in all that broad, dark land. For an hour it lit the tree trunks standing near, their billowy tops lost in the black night, and then, it flickered low as if to sleep.

Brush beds can be made comfortable, and northern air means heavy sleeping to the unaccustomed. From high above the tree-clad hills the sun next morning sent a golden gleam through the over-hanging branches to our tent. We awoke hungry, and eager for the day's travel. In no time at all the gin-pole held the customary three pots over the camp fire, and breakfast was soon ready. By the time it was finished and the utensils and food were re-packed and the blankets had been aired, the sun had dried the last trace of dew from the tent.

Joe again received her load and gallantly she nosed around a point in the lake and into a creek whose several miles of length she was to explore. A creek in that country is often an open ribbon of water winding through a swamp. Some time ago, before the streams lower down had been damned up by lumbermen, this particular swamp had been dry land, bearing the usual thick growth of trees. Water now covers the land, and a thick forest of grisly spectres of trees that once were green, stands on either side of the creek. Ghostly enough is the scene on the brightest of days, but in the moonlight, how awesomely weird are the motionless skeletons hanging between the sky and its brilliant reflection far, far below.

Amid those dead trees the great blue heron spends his days, and as the sound of paddles breaks in upon his watching he lazily flaps his wings and soars away. The creeks are much given to winding. They say that in some you may paddle an hour and arrive but twenty feet from where you start. Occasionally the high banks come to the very edge of the waterway and fresh, green trees over-

hang it on every side. Such pleasant variety we found farther up, and now and then, as we turned a sharp bend, we saw before us an astonished deer intent upon our advance. In a moment or two we heard its snort of resentment, and brought us beyond two small lakes, and we were at the south end of Island Lake, one of the largest in the Park. For miles it stretched before us, an occasional island or great point standing out against its blue-black waters. Half-way up we made our camp upon

"A SWEEP OF WIND-SWEPT WATER DANCED IN THE SUN FOR THE VERY JOY OF BEING."

away it bounded, its white tail speedily disappearing through the trees and shrubs.

At the foot of a little waterfall, so beautiful that had it been nearer civilisation its fame would have spread far, we had to unload and make a portage. A little farther on a great beaver dam, five or six feet high and holding back a good-sized pond, barred our way, and again the load and canoe were carried. Here were traces of the builders, spending the early autumn days in preparation for the coming winter. Felled trees, bereft of twigs and bark, told of succulent stores beneath the domes of twigs that, with very careful looking, one might see near by.

Two more portages, one quite long, an island. The sole guardian of the little rock and clump of trees appeared in the form of a red squirrel. He complained mightily, and later made a close inspection of our outfit. After upsetting a cup of milk over his head his remarks from a near-by tree top were positively insulting.

Unwonted exercise made night-fall welcome, and at the hour when city life is just beginning to awaken we blew out our candles and slept.

There is, in the air of that north country an invigorating quality one does not find in lower altitudes, even by the sea. But it is in the early morning, reeking with the smell of the forest and the soaking dew, that its invigoration is almost intoxicating. It was a glorious thing to stand

on the rocky point of that little island shortly after the break of the next day. Over great banks of snowy clouds the sun shone out of a clear, cold sky. The far ows of mist, as if the bay beneath were a seething cauldron.

The Canadian North is a country of strong colour and rugged line. Deep blues of the waters and the distances,

"A LITTLE WATERFALL SO BEAUTIFUL
THAT HAD IT BEEN NEAR CIVILISATION ITS FAME WOULD HAVE SPREAD FAR."

end of the lake was lost in a sea of white mist, which against the dark green shores on either side swirled upwards in great wisps. To the right and farther up the lake a deep bay had its narrow entrance. One could not see it, shut in by the hills of pines and cedars, but out of it and over the wooded hills floated bill-

and deep greens of the unending forests take their variations solely from the lights and shadows thrown on them from above. In rainy weather the blue-gray clouds hang heavy just over the tops of the hills, and in colour they are no softer, no more delicate than the tones of brightest noon. On fine days the luminant sky is dotted

with well-defined clouds of snowy brilliancy. There is no fading of brilliancy into the blue; to the very edge they stand out solid blocks of billowy shining whiteness, and so they pass across the sun one sees their shadow move over the country like that of a moving figure across the floor of a room.

that stood, some as high as sixty feet, against the sky. Weirdly desolate and yet majestic was the scene, all colour and no sound. Seemingly, from the heart of this rose the moon, a glowing ball of orange fire against which stood the dead trees, ghostlier than ever. And when the moon had risen high and

"A BEAVER-DAM, HOLDING BACK A GOOD-SIZED POND, BARRED OUR WAY."

At evening there are gorgeous sunsets; no gentle mixtures of tones, but vibrant reds and yellows that flash out against clouds now purple, and distant black forests. The lakes reflect the glares, and all is still.

So was it one night when we camped at the top of a hill from which we saw for miles on every side, and felt that we were at the very apex of the world. Years ago a forest fire had ravaged that country, and all about were gaunt ghosts of the past in great charred stumps and bare trunks

paled to silver, her gentle light fell over the desolate scene, and dimly we still could see the hills that stood beneath us several miles in the distance beyond.

Standing on that hill, we felt the stillness and the solitude of all that wonderful country. We knew that here and there throughout the great Park, little parties, such as our own, sat about their camp fires or slept in their tents, but the loneliness of the land was all about us. For a time no sound was heard, and then from

* "A THICK FOREST OF GRISLY SPECTRES OF TREES THAT ONCE WERE GREEN"

different points around there floated on the air the male-alto howl of the wolf, and we pictured him, sitting on his haunches with his muzzle pointed to the moon, pouring out his soul just as does the homely collie in the back yard of his city home.

For two weeks we travelled on, enjoying to the full such days and nights as these. Now and then a little rain, but never enough for real discomfort, and when at last the lady-like *Joe* bore us back over the lake of her own name to the point from which we had started, a golden treasury of memories we had of those halcyon days spent in the Algonquin wilds.

By that time the September nights were cold, so cold that hot stones in the blankets at night were more than welcome, and the maples and birches had gone bright crimson amongst the evergreens. We saw no gradual change, no greens softening to yellows, but knew there had been a sudden turn to brightest scarlet. So does the northern verdure, in its changes, consistently follow the rule of strong direct colour set forth day and night in that land all too little known by the Canadian men and women whose property it is.

CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE*

BY JOHN S. EWART

WHAT did the Canadian House of Commons mean when, the other day (22nd February) it unanimously and "emphatically" affirmed

"its determination to preserve intact the bonds which unite Canada to the British Empire"?

Are there any such bonds? What is the British Empire?

Some years ago, ready and simple answer could have been made to such questions. Canada was then rather a part of the British Empire than related to it; and the bonds —the legal and constitutional bonds — were those of political domination on the part of the United Kingdom and political subjection on the part of Canada. The British Empire (let us use the phrase correctly) consists, and always has consisted, of two parts: the dominant and the subordinate parts—in other words, the United Kingdom which rules, and such parts of the world as are ruled. So long as Canada was governed legislatively at Westminster, and executively at Downing Street, Canada was a part of the British Empire—she was a British possession. Now she is not. She is no longer subordinate. She is an independent state. The British Empire still, of course, remains. It consists, as formerly, of the United Kingdom and those parts of the world which it rules—India, parts of Africa, etc., etc. But it does not rule Canada. Canada is not part of the British Empire, any more than the United Kingdom is part of the Canadian Empire.

The House of Commons seems, in its resolutions, to have had some consciousness of the fact that Canada is not a part of the British Empire, for it refers to the bonds which "unite" the one to the other. Probably that is not exactly what most of the members meant. What did they mean? To what "bonds" did they refer? Speaking politically, there is only one such bond, namely, the King. The relationship of Canada to the United Kingdom is that of two nations with the same sovereign. Neither has jurisdiction or authority over the other. There is no organism of which they are both parts. Each is quite independent of the other. Each is a little diffident even about offering advice to the other. The relation is precisely the same as that which existed between England and Scotland from 1603 to 1706, and between Great Britain and Hanover from 1714 to 1837 — two kingdoms and one King. Such would be still the relations between Great Britain and Hanover had not the Hanoverian Salic law prohibited a female sovereign. The separation took place when Victoria became Queen of England. And it must be observed that two countries, related in this way, cannot be spoken of as constituting an Empire. No one would be understood if he spoke of England and Scotland, and of Great Britain and Hanover, during the years just mentioned as an Empire.

*The substance of this article was delivered as a lecture in February, 1911, to the Canadian Clubs at London, Brantford, Hamilton, and Kingston; to the Woman's Club at Kingston; and to the Political Economy Class at Queen's College.

They were separate kingdoms.

What I have said has been based upon the reality of things, and not upon the form of them. Theoretically, Canada is not independent. Practically she is. An analysis of the subject will make this indisputable.

In the first place, we are fiscally independent: we make our own tariffs; we frame them as we wish; we tax British, and other goods as we please; and neither the Colonial Office nor the British Parliament has any right whatever to interfere. That, of course, was not always the case. Until the middle of the first century our tariffs were made for us, and they were made, not in our interest but in the interest of the United Kingdom—as is the Indian tariff to-day. Our trade was a British monopoly from which other nations were excluded. Our raw material went to but one market. Our purchases of manufactures were made in Britain, and nowhere else—no matter what the difference in cost. No ships but British ships entered our ports.

The advent of free trade in the United Kingdom ended the prohibitions, and we commenced (1859) the regulation of our own tariffs. Naturally enough the British manufacturer did not like our methods, and the Colonial Office intervened and contemplated disallowing our statute. The threat brought plucky reply from the Canadian Government:

"Self-government would be utterly annihilated if the views of the Imperial Government were to be preferred to those of the people of Canada. It is, therefore, the duty of the present government (of Canada) distinctly to affirm the right of the Canadian legislature to adjust the taxation of the people in the way they deem best, even if it should unfortunately happen to meet the disapproval of the Imperial Ministry. Her Majesty cannot be advised to disallow such acts, unless her advisers are prepared to assume the administration of the affairs of the colony, irrespective of the views of its inhabitants." (Can. Sess. Papers, 1860. No. 38.)

Again in 1879, when Sir John A. Macdonald's "National Policy" was adopted and additional duties were placed upon British manufactures, came suggestions of intervention. But all assumptions of right to interfere with the Canadian tariff have completely disappeared, and Canada is to-day, admittedly, and undoubtedly, fiscally independent.

Canada is also legislatively independent. In former times her statutes were freely disallowed by the Colonial Office. Interference gradually became less frequent, but it was not until within the last twelve months that we succeeded in obtaining the removal of the embargo upon our legislation respecting copyright. That was the last of our very many struggles for legislative independence. We now have it in unquestioned plentitude. No one disputes it.

We have fiscal independence, and legislative independence; and we have also executive independence. Originally our Governors were active executive agents of the Colonial Office. Now our Governors stand in the same relation to Sir Wilfrid as the King stands to Mr. Asquith. As late as 1875, our Governor-General asserted a right to exercise his discretion as to the disallowance of provincial legislation, and also as to the pardoning of prisoners. Still more recently, Lord Minto claimed certain personal authority in connection with our militia, and provoked a controversy which led to the recall of General Hutton. That was, and will probably remain, the last of the pretences of our Governors to regulate Canadian affairs.

Canada then is independent fiscally, legislatively, and executively. What is her position with reference to foreign countries — first, during peace, and, secondly, as to war?

Formerly all our communications with foreign countries were conducted by the British Foreign Office, and treaties binding upon us were made without consultation with us. It was not until 1878 that we obtained a declaration that we were not to be bound without our assent. In 1884, Sir Charles Tupper succeeded not

only in having himself associated with Sir Robert Morier in negotiating a treaty with Spain, but in having delegated to him the actual work. Again, in 1893, he was associated with Lord Dufferin in negotiations with France, and did the work. Notwithstanding these facts, the Foreign Office afterwards, in 1895 (28th June), declared that

"To give the colonies the power of negotiating treaties for themselves without reference to Her Majesty's Government would be to give them an international status as separate and sovereign states, and would be equivalent to breaking up the Empire into a number of independent States"; that "the negotiation must be conducted by Her Majesty's representative at the Court of the Foreign Power, who would keep Her Majesty's Government informed of the progress of the discussions and seek instructions from them as necessity arose"; but that "it would be desirable generally . . . that he should have the assistance, either as a second plenipotentiary or in a subordinate capacity, as Her Majesty's Government might think the circumstances require, of a delegate appointed by the Colonial Government."

"Breaking up the Empire" by releasing Canada from subordination, however, never had any terrors for Canada, and now, we negotiate treaties as we like. In 1907, the Foreign Office, in connection with the French negotiations, practically acknowledged the situation.

The great advance in 1907, from the position won for us by Sir Charles Tupper in 1893, was referred to by Mr. Balfour in the British House of Commons on the 21st July last (1910). He quoted the despatch of 1895, and added:

"That was the Radical policy in 1895. It was not the Radical policy, and in my opinion it was rightly not the Radical policy, in 1907, twelve years later. The Dominion of Canada, technically, I suppose, it may be said, carried on their negotiations with the knowledge of His Majesty's representative, but it was a purely technical knowledge. I do not believe that His Majesty's Government was ever consulted at a single stage of those negotiations. I do not believe they ever informed themselves, or offered any opinion, as to what was the best policy for Canada under the circumstances. I think they were well advised. But how great is the change and how inevitable? It is a matter of common knowledge—and, may I add, not a matter of regret but a matter of pride or rejoicing—that the great Dominions beyond the seas are becoming great nations in themselves. Integral parts, they are, of the British Empire—but, nevertheless, claiming and rightly claiming to have reached the adult stage in the process of social growth, and requiring no longer to lean in the same way upon other parts of the Empire as was fitting and proper in the earlier days of their existence."

In late years, Canada has carried on negotiations with France, Germany, Italy and the United States quite independently of either the Colonial or the Foreign Office; and our Government does not see any reason for keping either office informed as to what it does. Messrs. Fielding and Brodeur acted quite independently of the British Foreign Office in the negotiations which preceded the French treaty of 1907; and quite recently, Mr. James Bryce (who delights to speak of himself as the Canadian, as well as the British Ambassador at Washington) assisted the Canadian delegates, without having received any instructions to do so from London. (Canadian Hansard, 1911, pp. 4109, 4222, 3; and see 4298.)

Two incidents of recent occurrence strongly emphasise the fact of our diplomatic independence. The first is the order by King George that, at the Coronation, the representatives of the Dominions are to be accorded rank with the representatives of foreign nations. The other incident is the invitation extended by President Taft to the Canadian delegates at Washington to be present as guests at the diplomatic dinner in the White House.

"The effect," as the Toronto *Globe* very aptly said, "is to proclaim to the assembled ambassadors of foreign nations that the Dominion of Canada is sufficiently a 'nation' to be regarded as not out of place among the real ones."

Canada is also independent with reference to that most important subject, war. In the old days, our Governors controlled our militia, appointed the officers, and issued the marching orders. Lord Minto imagined that the Governor-General

still retained certain authority, and would have lost his place had he not been willing to accept the contrary view. Canada has plainly asserted her independence with reference to British wars. (You will observe that I am not at all referring to the action which Canada would take in the event of a British war. I am proving merely that Canada may do as she pleases. Any credit that she got in connection with the Boer war was rightfully hers, only because her action was purely voluntary.) At the Colonial Conference of 1902, Mr. Chamberlain put directly to the Colonial Prime Ministers the question: What contingents will the colonies send in case of a European war? Canada and Australia replied that the matter would be considered, as it should be, "when the need arose."

Since that date, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has declared in the House of Commons that Canada may, or may not, take part in British wars. And in 1910 he said:

"Does it follow that because we are exposed to attack we are going to take part in all the wars of the Empire? No. We shall take part if we think proper; we shall certainly take part if our territory is attacked."

There are two other points to be noticed in this connection. In the first place, can we declare war? Of course we can. We can commit an act of war to-morrow, if we so wish. There is very little likelihood of our doing it. We have the power to do it —that is my point. But what is our position in case the United Kingdom is at war? With reference to a situation of that sort, are we independent? Can we do as we wish? To this extent we can: we may decline to take part. It would then be optional with Britain's enemy whether to attack us, or to treat us as a neutral. If we were attacked we should have to fight. But the enemy (unless it were the United States) would most probably be only too glad to leave us neutral. Practically, therefore, the decision as to our participation in any war (except with the United States) would rest with us. And in no case, need we fight unless we are attacked. No country in the world is any more independent than that.

I have now touched upon the various classes of our national activities. Practically we are independent as to our fiscal relations, as to legislation, as to government, as to treaties, and as to war. Theoretically, we have no independent power. Practically, we are independent, and may do as we please.

And now let me point out that not only is this true, but that all British statesmen acknowledge it as an existing fact. Fortunately the situation is not, as with the United States in 1776, one of assertion on our part and denial by the Imperial Parliament. Upon the contrary, British statesmen quite freely, and frankly, apply the word "independent" to us, whereas, curiously enough, it is some of our own people that rather shy at it. Let me give you some quotations in proof of what I say:—

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has said:

"How are we to bring these separate interests together—these states which have voluntarily accepted one Crown and one Flag, and which, in all else are *absolutely independent of one another?*"

"The time has gone by when we could treat them with indifference, when we could speak of them as though they were subject to our dictation. *They are self-governing nations. They are sister-states. They are our equals* in everything except population and wealth; and very quickly you will find that they will equal and surprise us in these respects."

Mr. Arthur Balfour has said:

"There was a time when the relations between the mother country and the offspring of the mother country were those of parent and child. No politician to-day holds that view. Everybody, as far as I know, recognises that the parental stage is past. We have now arrived at the stage of formal equality and no one wishes to disturb it."

Lord Curzon has said:

"In the economy of the Imperial household we were dealing not with children, but with grown men. At our tables were seated, not dependents or menials, but partners as free as ourselves, and with aspirations not less ample or keen."

These were unofficial utterances. At the Colonial Conference in 1907, the British Prime Minister (Campbell-Bannerman), officially addressing the Colonial Premiers, said:

"We found ourselves, gentlemen, upon freedom and independence — that is the essence of the Imperial connection. Freedom of action in their relations with one another, and with the mother country."

And Mr. Asquith (the Chancellor of the Exchequer) said:

"The special feature of the British Empire has been that it has combined, and succeeded in combining in a degree unknown in any other combination in history, a loyal and affectionate attachment between the centre and parts of the Empire, and between the various parts themselves, with complete practical independence"

Perhaps the statements above made as to Canada being part of the Empire will be more readily accepted if some authority for them is supplied. Lord Milner (probably now the chief of Imperialists), writing in the principal Imperialist publication, the *Standard of Empire*, said:

"The word 'Empire' has in some respects an unfortunate effect. It, no doubt, fairly describes the position as between the United Kingdom and subject countries such as India or our Central Africa possessions. But for the relations existing between the United Kingdom and the self-governing colonies, it is a *misnomer*, and with the idea of ascendancy, of domination inevitably associated with it, *a very unfortunate misnomer.*"

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has frequently made use of similar language. On 17th May, 1905, he said:

"Ours is an Empire—an anomalous Empire. It really is a collection of States which are not bound together by anything more than mere sentiment."

Sir Frederick Pollock, one of the leading English jurists, said (part of it has since become untrue):

"Leave the conventions alone and look at the facts, and we find that the 'self-governing colonies' are, in fact, separate kingdoms having the same King as the parent group, but choosing to abrogate that part of their full autonomy which relates to foreign affairs."

Listen to the language of the *Standard of Empire* itself (4th June, 1909):

"Leaving theory and legal figment alone, an Oversea State of the British Empire is an autonomous nation. Of its own internal affairs, its people are masters precisely in the same sense as the people of Great Britain in regard to their affairs. The King is King of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Dominions beyond the Sea. That is to say, that in Australia he is King of Australia, and in Canada he is King of Canada. In each of these Dominions, he acts by, and with, the advice of His Privy Council—that is to say, his Cabinet, appointed by the local electorate and legislature. In dealing with a local Act, the King, or his Vice-Regent, is advised by his local Prime Minister—not by his Ministers in Downing Street."

After referring to the anomalous state of the relation between mother-country and colony, and the fact that the British instinct of government "does not occupy itself over much with exact logic," the *Standard of Empire* proceeded:

"Still we are not sure that there is any particular advantage in carrying illogicality and informality to the altitude it has reached under our present Imperial system. In fact, all the articles we have recently published on Empire governance are an argument in favour of more precise methods. If the Empire is to be properly organised, it must be on something like a scientific basis, in which terms and phrases do correspond with some closeness to the reality."

This language is not very familiar in Canada Our newspapers are, however, commencing to learn it, and the *Montreal Star*, which is enthusiastically Imperialistic, in a recent issue (24th February) has adopted it:

"Canada cannot be regarded to-day as a Colony in the old Roman sense. No one in Britain thinks of so looking upon us. We are a 'free and equal' member of the British community, with just as much right to hold our heads up as England, Ireland or Scotland. The word 'Empire' is, indeed, a misnomer. The British world is rather a league of free nations."

Canada and Australia have declined to say what they will do in case the United Kingdom is engaged in a European war. And, on the other hand, we have no assurance that the United Kingdom would take our view of any difficulty that may arise between us and, say, the United States or Japan. Twice only has the British navy in-

tervened in colonial quarrels in British North America, and on both occasions it took part against and not upon the side of the colonials.

Official declaration of our independence-declaration, it will be observed, of an already existing fact—would entail many advantages, but probably the chief of them would be the substitution of certainty for uncertainty with reference to this subject of mutual support in case of war.

I was much struck with a remark recently made by Mr. R. L. Borden to the effect that our first act after declaration of independence would be to enter into a treaty of offensive and defensive alliance with the United Kingdom. In that case, both parties would acquire the immense advantage of knowing what was going to happen. At present neither of us knows, and neither of us will say. That is not only unsatisfactory and stupid, but unnecessarily dangerous. Independence will end all that; and if Mr. Borden is right, the result will be that far from independence meaning wider separation, it will mean closer union.

In other ways, too, a frank acknowledgment of the situation will be of the greatest possible benefit. Apart altogether from the extremely important advantage of enhanced self-respect, it will give us a unity, a cohesion, and a solidarity which we have not now. At present we are English, Scotch, Irish, French, American, etc. We ought to be Canadian. Eight hundred miles of rock and water separate our east from our west. We want a bond of union. We shall never make our west Imperialistic. We can make it Canadian *now*. In a few years? I am not so sure of it.

And our establishment as a nation would have the very important effect, that it would forever end the constantly recurring question as to our destiny. There have always been people who have prophesied that when Canada came to adopt her permanent form of Government, she would declare for union with the United States; and as long as the question remains unsettled by accomplished fact there will always be debate and possible uncertainty, as to what is to be the answer. At the present day there is probably less reason for apprehension of annexation than ever before, but nevertheless some of our best men have it still in mind, and are actually timid about increasing our trade with the United States because it might result in political incorporation.

I cannot agree that there is any ground for apprehension. If there is, we ought at once to stop the stream of American immigration into our Northwest; to forbid the introduction of American capital, and industry and enterprise; and to prohibit American ownership of our resources. These influences are stronger than lower tariff walls. If, however, my confidence in Canadians is not well founded, the reason for apprehension is to be found solely in the fact that our political position is not upon a permanent basis. Some change has to be made. And the question is inevitable, What shall its nature be?

Other countries are not afraid of better trade relations with their neighbours or of immigration, because their constitutions have been finally adopted and definitely fixed. Our choice has yet to be made. You and I to-day are perhaps not agreed as to our political future.

At the present time very few would vote for incorporation with the United States. Not many years ago a great many were ready to accept it with equanimity. In a few years more? I do not know. But what I do know is that I should like to see the matter settled once and for all, while opinion is as unanimous as it is to-day. To leave it open, is to leave it to uncertainty. To leave it open, is to produce the suggestion that to conserve our political freedom, we must refuse to increase our commerce with our largest business-relation; that we must turn back the stream of immigration; that we must exclude American capital and enterprise.

Disastrous action of that sort is wholly unnecessary. Our political future is perfectly safe as soon as we ourselves have declared what it is to be. National sentiment is the only secure bulwark of national existence. We shall never have it so long as we remain a colony.

Let our independence, then, be acknowledged. Let us learn to regard ourselves as a nation. Let us claim the place, and the rank, and the respect to which we are entitled. Let us be no longer a "colony" even in name, nor yet one of the "Dominions beyond the seas." We are, I beg to say, on this side of the seas. We have the most magnificent and most richly endowed country on the face of the globe. We have eight millions of the sanest, the strongest, and the most intelligent people in the world. We are acquiring a just pride in our material position and in our unprecedented progress. And, if we shall only rise to the height of our national manhood, we shall, I most firmly believe, very soon be a homogeneous and united people, well able to hold our own, whether in the peaceful pursuits of industry and commerce, or in the direst engagements of most strenuous war; and whether in defence of our own land, or of the land from which most of us have sprung, and which yet retains (may it always retain) our sympathies and our affections.

Before closing, I should like to mention the names of some of the men by whom Canada has been led from squalid and ignoble colonialism to the very verge of splendid nationalism.

And first I must give you the names of Louis Joseph Papineau and William Lyon Mackenzie. Not that I would have you understand that I approve of all that those men did, for I do not; but I do say that but for their protests against government by such governors as Sir Francis Bond Head, and but for their assertions of our right to govern ourselves, the introduction of responsible government would almost certainly have been indefinitely postponed.

The next name that I shall give you is that of Lord Durham. I do not ascribe unqualified praise, as is somewhat usual, to his famous report. On the contrary I regard some of its recommendations as mistaken. But so far as he referred to the constant state of quarrel between the Assemblies and the Governors, and to the necessity for the introduction of responsible government, he was undoubtedly right. He said:

> "The powers for which the Assembly contended appear in both instances to be such as it was perfectly justified in demanding. . . It is difficult to understand how any English statesman could have imagined that representative, and irresponsible government could be successfully combined."

Next I mention Lemual A. Wilmot, of New Brunswick, and with stronger emphasis the great Joseph Howe, of Nova Scotia, whose magnificent championship of responsible government will always give him an honoured and important place among the builders of Canadian nationality.

Then I cite Robert Baldwin, who forced the hand of Lord Sydenham, and who, in conjunction with Sir Louis Lafontaine, won a most important victory over Sir Charles Metcalfe in connection with the right of our government to appoint its own officials.

And next Sir John A. Macdonald, Sir George E. Cartier, and Sir A. T. Galt, who, in 1859, told the Colonial Office that it would have to take charge of the whole government of Canada if our tariff bill was disallowed. Afterwards, in 1866, Sir John attempted a splendid *coup* when he proposed that our constitutional title should be "The Kingdom of Canada" instead of "The Dominion of Canada," a proposal that was rejected by Lord Derby for fear of affecting the supposed susceptibilities of the United States. And Sir John did well when he inserted in the Speech from the Throne delivered to the first Federal Parliament (1867) congratu-

lations upon the passage of the Federation Act,

"under the provisions of which we are now constituted, and which has laid the foundation of a new nationality."

And next, Sir Charles Tupper, to whom we are indebted for various things:—leadership in the refusal to subscribe to the British Navy; the institution of a Canadian flag; the right to negotiate our own commercial treaties, etc.

And next, Edward Blake, who withstood the claim of the Governor-General to exercise the prerogative of pardon, and to disallow provincial legislation.

And next, Messrs. Fielding and Brodeur, who carried our right to negotiate our commercial treaties to completion; and Mr. Sidney Fisher, who terminated our legislative disability in connection with copyright.

And next, Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Few know the full extent of our debt to Sir Wilfrid. I shall not attempt a statement of it. His work at the Colonial Conference, where our political relations were often under discussion and our independence sometimes in danger, could have been accomplished only by one of the most remarkable men of our time.

These men, besides many others, are those who have built up Canada's political independence, and who have finally reduced Canadian political connection with the British Empire to allegiance to the same King. And these men were right. We would not undo one of their acts. We would not give up one of the powers which they secured for us. Let us acknowledge our indebtedness to them. And let us evince our appreciation of what they did by completing their work.

TO YOU

By MARGARET O'GRADY

WHY do I dream of you to-night?
Is it the dim scent of a lonely rose,
Or wistful gleam of hushed and watchful stars?
Perhaps some vagrant melody, which flows
From wizard strings, while memory still scars
A heart too deeply seared with voiceless pain.
Once more I see the light in your dear eyes,
And faintly feel your trembling lips again.
Oh, tender piteous dream that never dies!
My fighting soul with recollection stirs,
As haunting breaths of breeze through cypress sigh,
Sobbing like wounded love, which, tearful, blurs
That other deathless night, that last good-bye.
When Love is done, you said, we must forget,
Remembrance is but madness, sweet, and yet——
Why do I dream of you to-night?

THE MAHARAJAH OF PARTALA

BY LESLIE T. PEACOCKE

"I admit it is devilish hard on the beggar," said Geoffrey Ward, flicking his cigarette ash into his saucer, "but it is the only practical thing for him to do."

A short silence followed as the subject under discussion affected the last speaker more nearly than anyone else in the mess-room; in fact, he was the only one directly affected, although Casga Tufnell was known to them all and was so soon to be admitted into the Regimental circle. The Adjutant muttered something about systems being wrong.

"Yes," said the Colonel, "the system is wrong. A native is a native, and you can't make him anything else." The last subaltern lispingly remarked that he was awfully popular at Eton.

"Oh, of course," said the Colonel, "the fellow has had every advantage, and Eton and Oxford have left their mark on him, but he's a nigger just the same, and a nigger can't have feelings like a white man."

Ward took some port and passed the decanter.

"I think you are wrong there, sir," he said, addressing the Colonel. "In a case like Partala you are wrong. I was born in India and have soldiered here nine years altogether, and I have studied the natives more than most men."

"I daresay," the Colonel admitted. "I don't know much about the beggars. Of course, I have only been five months in the country, but from what I know and see, it is only a question of caste and degrees of shade. Black blood is black, and it's a damnable colour."

He rose.

"Come, who's for a game of whist?"

He stalked into the anteroom, followed by several others.

"That," said the Adjutant, as the door closed, "that is the popular idea at home. A man like the Colonel will never understand the natives, because he doesn't want to. He is a good fellow, and I think a good soldier, but, as he said himself, the system is wrong. I don't mean the system he meant, though. I mean the system of transferring a man from another regiment, particularly one at home, to take command of a regiment like this. Here we have been for a number of years, and most of us thorough Anglo-Inlians, some of us, like Ward there, heart and soul in the country, and all our prejudices and acquired knowledge subordinated by a man who regards India as a sort of purgatory, incidental to his retirement three years hence, when he can bask in a heaven of his own making, in the shape of a detached villa at Norwood or somewhere, or a club window in Pall Mall."

He sighed.

"I tell you it often makes it hard for me in the orderly-room," Ward laughed. "Poor old Brooks," he said. "An Adjutant's life is not a happy one; but," he added, "think of the extra two rupees a day."

"Oh, damn the rupees," said

Brooks. "But, to return to our muttons, what is Partala going to do?"

Ward struck a match, and poising the lump of sugar (soaked with brandy) on his coffee-spoon, set fire to it, ere he replied: "Only one thing for him to do; marry the native, and keep a sort of harem, I suppose. All the same, as I said before, it is devilish hard on the beggar."

The senior Major yawned.

"Oh, well," he said, "I daresay he'll simmer down. Come on, it's stuffy in here."

He rose, and the others followed, with the exception of Ward, who sat thoughtfully stirring his coffee. At the door the adjutant turned.

"Coming, Ward?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, of course."

Ward gulped down his coffee and rose too, and as he ducked his head slightly in passing through the door, Brooks laughed.

"What a big brute you are," he said. "I'm always waiting to see you bump your head."

Ward muttered something about wishing he was a decent size.

"Oh, go on," said Brooks, "the women like it. I heard Mrs. Charteris describe you the other day as "the maiden's dream."

Ward frowned.

"Oh, rot," he said. "I wish they would leave me alone."

Brooks chuckled.

"Well, they will — after the wedding."

"You'll dig your own grave."

Ward looked annoyed, and Brooks added.

"Of course, the grave is always a prelude to Heaven. Thank goodness women don't bother me. They call me 'The Snipe.'"

"Yes, but you can ride," Ward observed.

The adjutant surveyed his own thin legs and small, but well-knit figure with satisfaction.

"Yes," he said, "I can ride and I'm going to win the Poonah Cup. That beats all the women going."

"You're a lucky chap," said Ward, "I'd give anything to scale ten stone."

Brooks opened the anteroom door.

"We can't all win the same race. You are entered for the "Nursery Stakes."

He laughed and joined the group round the card-table before the other could find a fitting retort. The latter certainly presented a fine picture of perfect manhood, as he stood framed in the doorway, in all the splendour of mess uniform. He was over six feet, five inches, regulation measure, and built in proportion, but with not an ounce of superfluous flesh. He was a typical Saxon, his hair curly and almost golden. In manners he was particularly gentle, but in no way effeminate, and though probably the strongest man in all India, he never abused his strength or exerted it to the disadvantage of others. He was the youngest son of the Earl of Dorchester, from whom he received a small allowance, which, with his pay as Captain in the 3rd Bombay Cavalry, was, if not large, amply sufficient. At this moment he was the centre of interest in that part of military India, and, with the exception of perhaps one, the most talked of man in Poonah. The other was the Maharajah of Partala, an Indian Prince of immense wealth, who had lately completed his education in Europe. On the advice of the Resident, backed up by the Viceroy, he had been sent when a mere lad to England, where he had received the educational advantages of Eton and Oxford, and had distinguished himself academically and in field sports. He was thoroughly Anglicised in every way, and had been received into the best society of London; lionised, in fact. As was but natural, having had every opportunity to do so, he had fallen in love, and, cutting the romantic figure that he did, it is no great

wonder that his wooing found a ready response.

The object of his affections was the daughter of the Bishop of Morehampton, a worldly prelate, who, though regretting the unorthodox religion of the Maharajah, yet viewed with favour a prospective son-in-law of so enormous wealth. He had travelled but little, and his knowledge of the East and Indian affairs was limited. He naturally thought that the Prince, practically an Englishman in all but name, was on an equal footing with the white rulers in India, and that his daughter would be received into the best official and military society.

Some six months earlier the Maharajah had been recalled to India, to assume the responsibilities and management of his province, under, of course, the guidance of the Resident. Colonel Pope was going out a month later, accompanied by his wife, to take over the command of the Poonah Horse, and the Bishop had seized the opportunity of asking them to chaperone his daughter. The Maharajah had begged that the marriage might take place in India, with all the pomp and splendour incidental to Oriental functions of the sort. The Bishop was not averse, as splendour and pomp was part of his daily creed, and he felt that perhaps the brilliant wedding would be a fitting send-off and help to launch his daughter in her accepted sphere.

Bishop Tufnell was not a man who invited confidence, nor who brooked advice, and though there were some who tried to interfere in a kindly way and warn him against the serious mistake he was making, their interference he attributed to jealousy and their warnings to insular prejudice.

Colonel Pope, though assigned to the command of an Indian native regiment, had no knowledge of the country to which he was going, nor its customs, having served all his time at home. The lure of the extra pay in the Indian service had drawn him, and, having some influence at the War Office, he had manœuvred the transfer. He had only three more years to serve, and the Indian Government pension was not to be sneezed at. He and his wife were glad of an opportunity to do a favour to the Bishop, for whom they had a great respect, and Casga Tufnell was a girl whom anyone would be only too proud to chaperone. She was just turned twenty, of a romantic nature, such as usually accompanies an olive skin. Her features were perfect, and her figure slightly inclined to fullness. She had lost her mother in infancy, and her upbringing had been entirely in her father's hands. She had passed some years at the best boarding-schools in London and France, and since her début, two years before, had undertaken the management of the Bishop's palace. She had met the Maharajah at the Oxford and Cambridge cricket match at Lord's, where he had greatly distinguished himself, and their mutual admiration was simultaneous or, in other words, a clear case of love at first sight.

They had been engaged but a few weeks when the Maharajah received his recall to India, and he was loth to go, but the Government, in whose hands he was, urged him to assume his responsibilities forthwith, as his people were clamouring for their titular ruler. The Bishop had insisted on his going at once, as he feared he might weaken his position there in some way, and promised that his daughter should follow him at the earliest opportunity.

Now the Maharajah of Partala, in England, as Captain of the Oxford cricket eleven, all round sportman and club man, and H.S.H. the Maharajah of Partala, in British India, as ruler of the Poonah Province, were two very distinctive men. One was a young prince, olive complexioned, it is true, but no darker than the princes

of Southern Europe, conventionally well dressed, a college man of excellent manners and received on an equal footing with the best Englishmen. The other was a native prince, the puppet ruler of a tribe under the Indian Government; on state occasions dressed in picturesque but outlandish attire, forced to conform to the rules of his caste, admitted certainly to the best clubs and regimental mess tables, conceded a place of honour at social functions—but only as a diplomatic concession on the part of the white race. He was *with* them, but not *of* them. He was a native. If he presumed too far, he was a nigger.

The change in his relations came as a horrible shock to Partala. He was English to the core, and all the natives were simply *natives* to him. His own relatives, who were numerous, were as aliens to him, and their mode of living and ideas in general were ridiculous. His native garb, which he was constrained to adopt on occasions, was distasteful to a degree, and his miniature Court savoured in his eyes strongly of the comic opera.

The obligations incidental to his position were constantly dinned into his ears by his aged relatives and members of his suite, his early marriage and propagation of his race broadly hinted at, as he was informed that in his infancy he had been betrothed to a native princess, some two years his junior, with a certain amount of personal charm, and powerful native connections. Diplomatically, the union would be advantageous. But he naturally scoffed at the idea, and made light of it, thereby creating disruption in the native circles.

The facts of the case were placed before the Resident, who incidentally undertook the unpleasant task of informing the Maharajah of the true position in which he stood. The Prince's rage, on being told that his marriage with Casga Tufnell was impossible, may be imagined. He could not believe it. Was she not now on her way to fulfil the engagement, with her father's full consent? He was head over ears in love with her, and the love of the educated Oriental is deep and jealous. In five short days she was expected to arrive. He sought advice in the clubs and mess-rooms, and though he met with ready sympathy from all, the verdict was unanimous. He was a good fellow, one of the best on earth, but—he was a native. He was well-nigh distracted. He could not realise it. That he who had been sought after in the drawing-rooms and ball-rooms and house parties in the best English society should be tabooed from marrying an English girl, why, the idea was preposterous! He was certain that she would think so too, and, anyway, it was *their* affair, and he would do nothing until she arrived.

Poor Casga had no intimation of what was happening, and it was with unmixed feelings of delight that she greeted the Maharajah. The night following her arrival there was a ball at the Residency, which Partala attended, in his full state costume, accompanied by the members of his suite, and the brave showing he made filled Casga with pride and stirred her romantic nature to the depths. She danced with him several times in succession, and all tongues were set wagging. The story of the engagement was known, and Casga was being pitied on all sides.

The Colonel's wife was, of course, questioned, and everyone evinced surprise at her lack of knowledge of Indian affairs and customs, and her distress at the upsetting of things to which she was an innocent party was pitiable. She had gained Casga's full confidences on board ship and knew the romantic girl loved the Prince. She was responsible to the Bishop for his daughter, and must act in the matter as if she were her own. Her dis-

tress was so great that the Colonel was for then and there accosting the Maharajah and demanding that he should leave the ball-room and cease in his attentions to Casga; but wiser counsels prevailed, and the Resident's wife, Lady Hughes, a practical woman of the world, undertook to straighten matters out.

"Let us," she said, "break hearts and smash the furniture, but don't let's have a scene."

She was a diplomat to the finger tips, and it was largely owing to her personality that her husband occupied the position he did. She made the opportunity by boldly seizing Casga at the end of a dance, apologising to Partala with the plea that she wanted news of England and mutual acquaintances. She soon discovered that they had some in common, and making the warm night the excuse, she steered the unsuspecting girl to a sequestered seat in the garden, where the darkness would prove a good shield to the emotions she would no doubt display. Having discussed various acquaintances, she cleverly brought the conversation round to the paramount issue.

"We have had quite an excitement here," she said. "The Maharajah, you know, has been away all his life, so that the Residency seemed more familiar without one. You know him, I see?"

"Oh, yes," said Casga eagerly.

Fearing an outpouring of confidence, Lady Hughes quickly continued.:

"He's a nice fellow, and so handsome, I think, but what a pity he is a nigger."

She paused. She had said a brutal thing, but she had meant to do so. This was no case for gentle methods. Casga must be disillusioned, and at once. The latter sprang as if she had been shot.

"Nigger!" she gasped.

Her Ladyship laughed lightly.

"Oh, well, that is rather unkind, perhaps, but I didn't mean it as such, only all the natives are niggers to us, you know."

"But the Maharajah!" gasped Casga.

"Yes, of course," said Lady Hughes —"of course, Partala is a little different, he looks almost English, you know, but, then, this is India, and in India, of course, all Indians are natives, and that spells n-i-g-g-e-r."

The girl half rose from her seat.

"But, Lady Hughes," she said, "surely you have heard."

The Resident's wife interrupted her.

"Yes, dear," she said, "I know what you were going to say, but we won't discuss it seriously. I had heard that you had a mild flirtation with him, or something of the sort, in England and, you naughty girl, perhaps you gave him more encouragement than was good for him; but here, of course, dear, you must be more circumspect."

Casga rose trembling.

"Lady Hughes," she said, "you don't know what you are saying; you don't know anything about it. The Maharajah has asked me to be his wife."

Lady Hughes took her hand, and patted it playfully.

"Oh, my dear, lots of men will do that," she said, laughingly. "You are a very pretty girl, but you must not treat them all seriously."

"Yes," Casga exclaimed," but I have accepted him."

Her Ladyship feigned astonishment.

"You did what?" she gasped.

"I have accepted him," repeated Casga. "Why—I—I—came out here on purpose to marry him."

Her ladyship drew her gently back to the seat.

"You poor child," she said, "did you have no one to advise you? Oh, I forgot, dear, you have no mother. It is too bad, too utterly bad."

She stroked the girl's hand and

appeared to be deeply affected.

"But—but I love him," stammered Casga.

"Oh," said the diplomat, "we all love him, he is so handsome, and such a dear, quite superior to most of the nig— natives. I mean; but er—there is the "but," you see."

"Oh, but you don't seem to realise," said the girl. "We are engaged, properly engaged.'"

Lady Hughes placed her arm around her.

"I know dear," she said, "I suppose you did engage yourself to him, and all that sort of thing, but then you didn't know, and I hope he didn't know, that to marry him is impossible."

"Impossible!" repeated Casga.

"Yes, dear," reiterated her Ladyship, "impossible! No English girl could, and live in India. Then, besides, he was betrothed when a mere child, to a native maharanee, a princess, you know, and his people want him to marry her at once."

"Marry her at once!" repeated Casga, dazed. "Marry her at once! Why, only to-night he spoke to me about our wedding."

Lady Hughes stiffened.

"Well, he had no right to do so. He knows very well that he cannot marry you. He even consulted my husband about it, and some of the English officers, and they all told him the same thing, that no white woman can marry a native, no matter what his rank, and be received in society."

"But," said Casga plaintively, "I know he loves me."

"Oh, I daresay," said her ladyship, "in his wild, Oriental way he thinks he does. But he can't truly and unselfishly love you or he would not dream of subjecting you to ridicule."

"Ridicule!" gasped Casga.

"Of course," said Lady Hughes. "Everyone would think you ridiculous or crazy, and then, besides, it isn't even respectable."

"I don't know what you mean," said Casga.

"You wouldn't live like other men's wives. You would be, oh, well, a sort of a queen of the lot."

"Queen of what?" said Casga.

"Oh, you know what I mean," said her ladyship. "I hate having to explain, but every Maharajah has his—to put it plainly, his harem."

"Oh," groaned Casga.

"So you see," continued her tormentor, "that it is utterly impossible."

Casga shivered.

"But I know he is not like the rest," she said. "He is so English."

In England, yes," replied her ladyship, "but not here. He can't help himself. It is expected of him. Of course, I am sure, dear, that he would treat you just as an English wife should be treated, at first, but later on you would just be—well—er—a favourite——if that. It would all depend on him."

Casga groaned.

"Or perhaps on you," continued Lady Hughes. "You see, it is part of his religion. His father had over forty wives, I believe. Of course, only one real one, but then—" She shrugged her shoulders, and the girl hid her face in her hands, and sobbed as if her heart were breaking. She felt humiliated, and the change from the thoughts of love and pride in her great conquest of Partala to the disgusting prospect just laid before her was more than she could bear. Only an hour ago, there in the ball-room, she had felt so proud, so happy, as she swung round in his arms, and now she realised that she must have been the cynosure of all eyes and that everyone there was pitying and laughing at her.

"Oh," she wailed, "take me away, take me away."

"You poor child," said Lady Hughes, genuinely affected, "I'm so sorry, dear, but I couldn't help it. I

had to tell you: it was necessary."

Casga shivered again, as if with cold.

"What can I do?" she cried, "what can I do?"

Her ladyship tried to comfort her.

"Do?" she said, "do nothing. It is a mistake that might have happened to anyone who didn't know India; a horrible one, I admit, but it is not your fault. You must break with the Maharajah — nicely, of course, but firmly. He will understand. Come let us go back."

She rose, but Casga drew back affrighted.

"Oh, no," she cried," I couldn't face them. I want to go away."

"Nonsense," said her ladyship, "that will never do. You must not let them suspect that anything has happened. Be a brave girl, dear, and try and forget all about Partala. You will find it was just infatuation on both sides, and you will think of him differently when you see him amongst all the nig— natives, I mean."

She waited a few moments for Casga to compose herself, and led the way back to the ball-room. Near the door she stopped.

"Now, dear," she said, "be brave. And you must dance as if nothing had happened, but not with Partala."

She espied Geoffrey Ward lounging in the doorway.

"Ah! here is Captain Ward," she cried. "He is the nicest man I know, and will take proper care of you."

She laid a hand on his arm.

"Geoffrey," she said, "I want you to be very kind to Miss Tufnell here, she is a stranger in a strange land."

That was the beginning of it. Captain the Honourable Geoffrey Ward was completely knocked off his feet, and catching Casga on the rebound, as it were, in her helpless and friendless condition, in less than two weeks they were engaged. The Maharajah, after Casga had disappeared with Lady Hughes, mooned about, and the next time he saw her she was whirling round in the arms of another. At the close of the dance he tried to approach her, but she was so well hemmed in on all sides and claimed by so many partners (Ward had seen to that), that all his efforts were in vain. She deliberately cut him out of two dances, and went down to supper with Ward, and was driven away by the Colonel's wife without giving him an opportunity of saying goodnight. He realised that a league had formed against him, and he was consumed with rage. He called on his fiancée the following day, and was informed that she was suffering from a headache and was not to be disturbed, but that Colonel Pope would be glad to receive him. He found that gentleman lying in a camp chair, battling with the heat and swearing vehemently at his *punkahwallah*. He greeted the Maharajah as courteously as he could under the circumstances.

"I'm swearing at your damnable climate," he said, "but I hope to get used to it in time."

The prince frowned.

"I assure you, Colonel, that it is just as disagreeable to me. I am as much a stranger here as you are."

"Yes, I know," said the Colonel, "but it is your native land, you know."

The Maharajah asknowledged that, and inquired after his fiancée.

"She is lying down," said the Colonel; "bad headache or something; danced too much, I expect. Young spirits and all that sort of thing, you know. Hate dancing myself."

"When can I see her?" the Prince inquired.

"Oh," said the Colonel, as indifferently as he could," I don't know Better call again some time."

"Colonel Pope," he said sternly, "I suppose you know that Miss Tufnell is my affianced wife."

"Wife?" echoed the Colonel. "Bosh! You know jolly well she can't

be anything of the sort, don't you?"

Partala gritted his teeth.

"What is the good of fencing with me, Colonel Pope?" he said. "You brought Casga over here on purpose to marry me."

The Colonel mumbled something about the whole thing being a foolish mistake, and added that there was no use in making a fuss about nothing.

"Nothing!" retorted the Prince. "Don't you know that it means everything to me?"

"Oh, rot," cried the Colonel. "You have your Court and Palace here, and all that sort of thing, and you must do like the others."

"How do you mean?" demanded the Prince.

"Oh, you know. You are a native, my dear sire, and when you are in Rome—but then, you know jolly well what I mean. Don't be foolish about it."

Partala inwardly boiled with rage.

"Do you mean me to understand," he said, "that my engagement with Miss Tufnell is at an end?"

The Colonel rose and placed his hand on his shoulder.

"Now be a good fellow," he advised, "and don't make it hard for her. She didn't know—er, we didn't know anything about how things stood here; but we know now, and so do you, that the whole thing is impossible."

The Prince brushed his hand away.

"I don't know anything of the sort," he retorted." I only know that Casga is engaged to me, and you can't keep her from me."

The Colonel changed his tone.

"Oh, can't we?" he cried. "Well, we'll see about that." He clapped his hands. "Maharajah, I do not like to make a fuss." He pointed to the door, at which a servant had appeared in answer to his master's summons. "I wish you good afternoon."

Partala could hardly contain himself.

"You wouldn't speak to me like that in England," he cried. "You wouldn't behave like a cad there, and that is what you are doing now. Because you are in India, behaving like an old, bald-headed cad."

"Then the Colonel lost *his* temper. He took a step forward.

"Get out of this, get out of my house, you—you nigger!"

He stalked into an inner room, slamming the door behind him.

"Nigger," muttered the Prince, as one dazed. "Nigger!" he repeated. "By Allah, he shall pay for that."

He gazed at the slammed door for a moment, spat three times in native contempt, and passed out, slapping the *syce* across the face with his riding-whip. He mounted, and was soon lost in a cloud of dust.

Things went along quietly for several days, and everyone wondered what would happen, but the Maharajah made no sign. He devoted most of his time to the affairs of his Court, and the clubs or public places saw nothing of him. The Colonel gave out some vague statement about having had it out with him, but did not enter into details, and Casga, acting on Lady Hughes's advice, went everywhere, and under that lady's wing danced and attended garden-parties nights and afternoons.

The god of dreams claimed her mornings. And then came the announcement of her engagement to Geoffrey Ward. Everyone expected something to happen, but then everyone is always expecting something to happen in India. Expectancy is in the air you breathe.

The wedding was set for an early date, as Lady Hughes urged that Casga's position was so unfixed, and there was really no need for delay. The Resident had sought to learn something of the Maharajah's intentions regarding the marriage arranged for him, but the young Prince had begged to be left alone, and looked so

morose, that he had not urged the matter. The Maharajah shunned all intercourse outside his Palace until a week before the date set for Casga's wedding, and then the unexpected happened. He made known to the Resident that he was desirous of giving a garden-party on the eve of the marriage, and that no expense might be spared. He admitted to the Resident that he was disappointed at the turn of affairs, of which he had no conception when he left England; but that he realised he must abide by the ruling of fate. He was anxious to do his part towards the wedding festivities, and to act in a magnanimous spirit, so the garden-party had struck him as a fitting entertainment. Everyone sympathised with him, and by the ready acceptance of his invitation and presence at the Palace on the auspicious occasion, strove to do him honour.

Casga's meeting with him, the first since that night of the ball, was eagerly watched; but she bore herself so well, and Partala was so courtly and smiling, that the spectators could hardly restrain their applause. Colonel Pope magnanimously pocketed his insult, the allusion to his bald head still rankling, and had insisted on the Regiment turning out *en masse*. He and Ward greeted the Prince together, and the latter's smiling face was cordiality itself, though the pupils of his eyes, contracted to two pin points, might have argued a feeling the reverse. But one is not studying the pupils of the eyes of one's host at a garden-party; such little things are so trifling, and there is so much to see in the Palace of Partala. The grounds were magnificent, and nothing was left undone to show off the splendour and wealth of the Palace. The state jewels, valued at several million rupees, were on exhibition; a Nautch dance had been provided, and all the bands in garrison were massed so as to form an orchestra several hundred strong. Snake charmers, conjurers and fakers were exhorted to perform their wonderful tricks, and tennis, croquet and archery all had their votaries. White-robed servants were flitting everywhere, bearing tea and all things in season, and the popping of champagne corks kept up a fitting accompaniment to the music and gay laughter.

The Maharajah's havildar, a man of immense physique, had command of the army of fakers and snake charmers, and reprimanded them with no gentle cuffs if they appeared too presumptuous. One in particular he singled out, and made him perform some of those wonderful tricks to be seen in no place but India. The mango seed he caused to grow to a tree in five minutes; the rope ladder to disappear to—where? And then the boy in the basket. The boy's cries, in the basket, as the faker drove his sword through and through it again and again attracted a large crowd. It was so realistic and almost horrible. The boy's cries ceased. He must surely be dead, but lo! the faker opened the basket; it was empty, and from the rear of the crowd came the boy, laughing as only a native can laugh—when being paid for it. This trick, on request, he repeated several times, until the Maharajah taunted him with being clumsy, and threatened to expose it. The faker laughingly defied him to do so. The basket was an unusually large one, and the Prince, to the surprise and horror of all, stepped in and despite all entreaties, invited the faker to use him in place of the boy. The faker readily consented and closed the lid. Amidst a suppressed silence he pierced it again and again, and the Prince's cries could be heard above the music of the massed bands. All were horror stricken, but the smiling faker laughed loudly and said, "Wait Sahibs, wait!" The cries ceased. He opened the lid, and the basket was empty. The Maharajah came laugh-

ingly through the crowd. A sigh of relief went up, and everybody cheered. The Prince offered to repeat the performance, and assured them that it was harmless, a mere optical illusion, and invited Colonel Pope to take the faker's place and to pass the sword through the basket as he had done. The Colonel, of course, demurred, but Partala insisted, assuring him that there was absolutely no danger, so after some pressure the Colonel complied, and the illusion was successfully repeated. The havildar then offered to perform the trick, and did so, twice, the sword on his invitation being handled first by the Colonel, and then by Captain Ward. After his second successful performance he approached Ward.

"Sahib Captain," he said, "you are a man as big as I am. You show the mem Sahibs and the Sahibs how it is done." Ward hastened to assure him that he didn't know anything about it.

The havildar whispered in his ear, and Goeffrey laughed.

"Is that all?" he said.

"Why, certainly."

Casga and the others did their best to dissuade him, and begged the Maharajah to stop him.

"Yes," said Partala, "it is foolish to do it any more, as it makes the ladies nervous, but there is really nothing to be afraid of."

He laid stress on the word "afraid," which appeared like a challenge to Ward, who there-upon insisted on getting into the basket, and invited the Prince to wield the sword. The latter laughingly declined, saying that he objected to striking an unarmed man, and handed the sword to Colonel Pope.

"Go on, Colonel," said Ward, as the havildar closed down the lid, "stick me as hard as you like. It is all right. I know the trick."

The excitement and curiosity was intense as the Colonel did as he was bid, and the cries and groans issuing from the basket were as realistic as in the preceding performance. The groans ceased, and there was silence. Everyone looked round for the faker to open the basket, but he did not appear.

"Go on, open the basket," cried Casga, who was apprehensive.

No one immediately responding, she seized the Colonel's arm.

"Colonel, Colonel," she cried, "open it at once, *please*. I'm afraid something is wrong."

The Colonel hastily did so, assisted by several willing hands, and started back in horror, for *this* time the basket was *not* empty. A search was made for the faker, but he was gone, and furious eyes were turned on the Maharajah, who stood the picture of grieved concern, surrounded by a strong body-guard composed of members of his suite.

"What has happened, havildar?" he called.

That worthy, kneeling by the basket and examining it, shook his head.

"It was his own fault, O Lord of Partala, as he knew the trick. The Sahib Captain was too large for the basket, that is all. He did not escape in time."

The Resident promised that proper measures would be taken, and the faker searched for and punished. But India is a big country, and holds its own mysteries.

The grief of the Colonel at his participation in the affair can be imagined, and the Maharajah of Partala placed his Court in mourning, and did all in his power to make the funeral an impressive one. Casga returned to England, broken-hearted, and the Colonel immediately gave up his command. In his detached villa in Upper Tooting he is often heard to mutter: "Black is black, and it's a damnable colour."

SALOON OF THE STEAMSHIP "KINGSTON"

FLEETS OF PEACE

BY CHARLES A. BOWMAN

AT the widest part of the American Continent there extends from ocean to ocean an imaginary line known as the international boundary. It is about thirty-five hundred miles long — the longest stretch of imagination between any two nations. For one hundred years the greatest republic and the greatest British dominion have fraternised as peace-loving neighbours along this border. Part of the line runs along the forty-ninth parallel of latitude, dividing a wheat belt of unsurpassed fertility between the States of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Washington, and the Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta and British Columbia. For fifteen hundred miles it cuts through the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence River—across an expanse of navigable water of unrivalled magnitude and magnificence.

A voyage from the head of the Great Lakes to a point where the fresh water intermingles with the salt of the Atlantic presents to the observer a glorious panorama of peace triumphant — a triumph largely brought about by the introduction of common sense into a council between nations.

The year 1818 witnessed the drafting of an international boundary treaty

whereby it became unlawful to build or maintain fleets of war on any part of the navigable waters between Canada and the United States. For nearly a century this treaty has been rigidly upheld, with a result that in the year of our Lord 1912 the two nations will unite in an unparalleled celebration—the celebration of a century of peace.

SHIPPING SCENE AT CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY ELEVATORS, FORT WILLIAM

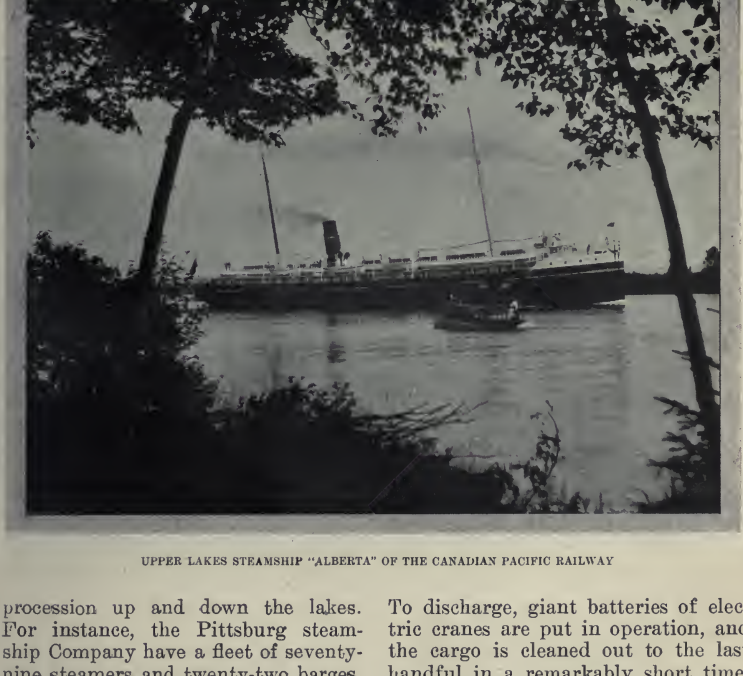
During this epoch of fraternity many splendid fleets have been launched upon the Great Lakes and St. Lawrence, but in no case have they been fleets of war. Fleets of commerce and fleets of pleasure are here in noble profusion; competing in the great industrial campaign and winning bloodless victories in sport and enterprise. Unburdened from the warship tax, commerce has forged ahead at an astounding pace, and ever seeking for new fields to conquer the great companies vie with one another in perfection of equipment and luxury unknown on most ocean steamers.

Ocean travellers are apt to consider the two days voyage from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Montreal as the major portion of inland navigation. It is really only the threshold of a system of shipping extending over an area of one hundred thousand square miles.

Merchant vessels of every description, carrying grain, fruit, wheat, dairy produce, coal, oil, lumber, iron ore, copper ore, steel and every variety of general cargo, voyage from port to port, exchanging the products of one hive of industry for those of another, or delivering at some great distributing centre for transhipment to distant parts of the world. Some of the largest ships have a carrying capacity of nearly fourteen thousand

tons, and measure six hundred feet from stem to stern. It is not a question of one or two vessels of this type, but several big fleets with crowded harbours and locks, and a constant

Built in the remarkable style adopted by most inland freighters, with engines at the extreme after part, the cargo is loaded into one continuous hold without partitions of any kind.



UPPER LAKES STEAMSHIP "ALBERTA" OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

procession up and down the lakes. For instance, the Pittsburg steamship Company have a fleet of seventy-nine steamers and twenty-two barges. Many of the barges are nearly five hundred feet long, and carry as much as eight thousand tons. This line is known on the lakes as "Tinstacks," because of their aluminum-coloured stacks. They carry ore from ports at the head of Lake Superior to ports in Lake Erie; and wonderful records are made in loading and discharging. The record for loading is about thirty minutes and three hours for unloading. It is not considered anything unusual to clean out eight thousand tons of ore in four hours.

To discharge, giant batteries of electric cranes are put in operation, and the cargo is cleaned out to the last handful in a remarkably short time. As an example of extensive shipping, a daily paper of September 1st, 1910, reports that "Six vessels arrived today in Fort William laden with coal from Cleveland. Three vessels carried nine thousand tons each; the total cargo amounted to 40,900 tons." Most of this coal is shipped to the Western Provinces.

Lake freighters are fitted out with a comfort undreamed of on the average ocean tramp steamer. Food and accommodation of the very best, luxurious cabins and dining saloons for

officers and men; even the sailors are provided with bath-rooms. This may not appear remarkable to a landsman, but mariners who have spent any time on European cargo steamers will appreciate such an unheard of innovation. Vessels not uncommonly sail from European ports to trade for months in tropical climates without must be like a dream of paradise.

The picture of a merchant liner, gently gliding down the St. Lawrence, through water clear as crystal, on either side a glorious vista of fields and farms, and the memory of a hurricane in the Bay of Biscay without food or water or sleep, or the veritable inferno provided for luckless stokers

THE STEAMSHIP "HAMONIC," OF THE NORTHERN NAVIGATION COMPANY

even a bath-room for the officers. And engineers must needs content themselves with a bucket of oily condensed steam taken surreptitiously from the engines. To the sailor-man who has lived in the forecastle of a Tyne tramp, where chest of drawers, chairs, or tables are unknown luxuries, where all one's humble belongings must be kept in a small canvas bag and stowed away under a miserable bunk; where six or eight men are crowded into a damp wretched hole not big enough to swing a cat in, the comfortable quarters and the excellent food on some of the lake steamers in the Red Sea, offer a striking contrast. Verily the ocean mariner may well envy his more fortunate comrade.

But the lakes are not always calm. During stormy weather they are even more fickle than the sea, and heaven help any unseaworthy craft when Lake Superior, with its great expanse of 32,000 square miles, lashes itself into a fury. In December, 1909, one of the large ferries crossing Lake Erie, from Conneaut to Port Stanley, carrying thirty-four freight cars on its deck, foundered with all hands in a terrific gale. Happily such calamities are of rare occurrence.

Lake Erie, though comparatively shallow, has the worst reputation for wind storms. During the three severe winter months navigation is almost entirely suspended, and vessels are docked for overhaul and repairs. For tourists the best months are June, July, and August. Pleasure cruisers and fast passenger vessels are then could not wish to travel on. Having crossed the Atlantic, they are exceptionally seaworthy. The *Keewatin* and *Assiniboia* are each 4,300 tons register, and they are divided into eight water-tight compartments.

Another large Canadian line—the Northern Navigation Company—runs from the head of the lakes to Sarnia.

THE STEAMSHIP "NORTHWEST," OF THE NORTHERN STEAMSHIP COMPANY

in full commission, and the whole expanse is alive with craft of every shape and size.

Two particularly handsome vessels run between Chicago, Duluth and Buffalo in connection with the Great Northern Railway (an organisation controlled by a Canadian-American field-marshal of commerce, James J. Hill), namely, the *Northland* and the *Northwest*.

The Canadian Pacific Railway maintains a fast line of vessels between the Twin Cities—Port Arthur and Fort William—and Owen Sound, on the Georgian Bay, breaking the monotony of a long overland route for those who wish it. Finer liners than those of the Canadian Pacific Railway one The flagship of this line, the *Hamonic*, built in Collingwood about a year ago, is fitted out like a palace; the grand saloon and observation rooms are exceptionally attractive.

At the extreme west of Lake Superior a towering cliff 1,400 feet high rises sheer out of the water. It is known as Thunder Cape; and standing in solemn grandeur it is a noble monument to mark the head of the world's greatest inland waterway. Superior is the largest lake in the world. Measuring 412 miles long and 167 miles wide its area is sufficient to contain, for instance, the whole of Ireland. Its greatest recorded depth is 1,386 feet, and two hundred rivers flow into it. This mighty body stands 602

feet above the level of the sea.

Superior's outlet is situated in the east at Sault Ste. Marie, where the level drops twenty-one feet into Lake Huron. To meet this descent by ship, immense locks have been built. An average of eighty vessels a day pass through the Soo locks; with a total freight traffic of nearly sixty million tons during the season. The Canadian Government lock is nine hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. It is the largest lock in the world, and it cost four million dollars. Lake Huron and Lake Michigan are on the same level. While Michigan is the larger, Huron is the more interesting, with its wonderful archipelago of Thirty-thousand Islands and the Georgian Bay.

At the southern extremity of Lake Huron the water flows into the comparatively small basin of Lake St. Clair, connecting Huron with Lake Erie. Entering Erie through the Detroit river, an amazing picture of shipping and commerce is presented to the eye. Thirty-five thousand vessels pass through the Detroit river in one year and carry a total freight value of 700 million dollars. Yet Detroit is only one of many busy shipping centres; and sailing along Lake Erie there is a constant stream of vessels, ranging from yachts and ferries to liners and the peculiar cigar-shaped whalebacks, nicknamed "pigs" by the lake sailors.

THE STEAMSHIP "ST. IRENEE." CITY OF QUEBEC IN BACKGROUND

Lake Erie is about eight feet below the level of Lake Huron, but from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario vessels have to make a descent of 326 feet. The descent is made by a series of twenty-six locks on the Welland Canal built by the Canadian Government to circumnavigate Niagara Falls.

Lack of space at once forbids any

attempt to describe all the elegant passenger lines. Equally impossible would it be to offer a description of the wonderful panorama *en route*. Needless to say no tourist passes Niagara without stopping to view the Falls. After voyaging over the Upper Lakes it is an impressive thought to realise that Niagara is the only outlet to such an immense body of water elevated at a height of six hundred feet above sea level. It has been estimated that the volume of water falling over Niagara every minute amounts to half a million tons. This mass falls plumb for 160 feet, with sufficient energy to supply the whole world with all the power it could use. The connecting link for passengers between Buffalo and Toronto, *via* Niagara, is made by a large fleet of liners: including the *Cayuga*, the largest steamship on Lake Ontario. Here again the traveller sails through a busy hive of shipping lines radiating from Toronto to every part of the Province and out to the ocean.

From Toronto it is possible to make the final eight hundred miles to the sea *via* the popular Canadian line of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company. Painted white from stem to stern, the vessels of this line present a pleasing picture viewed from the exterior. Internally they are superb, each vessel having a distinctive scheme of decoration. The saloon of the *Kingston* is finished in renaissance style, the *Montreal* in Louis XV. In the grand saloon of the latter vessel are two allegorical paintings containing twenty or more life-size figures. They were painted by F. S. Challoner, R.C.A.

THE "RAPIDS QUEEN" RUNNING LACHINE RAPIDS

A noteworthy feature, distinguishing the new world from the old, is the absence of graded classes. True, there are cabins *de luxe* for those who desire such; for the rest everything is first-class. The rates are within reach of all.

Going down the St. Lawrence from Toronto, passengers transfer at Prescott to vessels designed to "shoot the

rapids." Lake Ontario is 247 feet above sea level, and shooting the rapids is the exciting method of sailing down from the higher to the lower level. Sailing up the river the larger rapids are avoided by locking through canals. Approaching the rapids on the downward run, the engines are stopped and the current carries the vessel over at a speed of twenty miles an hour. The last chain of five rapids has a total descent of 129 feet.

THE STEAMSHIP "CHIPPEWA" IN TORONTO HARBOUR

At Montreal the big side-wheeler is once again in favour. The largest of the fleet, the *Montreal*, is 340 feet long and seventy-five feet wide over guards. At Montreal the trans-Atlantic liners are met; and a few miles below the historic city of Quebec the river becomes very wide and salt with the brine of the ocean. The terminal run for inland liners is reached at Saguenay River, a superb body of water, two hundred miles below the city of Quebec.

Approaching Cape Eternity, which hangs over the ship two thousand feet high and drops to an equal depth below the surface, one is reminded of Thunder Cape solemnly marking the western limit at Port Arthur. They are fitting mile-posts for such a wonderful course. The rock strata of Lower Quebec may be the oldest in the earth's history—geologists tell us that millions of years have passed since the Laurentian Period. One hundred years may seem but a few drops in that ocean of time; but when we remember the immense time it has taken for humanity to evolve from the lowest to its present stage, the stride since A. D. 1812 is indeed great. We are steadily learning not to kill each other: rather to work for the good of all. We have kept the peace for a century of time—and one grand result may be seen in the argosies sailing the calm waters from Superior to the Sea.

SPRING IN THE WOODS

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

THE woods are so human that to know them we must live with them. An occasional saunter through them, keeping, it may be, to the well trodden paths, will never admit us to their intimacy. If we wish to be near friends we must seek them out and win them by frequent reverent visits at all hours, by morning, by noon, and by night, and at all seasons, in spring and in summer, in autumn and in winter. Otherwise, we can never really know them, and any pretence we can make to the contrary will never impose on them. They have their own effective way of keeping aliens at a distance and shutting their heart to mere casual sight-seers.

Believe me, it is of no use to seek the woods from any motive except sheer love of them; they will find us out at once and hide all their sweet, world-old secrets from us. But if they know we come to them because we love them they will be very kind to us and give us such treasure of beauty and delight as is not bought or sold in market nor even can be paid for in coin of earthly minting; for the woods when they give at all give unstintedly and hold nothing back from their true worshippers. We must go to them lovingly, humbly, patiently, watchfully, and we shall learn what poignant loveliness lurks in the wild places and silent intervals, lying under starshine and sunset, what cadences of unearthly music are harped on aged pine boughs or crooned in copses of fir, what delicate savours exhale from mosses and ferns in sunny corners or on damp brooklands, what dreams and myths and legends of an older time haunt them, what unsuspected tintings glimmer in their dark demesnes and glow in their alluring by-ways; for it is the by-ways that lead to the heart of the woods, and we must not fail to follow them if we would know the forests and be known of them.

Spring is the best time to walk in the woods; at least, we think so in spring; but when summer comes it seems better still; and autumn woods are things quite incomparable in their splendour; and sometimes the winter woods, with their white reserve and fearlessly displayed nakedness, seem the rarest and finest of all. For it is with the forest as with a sweetheart of flesh and blood, in every changing mood and vesture she is still more adorable in her beloved's eyes.

But it is certain that there is more of frank friendliness in the woods in spring than at any other season. In summer they are very busy about their own concerns; in autumn they are so gorgeous and imperial that we feel they have no particular need of us, even though they may like us as well as ever; and in winter their chaste aloofness inspires us with more of the awe of a worshipper than the ardour of a lover.

But in the spring they have so much time before them, and are so well pleased with themselves and the exquisite things that are budding in and about their bailiwick, that they take us into full companionship and

make us free of all their crafts and mysteries, from the potent, unutterable charm of a dim spruce wood to the grace of flexile mountain ashes fringing a lonely glen.

The spring woods have a fashion of flowers, dainty, spirit-fine things, akin to the soul of the wilderness. Here is a westward sloping hill, lying under white drifts of cloud, feathered over with lisping young pines and firs that cup little hollows and corners where the sunshine gets in and never gets out again, but stays there and grows mellow, coaxing dear things to bloom long before they would dream of wakening up elsewhere. This is the spot for mayflowers; we are certain to find them here, on this little russet knoll for choice, where at first sight there is not a hint of blossom. Wait; the mayflowers never flaunt themselves; they must be sought and wooed as becomes them. See, we stoop, we pull aside the brown leathery leaves, and behold! The initials of spring's first lettering, trails and clusters of star-white and dawn-pink that have in them the very soul of all the springs that ever were, reincarnated in something which it seems gross to call perfume, so exquisite and spiritual will it prove to be.

Now that we have learned the art of finding mayflowers we can gather them all over this hill. It is the only place where they grow, for they do not like luxurious surroundings, they extract all their sweetness out of sandy, inhospitable soil, and offer it to the wet, leafless world before the forests have fairly begun to waken up and preen themselves.

After the mayflowers have gone the woods open eyes of blue violets. We find them almost everywhere; the thick spruce woods are the only places where we can venture fearlessly. Elsewhere we must walk most delicately, lest our feet crush the dear, sky-tinted things. Wherever a bit of grass finds sunshine enough on which to thrive there we find violets, along the lanes, and about the roots of slim birches, and in the dappled pasture corners overhung with beechen boughs; but to find the place where they grow most thickly we must wander into a tiny, sequestered valley of of a western hill; beyond it there is a pool which is not known to summer days, but in spring is a glimmering green sheet of water on whose banks nymphs might dance as blithely as ever they did on Argive hill or in Cretan dale. Certes, they would have rare footing of it, for here violets grow so thickly that all the grass is enskied with them; and in just one corner we find the rarer white violets, tiny blossoms with purple pencillings in their little urns, which are filled with the most subtly distilled incense.

This pool is a witching spot near which to linger on spring evenings. Somewhere through the lissome willows and poplars that fringe it faint hues of rose and saffron from the far bourne of sunset steal across its pearly shimmer. It is unruffled by a breath, and every leaf and branch is mirrored in it, to the very grasses that sway on its margin. The willows are decked with glossy silver catkins, the maples are mistily red-budded, and that cluster of white birches, a meet home for a dryad, is hung over with golden tassels.

When the violets begin to leave us we have the white garlands of the wild cherry flung out everywhere, against the dark of the spruces and in the hedges along the lanes; and will you please look at that young wild pear which has adorned herself after immemorial fashion as a bride for her husband, in a wedding veil of fine lace. The fingers of wood pixies must have woven it, for nothing like it ever came from an earthly loom. I vow the tree is conscious of its own loveliness; it is trembling and bridling before our very eyes, as if its beauty were not the most ephemeral thing in

the woods, as it is the rarest and most exceeding, for to-day it is and to-morrow it is not. Every south wind purring gently through the boughs will winnow away a shower of slender petals. But what matter? To-day it is queen of the wild places, and it is always to-day in the woods, where there is neither past nor future but only the prescience of immortality.

Of course, there are dandelions in the woods, because there are dandelions everywhere. They have no sense of the fitness of things at all; they are a cheerful, self-satisfied folk, firmly believing that they are welcome wherever grass can grow and sunshine beckon. But they are alien to the ancient wood. They are too obvious and frank; they possess none of the mystery and reserve and allurement of the real wood flowers; in short, have no secrets. Still, nothing, not even the smug dandelion, can live long in or near the woods without some sort of psychic transformation coming over it; and presently all the obtrusive yellowness and complacency are gone, and we have instead misty, phantom-like globes that hover over the long grasses in full harmony with the traditions of the forests.

The open spaces in the woods, washed in a bath of tingling sunshine, visited of all the winds of heaven, with glimpses of faraway hills and home meadows where cloud shadows broaden and vanish, are dear to our hearts; and dearer still the place of hardwoods, hung with their mist of green, where elfin lights frolic; but dearest of all is the close wood, curtained with fine-spun purple gloom, through which only the most adventurous sunbeams may glide, looking pale as if with fear over their own daring. This is where the immortal heart of the wood will beat against ours and its subtle life will steal into our veins and make us its own forever, so that no matter where we go or how wide we wander in the noisy ways of cities or over lone paths of sea, we shall yet be drawn back to the forest to find our most enduring kinship.

Those who have followed a dim, winding, balsamic path to the unexpected hollow where a wood spring lies, have found the rarest secret the woods can reveal. Here it is, under its pines, a crystal-clear thing, with lips unkissed by so much as a stray sunbeam. It is easy to dream that it is one of the haunted springs of old romance, an enchanted spot where we must go softly and speak, if we dare speak at all, in the lowest of whispers, lest we disturb the rest of a white, wet naiad or break some spell that has cost long years of mystic weaving. Come, let us stoop down on the brink and ever so gently drink from our hollowed hands of the living water, for it must have some potent quality of magic in it, and all our future lives we shall have better understanding of the wood and its lore by reason of drinking from the cup it offers.

A brook steals away from the spring. At first it goes deeply and darkly and softly, as becomes its birth; but as soon as we follow it from that somewhat uncanny locality we see that, though born of the spring, it was begotten by the spirit of the wild, and is more its father's child than its mother's, becoming promptly what all brooks are, a gay, irresponsible vagabond of valley and wilderness. Let us take it for a boon companion and follow it in all its windings and doublings and tricksy surprises. A brook is the most changeful, bewitching, lovable thing in God's good world. It is never in the same mind or mood two minutes. Here it creeps around the roots of the birches, with a plaintive little murmur and sigh, as if its heart were broken. We feel that we must sympathise with its old sorrow and nameless woe. But listen, a curve further on and the brook is laughing, a long, low gurgle of laughter, as if it were

enjoying some capital joke all by itself; and so infectious is its mirth that we must laugh too and forget old sadness as the brook forgets.

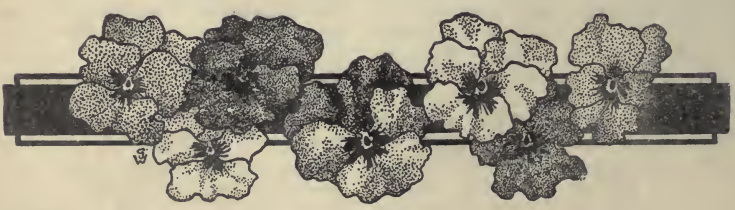
Here it makes a pool, dark and brooding and still, and thinks over its secrets with a reticence savouring of its maternity; but anon it grows communicative and gossips shallowly over a broken pebble bed, where there is a diamond-dance of sunbeams, and no minnow or troutling can glide through without being seen.

Sometimes its banks are high and steep, hung with slender ashes and birches; then they are mere low margins green with delicate mosses, shelving out of the wood. Here we come to a little precipice, the brook flings itself over undauntedly in an indignation of foam and gathers itself up rather dizzily among the mossy stones below. It is some time before it gets over its vexation; and it goes boiling and muttering along, fighting with the rotten logs that lie across it and making far more fuss than is necessary over every root that interferes with it. But the brook is sweet-tempered and cannot be angry long; and soon it is twinkling ever so good-naturedly in and out among the linked shadows, and presently it leads us out of the woods into the meadows.

It is a spring evening and the earth smells good. All the birds, which have been so busy nest-building through the day, have gone to sleep, except the robins, which are just beginning to whistle, clearly, melodiously, enchantingly, as they never whistle at any time save just after a spring sunset. "Horns of elfland" never sounded so sweetly around hoary castle and ruined tower as do the vesper calls of robins in a twilit wood of spruces and across dim green pastures lying under the pale radiance of a young moon.

The frogs sing us homeward. From every pool in the valleys and swamp in the forests come their "flute-throated voices." In that silvery, haunting chorus the music of all the springs that have been since the days of Eden finds its ever-renewed reincarnation.

Here the wood gives us a last sweet amazement for its guerdon. Before us is a young poplar, the very embodiment of youth and spring in its litheness and symmetry and grace and aspiration. Its little leaves are hanging tremulously, but are not yet so fully blown as to hide its delicate development of bough and twig, making poetry against the spiritual tints of a spring sunset. It is so beautiful that it hurts us, with the pain inseparable from all perfection. Why is it so? It is the pain of finality, the realisation that there can be nothing beyond but retrogression? Or is it the prisoned infinite in us calling out to its kindred infinite expressed in that visible perfection?



THE FIRST RECIPROCITY TREATY

SOME AMUSING SIDE-LIGHTS ON THE NEGOTIATION OF THE RECIPROCAL TREATY OF 1854

BY W. ARNOT CRAICK

IN all the mass of printed matter bearing on the reciprocity proposals of 1911, between Canada and the United States, with which the newspaper press of the present day is saturated, one sees very little reference to the earlier reciprocity treaty of 1854. If reference there be to this now historical measure, it is confined for the most part to the provisions of the treaty, the articles of commerce it affected, its results, and the lessons it it has for Canadians to-day. Of its actual negotiations and of the men who brought it to pass, little or nothing has been written. And yet here is to be found an interesting page in Canadian history and one that provides not only instruction but entertainment as well, for was not the treaty of 1854 reputed to have been floated through on a river of champagne?

When Lord Elgin, who was at the time nearing the close of his term as Governor-General of Canada, was sent as a sort of forlorn hope to see what he could do to induce the Washington politicians to consider a measure of reciprocity, he took with him from England, where he had gone in the spring of 1854, a young man in whom he had a warm personal and family interest and who was to act as his secretary during the negotiations. The youth, for he was at the time only twenty-five years of age, was Laurence Oliphant, destined in after years to become a man of note as traveller, author and diplomatist. Young Oliphant had a versatile pen and he has left behind him in the pages of several books his personal experiences as a member of Lord Elgin's staff at this time. In a bright, amusing and intimate fashion he describes the way in which the treaty was arranged and finally signed.

It seems odd at the present day to think of one so young, so inexperienced, and so absolutely ignorant of Canada, for he had not yet even set foot in the country, being associated as closely as he was with negotiations of a weighty nature affecting its future welfare. Besides Mr. Hincks, then Prime Minister of Canada, the British contingent contained only two Canadians, and the onus of the work lay on Lord Elgin. It was, in fact, a mission directed from Great Britain, and Lord Elgin represented the British and not the Canadian Government. It is not surprising therefore to find a young Scotchman like Oliphant taking a hand in the matter.

When Lord Elgin came to Canada in 1847, he found the country in a condition of disorder and discontent. The discontent he soon diagnosed as being due to one main cause, and that was commercial stagnation. Writing to Lord Grey on November 8, 1849, he said:

"You have a great opportunity before you—obtain reciprocity for us, and I venture to predict that you will be able shortly to point to this hitherto turbulent colony with satisfaction in illustration of the tendency of self-government and freedom of trade to beget contentment and material progress. Canada will remain attached to England, though tied to her neither by the golden links of protection nor by the meshes of old-fashioned colonial office jobbing and chicane. But if you allow the Americans to withhold the boon which you have the means of extorting, if you will, I much fear that the closing period of the connection between Great Britain and Canada will be marked by incidents which will damp the ardour of those who desire to promote human happiness by striking shackles either off commerce or off men."

To secure reciprocity was a problem that taxed the abilities of both British and Canadian statesmen to the utmost. The United States was not in the slightest degree interested. There were other far more vital questions before Congress. Unable to get up a lobby to press the matter, the British negotiators were long helpless. "Mr. Hincks brought the powers of his persuasive tongue and ingenious intellect to bear on the politicians at Washington, but in vain. It was not until Lord Elgin himself went to the national capital and made use of his diplomatic tact and amenity of demeanour that a successful result was reached. No Governor-General who ever visited the United States made so deep an impression on its statesmen and people as was made by Lord Elgin during this mission to Washington."

Incidentally a story illustrative of the admiration Americans entertained for the Governor-General may be told. When Lord Elgin gave a state dinner in Toronto at the close of the session of 1850, a number of gentlemen from Buffalo were present as his guests, and it is one of them who relates the incident. As Lord Elgin warmed up in his speech, this American's neighbour leaned over and whispered to him: "He's a glorious fellow; ought to be on our side of the line; we'd make him mayor of Buffalo." Then as Lord Elgin proceeded, rising to higher and higher planes of oratory, the Buffalonian grew more enthusiastic. "Gosh, he's a dandy," said he; "wish we had him with us, we'd send him to Congress." Finally, when the speaker reached the climax of his speech, the Yankee exclaimed, "That man's a wonder; we need men like that; he ought to be President of the United States."

But this is getting far afield from Laurence Oliphant and his Washington experiences.

"Our party, on leaving England," Oliphant writes, "consisted only of Lord Elgin, Mr. Hincks, then Prime Minister of Canada, afterwards Sir Francis Hincks; Captain Hamilton, A.D.C.; and myself; but at New York we were joined by the Honourable Colonel Bruce, and one or two Canadians, whose advice and assistance in the commercial questions to be treated were of value. We happened to arrive in Washington on a day which, as it afterwards turned out, was pregnant with fate to the destinies of the republic, for upon the same night the celebrated Nebraska Bill was carried in Congress, the effect of which was to open an extensive territory to slavery, and to intensify the burning question which was to find its final solution seven years later in a bloody civil war.

"Lord Elgin and his staff approached the representatives of the American nation with all the legitimate wiles of accomplished and astute diplomacy. They threw themselves into the society of Washington—which in those days was apparently much more racy and original than it seems to be now, when American statesmen have grown dull, correct, and dignified like other men—with the abandon and enjoyment of a group of visitors solely intent on pleasure. . . . . The ambassador had been informed that if he could overcome the opposition of the Democrats, which party had a majority in the Senate, he would find no difficulty on the part of the Government."

But the young secretary, keen as was his intelligence, did not see his way at first through the feasting and the gaiety into which his chief plunged. He continues:

"At last, after several days of uninterrupted festivity, I began to perceive what we were driving at. To make quite sure, I said one day to my chief, 'I find all my most intimate friends are Democratic senators.' 'So do I,' he replied, drily."*

*"Memoir of the Life of Laurence Oliphant."

This was the young man's first lesson in statecraft.

The first week of their stay in Washington was evidently given up almost entirely to pleasure, and entertainments of all sorts took place in a steady succession. Here is Oliphant's description of a single day's dissipation:

"At two o'clock our whole party went to a grand luncheon at a senator's. Here we had every sort of refreshing luxury, the day being pipingly hot, and dozens of champagne were polished off. Several senators got screwed, and we made good use of the two hours we had to spare before going to the French ambassador's *matinée dansante* at four. Here the same thing went on, with the addition of a lot of pretty girls whom I had before met, and who bullied one to dance, and were disgusted if you did not flirt with them. Everybody drinks champagne here, and there was a bowl on the table, in which you might have drowned a baby, of most delicious and insinuating concoction. Then there were gardens, and bouquets, and ices, and strawberries, and bright eyes until six, when we had to rush off and dress for a grand dinner at a governor's. Here we had a magnificent repast. The old story of champagne, besides a most elaborate and highly got up French-cookery dinner, lasting from seven to ten, when we left the table, having been eating and drinking without intermission since two. We then adjourned with a lot of senators to brandy-and-water, champagne, and cigars till twelve, when some of us were quite ready to tumble into bed. . . . It is necessary to the success of our mission that we conciliate everybody, and to refuse their invitations would be considered insulting. Lord Elgin pretends to drink immensely, but I watched him, and I don't believe he drank a glass between two and twelve. He is the most thorough diplomat possible—never loses sight for a moment of his object, and, while he is chaffing Yankees and slapping them on the back, he is systematically pursuing that object. The consequence is, he is the most popular Englishmen that ever visited the United States."

Writing in another place, he says:

"Lord Elgin's faculty of brilliant repartee and racy anecdote especially delighted them; and one evening, after a grand dinner, he was persuaded to accompany a group of senators to the house of a very popular and influential politician, there to prolong the entertainment into the small hours. Our host, at whose door we knocked at midnight, was in bed; but much thundering at it at length aroused him, and he himself opened to us, appearing in nothing but a very short night-shirt. 'All right, boys,' he said, at once divining the object of our visit; 'you go in and I'll go down and get the drink;' and without stopping to array himself more completely, he disappeared into the nether regions, shortly returning with his arms filled with bottles of champagne, on the top of which were two large lumps of ice. These he left with us to deal with, while he retired to clothe the nether portion of his person."

Mr. Oliphant had little respect for President Pierce, whom he considered the most insignificant of all the Presidents:

"His secretary of state, we found a genial and somewhat comical old gentleman, whose popularity with his countrymen seemed chiefly to rest on the fact that he had charged the United States Government fifty cents 'for repairing his breeches' when sent on a mission to inquire into certain accounts in which great irregularities were reported to have taken place.

"At last, after we had been receiving the hospitalities at Washington for about ten days, Lord Elgin announced to Mr. Marcy that, if the Government were prepared to adhere to their promise to conclude a treaty of reciprocity with Canada, he could assure the President that he would find a majority of the Senate in its favour, including several prominent Democrats. Mr. Marcy could scarcely believe his ears, and was so much taken aback that I somewhat doubted the desire to make the treaty, which he so strongly expressed on the occasion of Lord Elgin's first interview with him, when he also pronounced it hopeless. However, steps had been taken which made it impossible for him to doubt that the necessary majority had been secured, and nothing remained for us but to go into the details of the tariff, the enumeration of the articles of commerce, and so forth."

On June 5th Oliphant writes to his parents:

"I have every hope that we shall polish off our treaty to-morrow, in which case we shall retire in the evening covered with glory. It is a most exciting operation, and for the last few days, as matters have approached a crisis, I have been at it from morning to night, and then dreaming about it. The alternation of hope and fear is most trying, as new difficulties are suggested, and methods of solving them proposed, and new concessions gained, and the old Secretary of State bamboozled. Hincks goes away to-day, and Lord Elgin and I will be left alone. There are so many fellows opposed to the treaty, and so much underworking, that it requires considerable acuteness and caution to manage matters; but Lord Elgin is a match for them, and it is a

pleasure to see how he works the matter. It would be of advantage to a fool, and, of course, it is invaluable to a clever cove like me, who is given to appropriating other men's dodges."

On the 7th of June he again writes to his parents, but this time from New York, the negotiations having been concluded:

"We are tremendously triumphant; we have signed a stunning treaty. When I say we, it was in the dead of night, in the last five minutes of the 5th of June, and the first five minutes of the 6th day of the month aforesaid, that in a spacious chamber, by the brilliant light of six wax candles and an argand, four individuals might have been observed seated, their faces expressive of deep and earnest thought, not unmixed with cunning. Their feelings, however, to the acute observer, manifested themselves in different ways; and this was but natural, as two were young and two aged—one, indeed, far gone in years, the other prematurely so. He it is whose measured tones alone break the solemn silence of midnight, except when one of the younger auditors, who are intently poring over voluminous *MSS.*, interrupts him to interpolate 'and' or scratch out 'the'. They are, in fact, checking him; and the aged man listens while he picks his teeth with a pair of scissors, or clears out the wick of the candle with their points and wipes them on his hair. He may occasionally be observed to wink, either from conscious acuteness or unconscious drowsiness. Attached to these three *MSS.* by red ribbon are the heavy seals.

"Presently the clock strikes twelve, and there is a doubt whether to date it to-day or yesterday. For a moment there is a solemn silence, and he who was reading takes the pen, which has previously been impressively dipped in the ink by the most intelligent of the young men, who appears to be his secretary, and who keeps his eye warily upon the other young man, who is the opposition secretary, and interesting as a specimen of a Yankee in that capacity. There is something strangely mysterious in the scratching of the midnight pen, for it is scratching away the destinies of nations; and then it is placed in the hands of the venerable file, whose hand does not shake, though he is very old, and knows he will be bullied to death by half the members of Congress. The hand that has used a revolver upon previous occasions does not waver with a pen, though the lines he traces may be the involver of a revolver again. He is now the Secretary of State; before that he was a judge of the Supreme Court; before that, a general in the army; before that, governor of a state; before that, Secretary of War; before that, Minister in Mexico; before that, a member of the House of Representatives; before that, an adventurer; before that, a cabinet-maker. So why should the old man fear? Has he not survived the changes and chances of more different sorts of lives than any other man? And is he afraid of being done by an English lord? So he gives his blessing and we leave the old man and his secretary with our treaty in our pockets."

The "venerable file," whose picture Oliphant paints thus vividly, was the Honourable William Learned Marcy, Secretary of State to President Pierce, and at the time he was sixty-eight years of age. He had had a varied career, but Oliphant is hardly correct in his summary. A graduate of Brown University, he took up the study of law and practised in the town of Troy. He served as lieutenant in the War of 1812. He became an assistant justice of the Supreme Court of New York, but never attained the dignity of a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Nor was he a member of the House of Representatives, but a senator and chairman of the judiciary committee of that body. He became governor of New York and then Secretary of War, after which he retired for a while, until President Pierce prevailed on him to become his Secretary of State. To show how very small a part the Reciprocity Treaty played in the political life of the day, the fact that he signed it for the United States is not mentioned in his biography. He was a shrewd political tactician, but his name only lives in such writings as those of Oliphant.

The young secretary returned to Canada with Lord Elgin and remained with him during the brief remainder of his stay in the country. He was appointed Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. In the carrying out of this work he had to travel far into the depths of the country and to meet with many novel experiences, which he has recorded in his book "Minnesota and the Far West." He also left numerous letters giving a vivid picture of vice-regal and official life in Quebec during his stay there.

SHELBURNE FROM THE HARBOUR.

LOYALIST SHELBURNE

BY DANIEL OWEN

THE story of the growth and decay of Shelburne, Nova Scotia, that Loyalist haven of refuge, is as romantic as it is fascinating, and dates back to that memorable day in October, 1781, when Lord Cornwallis and army of seven thousand men surrendered to Washington.

At that time there were many wealthy families living in New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore who were still loyal to the British Crown and had no desire to live in the Republic which all realised must follow the surrender of Cornwallis. They knew that to remain in the United States, possessing as they did British sympathies, meant confiscation of all their property and imprisonment for themselves until they should be willing to renounce their allegiance to the flag of England and subscribe to the constitution of the new republic. This they were resolved never to do, and they therefore decided to emigrate to some other part of the Empire. Accordingly, meetings were held in the three cities to discuss ways and means. From these towns went representatives who formed a "Union Committee," with full power to decide upon the new home for the Loyalists whom they represented. Before this Committee appeared one Gideon White, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, who, possessing a personal knowledge of Shelburne, strongly advocated the advisability of emigrating to that place.

Impressed by the claims of Shelburne, which were so ably presented by White, the Committee, after long and heated debate, which at one time threatened to dissolve the meeting and also the committee itself, decided that on the south shore of the Province of Nova Scotia the Loyalists of the three premier cities of America should seek safety from the imminent persecutions of a victorious enemy.

The next step was to take the matter up with the Imperial Government, which, through a lieutenant-governor, controlled Nova Scotia. For this purpose a committee consisting of seven members was appointed: Joseph Durfee, of Newport, Rhode Island; James Doyle, of Albany, New York; Peter Lynch and Thomas Courtney, of Boston; William Hill, Joseph Ponchon, and Joshua Pell.

The Imperial Government gave the intending settlers every possible encouragement and inducement. It

FIRE ENGINE PRESENTED TO SHELBURNE BY KING GEORGE III.

promised them large grants of land. Every family was to have a town lot measuring sixty by one hundred feet, a water lot on the harbour and a fifty-acre farm back of the town. In addition the refugees were promised free lumber with which to build and food as long as it should be necessary.

As soon as all the arrangements were completed the exodus began. Palatial residences were taken apart and placed on ships which were to carry them to Shelburne, there again to be erected in all their grandeur and dignity.

The new settlers, men and women of noble family, the elite of three great cities, to the number of five thousand, arrived in twenty ships, bringing with them all their worldly possessions. These were followed by six thousand more in the following September.

With surprising rapidity the new settlement took shape. The town was laid out perfectly, like a city, the plans having been prepared in New York, and to this day may be seen the ruined mansions, built over as large an area as that on which many a city of thirty thousand souls now stands; but alas Shelburne to-day is inhabited by less than a thousand people.

Seven million dollars was spent in modelling and improving the town. Beautiful gardens were laid out, fronting on graceful boulevards; stately buildings were erected with magnificent appointments, all forming a fitting setting for the wealth and aristocracy that made up the population of Shelburne.

It was at this juncture that the citizens received from His Majesty George III. of England a gift to

which the citizens of the Shelburne of the present day point to with the utmost pride—to wit, one fire engine. But what a fire engine! It came with the King's compliments to protect the property of those who had remained loyal to his crown and person, and with the assurance that it was the most modern and very latest thing in fire-fighting appliances. As will be observed by a study of the photograph reproduced herewith, it was necessary to first carry the water in buckets to the "tub" and then pump it out again to quench the flames.

HOUSE BUILT BY LOYALISTS AT SHELBURNE

Ere long, romance gave way to stern reality, and soon the new settlers realised that the founding of a city in the rocky forest was not as easy as it had been represented.

Another has so graphically described the tragic ending of that loyalist haven that I will let him tell the pathetic story in part at least:—

"They built their homes in New York and brought them with them—houses of oak that would stand for centuries, with stairways of mahogany and mantels of marble. They brought their slaves with them to do their work, and they furnished their mansions in a style fitted to their station. When Governor Parr sailed a year later from Halifax to visit the new city, they had already expended upon it nearly three million dollars, a trivial sum now, but lavish in those days; and they entertained the Governor right royally; and they changed the name of the capital from New Jerusalem which they had first called it, to Shelburne, in honour of England's prime minister. Prince Edward, the father of Queen Victoria, also visited the famous seaport on the south shore, and the whole city came forth to do him honour. Never before was there

so gay a metropolis. They dined and feasted. No one worked, for no one knew how to work. And why should they work? The English Government furnished all their supplies. The and scatter. Some turned back to the States; some went to the neighbouring towns. One after another they gathered their movable possessions and turned their backs upon the New

CHURCH BUILT BY LOYALISTS AT SHELBURNE.

neighbours in Yarmouth and Barrington and Lockport, hard-working, seafaring men from Massachusetts, looked upon the new-comers with amazement, and contemptuously styled them 'the dancing beggars."

"But the day of reckoning came. The Government supplies were cut off, and the gay capital began to grow hungry. They wouldn't fish and they wouldn't trade in furs—these occupations were beneath them—and it was not a farming country; and so they starved. Famine followed feasting; lamentations took the place of mirth. They had houses—palatial houses — but these, unfortunately, were not edible, and so they began to desert Jerusalem. And their stately mansions, with mahogany balustrades and marble mantels, were left for the birds to build their nests in.

"Never did a city rise so grandly and fall so miserably. The fourteen thousand soon became a beggarly four hundred. Boys wandered through the streets and amused themselves with stoning out the windows, with no one to chide them—for there were windows to spare. Some of the houses were torn down and carried away to other towns to build again, and others of these stately mansions, brought from the States at so great expense, were pulled down and used for firewood."

Is there another city on the North American Continent with such a history? Is there another whose story is so unique and fascinating?

When the settlers left Shelburne many of their slaves remained behind; some from choice, the majority because the empty purses of their masters forbade their removal. These, with the addition of three thousand or more free slaves who had from time to time emigrated from New York to Birchtown—a small settlement two miles from Shelburne—formed a colony of almost five thousand souls, and their subsequent history is deeply interesting.

Slavery was prevalent in Nova Scotia in those days, and the "whites" of the Province had attached many of the "blacks," who, it may be mentioned, were always not treated with kindness, but were, on the other hand, too often little better than beasts of burden.

Wilberforce and Clarkson, the great English reformers, heard of the ill-treatment of the negroes in Nova Scotia and determined to remove them to the negro colony that was in process of building in Sierra Leone. To this end, John Clarkson, brother of the reformer, Thomas Clarkson, came to Nova Scotia, made arrangements with the owners of the slaves and personally superintended the deportation. No persuasion or force was used; those who went went voluntarily. The main inducement held out to them was the promise of being allowed to form a state of their own, with their own officials, selected from amongst their own number. This so appealed to their sense of importance that practically every man of them joined the expedition, and in 1792 twelve hundred negroes left Shelburne for Sierra Leone, and more followed later.

Each married man received thirty acres of land and each male child fifteen acres in the new African settlement. They were provided with free passage and also with provisions on their arrival and until they were able to provide for themselves. After that they were provided with provisions, and the products of their plantations were taken as pay.

Of the result of the experiment a local historian has said: "In their new homes some of these negroes remained steady and peacable, and welcomed the arrival some years later of an English Methodist missionary, but the majority became so unruly and violent that they endangered the existance of the settlement and even attempted the murder of the governor. So difficult was the task of keeping them in order, that when, eight years later, the managers of the colony were asked to receive the Maroons, also from Nova Scotia, they only consented in the hope that the one race would prove 'a counterpoise to the other.'"

The Shelburne of to-day still shows the result of that Loyalist invasion of so many years ago, and in that beautiful little village, with its shaded streets, its stately residences and a harbour that has no peer on the North American Coast, the citizens talk with pride of the days of the long ago and of the blood that courses through their veins — that blood of the "Loyalist Fathers," who, true to the motherland, sought peace and security on the southern shore of Nova Scotia.

TOWN CHRISTENERS IN THE WEST

BY ARTHUR HAWKES

LORD ROSEBERY, in one of his most delightful speeches, likened Bradshaw's Guide to the magic carpet of the Oriental story. With the guide, he said, you could whisk yourself from London to Constantinople in a moment and enjoy splendours of travel such as no ancient potentate ever dreamed of.

The time-table is, indeed, one of the most seductive of figurative masterpieces, if you have a faculty for picking up the abundance of romance that is always lying around the most unlikely-looking places. It is more interesting than the dictionary, which has an unequalled fascination among the informative literature of the ages. The derivation of words is of course an interesting study. But the derivation of modern place-names is a story that lives and moves; a kaleidoscopic history the elucidation of which is often impossible to those who are alongside it when it is made.

There is nothing like the speed of oblivion. The thing that is declared on the housetops to-day belongs to the long-dead past to-morrow. Go to almost any Western town and ask, "Who gave you that name?" and the town cannot even give you the venerable answer of the catechism. Yet there are scores of towns in Canada whose names were given in baptism by men who are still in the prime of life.

No better habit could be enjoined upon a new community than the discovering and recording of the means by which the town came upon the name which it is expected to bear while life lasts. If that were done, we should soon get away from the monstrosities that afflict many places and annoy people who have never done anything to deserve an unhappy association in nomenclature every time they write a letter. I should like to get hold of the ghost of the person who began the fashion of adding "ville" to every conceivable syllable that commonplace knowledge or fantastic imagination could use, and then planting the invention on some spot that was worthy a more euphonious fate.

But there is no accounting for tastes. Familiarity breeds affection as well as contempt. A couple of years ago I was coming down from Edmonton with a party of British journalists from whom I invited suggestions for names of towns, thinking that a series of picturesque christenings might result. One, who had occupied important civic posts in his own shire, suggested "Swineshead" as very suitable for an agricultural centre; and as a commemoration of a town in his county that was at one time famous for its plenteous supply of hogs. Next day I heard my friend laughing consumedly at a joke in *Punch* which represented a Chicagoan as ridiculously unconscious of his own devotion to the packing trade.

But to get back to the time-table

romance. I thought I would take the time-table with which I am most familiar—that of the Canadian Northern—and travel through it, making annotations on the trip. But that would be like compiling a catalogue; and nobody ever set out deliberately to extract romance from such a document. A catalogue is a thing of form and exactitude. A time-table is a thing of growth; the product of years, and of a troop of reminiscences, prejudices, and events.

You cannot build a great big railway in a week—except at Ottawa. The world moves pretty fast, after all; and though you may lay track with unexampled speed, the slow-going world will indite a prodigious quantity of fateful history while you are opening up fifty townships, history that will leave all kinds of marks on your infant railway and, therefore, on the subsequent careers of the communities you bring to birth as you fling your steel across the landscape.

Take a couple of examples. If you go from Winnipeg to Prince Albert, by way of Swan River, you will pass through Mafeking, and Baden, and Powell. Instead of sieges, of generals who know how to advertise, and of the oppressive aridity of the illimitable veldt, there is the abundant verdure of what S. J. Dawson, the surveyor who reported to the Government of Canada, more than fifty years ago, called "the finest country in a state of nature that I have ever seen." But the spell of the Boer war has been laid on this territory for ever and a day; and the fervent participation of Canada in the Old Land's quarrel has received its own special monument in the hinterland of Lake Winnipegosis; all because the Canadian Northern was built there at the time British soldiers were beleaguered in the high veldt of Bechuanaland.

Again, there is a corresponding memorial to the concluding tragedy of the Russian domination of North-eastern Asia, along the main line of the Canadian Northern, where it leaves Manitoba for Saskatchewan. The last place in Manitoba is Makaroff, reminder of a losing admiral who was not disgraced and who went down with his ship. The first town after you enter the premier wheat-growing province in the Empire—for Saskatchewan has become that; and has passed every state in the Union, save two—is Togo; witness of the prowess of the most destructive admiral since Nelson. Eighty-four miles farther on Kuroki reminds again of the same portentous war; and thenceforward the engineers had ceased to think of the Russo-Japanese episode.

The Canadian Northern has made a rare reputation as a fast grower; but when you see Mafeking and Makaroff within a few hours' ride of each other, and you reflect that Mafeking represents the merging of two African Republics with the British Empire and that Makaroff is significant of the emergence of Japan into the front rank of the military and naval powers of the world, you acquire a vivid sense of the pace at which twentieth century civilisation is living.

Travelling across the plains you receive, also, a new realisation of the proximity of the swiftest elements of Canadian life to the barbarous conditions that retained so long for the unmeasured West the unreasonable name of "The Great Lone Land." The Indian is never far away; though you only see him at places that are near reserves, such as Kamsack and Bresaylor. Some shipping points are of unadulterated Indian cognomination. Mistatim, for instance, is the Cree word for dog. The next place to it is Peesane, which, being translated, means "Come after long waiting." Both these names were obtained by Mr. M. H. McLeod, now the general manager of the railway, as well as its chief engineer, from Mrs. Adams, sister of the late Premier Norquay of Manitoba, whose ranch was at Adam's Ferry, where Fenton Bridge has been built across the south branch of the Saskatchewan River.

In the Swan River district is Minitonas White people call it "Min-i-

to-nas''; emphasising ''to.'' But the Indian pronunciation is ''Min-it-on-as'', the last syllable receiving all the emphasis. The first time the name appeared in print was in Mr. J. B. Tyrrell's map of North-western Manitoba; and it is applied to the solitary hill near which is the present town. The Indians called the hill ''Min-it-on-as'' and said it meant ''the hill that stands by itself.'' The Cree word for island is ''minis''; so that the derivation is obvious.

The Indian association is not always as easily discoverable. Bowsman, which is between Minitonas and Mafeking, is named, as any intelligent white boy in the neighbourhood will tell you, after the Bowsman River. But the youngster would hardly be able to say how the river got its name. Twenty years ago there was a good Indian in that country—not the only one. He was an unusually efficient bowsman in a canoe and was called Bowsman for that reason. In 1889 he was employed by Mr. Tyrrell, who explored North-western Manitoba, as well as most of the rest of the prairie country, for the Geological Survey. Mr. Tyrrell is a human being as well as a geologist, so he remembered his faithful servant when he came to put the rivers on the map.

Bowsman is not a singular instance of man's humanity to man. The Kematch River, in the same part of the country, is called after the Indian of whom Mr. Tyrrell says that he was the best all-round red man who travelled with him during many years' wandering through the wilderness, most of which is now occupied by flourishing farmers.

But to get back once more to town names. There are different beliefs about the origin of Winnipeg. As to Portage la Prairie, there is no controversy. On its way to the Red River the Assiniboine crosses the plains into which Lake Manitoba pushes its southward nose—the flat country that has become famous as the richest wheat-growing district in America. Reasonably good navigation on the Assiniboine ended below a small rapid, not far from the present town, where trading-posts were built. From here began the portage across to the big lake, which the French called Lac Les Prairies. Nothing was simpler than to call the place Portage la Prairie.

Other more modern uses of terms tell of the early French occupation of the country. Lake Bourbon, which is the clearing lake, as it were, of the Saskatchewan, before it loses its identity in Lake Winnipeg, has not been so known for several decades. It is Cedar Lake, because close by it are the most northerly cedar trees in the eastern half of Canada. But Lake Dauphin survives, to commemorate the devotion of the first explorers to the heir of their king. And when the Canadian Northern made the first terminus of its line within ten miles of the lake, the town was called Dauphin. From a couple of log shacks it has become a fine burg of three or four thousand people, in the midst of an extraordinarily fertile region; and it is the junction point of the Prince Albert and Winnipegosis branches with the main line.

Then, if you would like to think how the domestic and financial are allied, look at two stations between Dauphin and Prince Albert. The President of the Canadian Northern is, intensely, a family man. At Ethelbert, quite a small place, there is a more commodious station than at some towns in a less sparsely settled country. One of the President's daughters is named Ethel, and another Bertha. Near Erwood the Hudson's Bay line branches off to the Pas. The godfather of this place is Mr. E. R. Wood, a Toronto financier, whose friends do not know whether his ability or his character stands first in their esteem.

Let me forsake this excessive discursion, and proceed, decently and in order, up the main line beginning at Gladstone, where the line itself was born, in 1896. There is McCreary Junction, relic of a member of Parliament who became a Commissioner

of Immigration. It is next to Laurier, of which you have never heard, but with whom you are perfectly familiar.

I have maps of the prairie country that accompanied Sandford Fleming's reports to the Government on the great C.P.R. project. It is an entertainment to compare the names bestowed by Fleming, while the road was only a project, with the names that came into use only when a railway through the Fertile Belt did come to pass. There was a certain cultivated grandeur about the first list, a sort of triumphant march of explorers, lawyers, writers, artists — a veritable academy that would have made a time-table scintillate with immortality. What do you think of this: Cowper, Carlyle, Grattan, Cartier, Speke, Haywood, Hogarth, Poutrincourt, Vandyck, Blackwood, Longueville, Hennepin, Coleridge, Erskine, Livingstone, Morland, Leyden, Stopford, Murchison, Thorwaldsen, and so forth, and so forth?

At present science and literature are chiefly represented by Humbolt, without the "d." Curiously enough, that name is the only one that is on the same place on the map as it was when the first plans were completed. The telegraph wire that came from Fort Garry to Edmonton was built *via* Fort Ellice and Fort Qu'Appelle, and it struck the railroad route a few miles from the present town, where a telegraph station and post-office were established. You strike the telegraph line just west of Humbolt, and it is now north and now south of the track for sixty miles. Two other names on the old list re-appear in the Canadian Northern time-table—Denholm and Raith. Denholm was to have been the second station after Humbolt, where Bruno now is. But the Saskatchewan Denholm that came—it is as unlike its Yorkshire parent as a child could be—is east of North Battleford, the divisional point that enjoys the railway eminence the first capital of the Territories was intended to bear. Raith, instead of being in the sandhills that skirt the south bank of the river, east of "The Old Town," is two hundred miles away, in Alberta.

All over the West the Scotch mark is plain, at frequent intervals. Sometimes it is a deceptive sign. The last town east of the South Branch is Aberdeen, in the vicinity of a Mennonite settlement. Occasionally I pass through it with an eminent Scotchman who fills a large place in the railway world of Canada, and who always gets angry at the name of the station, and points to the very un-Scotch names on the stores which front the railway — Schroeder, Riese, Wolch, Heinrich, and Friesen.

"I'll have the name of this station changed," he says every time he goes past it. "What business have these people to call their place Aberdeen?"

He becomes angrier still when it is suggested to him that probably if the Mennonites had known that the name is Scotch, they would not have asked that their town be called Aberdeen.

They received kindly recognition from Lord and Lady Aberdeen, in the days of their vice-royalty; and without caring whence the title came, perpetuated the kindness in the noblest way they knew. What the sensitive Scotchman regards as almost an insult to a superior nation, is really an outward sign of the bond which grows upon the stranger from South-eastern Europe, under the quickening glow of Canadian-British institutions.

Of the personal element in naming take a few instances between North Battleford and Edmonton. A few miles after the climb out of the broad valley of the Saskatchewan, you come to Bresaylor. Bresaylor is a trinitarian way of reconciling the pardonable vanity of three pioneers, Messrs. Bremner, Sayers, and Taylor, worthy types of the settler who makes all things possible to commerce.

Immediately after Battleford was founded a few settlers came to the country round about, in anticipation of the railway that didn't come. Bremner, Sayers and Taylor, who had

come to the wedge of fine land between the North Saskatchewan and Battle Rivers, because it reminded them of the Portage Plains, obtained a post-office and agreed on the name Bresaylor, a compromise on each man's ambition to have it called after himself. The railway built a station two miles from the post-office, which with its names, of course, was moved to the town.

Presently you come to Marshall; and you think of the genial soul who offers a jest every time he flits from one office to another at the corner of King and Toronto; and who at Christmastide, makes many Toronto people understand why the Gallic people gave to Santa Claus the name of Noel.

In the same district is Lashburn. Who knows anything of law and lawyers in Toronto, knows that Z. A. Lash is first among the eminent when the day's work includes the drafting of charters, the unravelling of tangles, or the separating of shallow reasoning from deep wisdom. He was solicitor, then senior counsel, and, all the time, director of the Canadian Northern. "Lashburn" suggests some Scotch trait in his character—I mean something even more picturesque than the canniness that everybody associates with the modern chosen ones, whether they deserve it or not. I do not know whether Mr. Lash boasts of Scotch blood, but his devotion to Canadian nationality is as tenacious as that of a Covenanter to his creed.

Lloydminster owes only the assurance of its prosperity to the Canadian Northern; for the town was here before the railway. It is the memorial of the adventure of the Barr colony; the most extraordinary example in the twentieth century of a crowded trek into solitude that Western Canada, or any other part of the world has seen. Barr brought two thousand English people from cities in which they were safe; and led them out from Saskatoon, where many of them, buying live and dead stock, were fleeced by sharpers of all nationalities, to make a trip of two hundred miles through an unpeopled territory, in early spring weather that was only to be desired by the most seasoned packers.

The full story of that comedy-tragedy has never been adequately written. Barr was an incompetent Moses. His people were murmurers — they could not be anything else under such a misleader. He was deposed; and a peaceful Joshua was found in the present Principal Lloyd, of the Anglican college at the University of Saskatchewan.

The colony had to have a centre. It was pitched on meridian 110; and they called it Lloydminster. By a fortune that was not vouchsafed to another clerically-named place, the railway came right to the town; and with its advent, prices of such things as flour, which had been rafted down the Saskatchewan from Edmonton, and hauled southward from the river, were cut in half.

The Canadian Northern transformed and transferred an equally important town on the edge of the eastward tide of settlement from Edmonton. Vegreville had been named after the noble Catholic priest who first ministered to the faithful in that aforetime isolated country. It looked for the railway, even as Lloydminster had done. But, east of the town the country rises considerably; and the necessities of the grade forced MacLeod to bear away from the original Vegreville, which, when I saw it first, contained about a dozen stores and houses. As the town could not bring the rails to itself, it gathered up its skirts, and marched to the rails. The new Vegreville is everything a western town should be; and it already has its first branch line, which is this year being completed to Calgary.

Again, there is Scotford, so called to express the political affinities of the first premiers of Saskatchewan and Alberta — Walter Scott, who reigns at Regina, and A. C. Rutherford, who governed at Edmonton. The first station beyond the last crossing

of the Saskatchewan, is Oliver, tesimony to the popularity with old friends and new, which an extreme candour does not imperil, of the Minister of the Interior, who was for so long Frank Oliver, of Edmonton, editor of the *Bulletin*.

Scattered between Bresaylor and Fort Saskatchewan are a few places whose names are a record of President Mackenzie's first trip over this section of the line, then under construction. At the end of August, 1905, he took a party to Edmonton for the inauguration of Provincial Government in Alberta. His guests were Mr. Byron Walker, general manager (now president) of the Canadian Bank of Commerce; Mr. C. C. Chipman, the Commissioner of the Hudson's Bay Company; Mr. M. H. MacLeod, of whom I have spoken; Mr. Howard Kennedy, of the London *Times*, and another journalist, whose reflections on the prairie country, revisited after many years, were appearing in the *Morning Post* of the same town. MacLeod, after the river had been left behind, asking for suggestions for town baptisms. "Maidstone," said the banker; "My mother went to school there."

"So did I," said one of the writing men.

"It's a good name," observed MacLeod; which encouraged the suggestion of two other English names—Birling and Kitscoty.

Birling is a charming village, in the valley of the Medway, six miles from Maidstone. Kitscoty is the most famous of English cromlechs, just off the road between the Kentish capital and Chatham, where it ascends the hill that gives its chief character to the valley in which Birling is hidden, away across the river.

"Aberfeldy," said Kennedy, of the *Times*. "My people came from there — a sort of ancestral home, you know."

"I have a place on Lake Simcoe that we call Innisfree," remarked the banker. "It would be pleasant to think of an Innisfree in the West."

The talk reverted to the purely domestic. "My wife's maiden name was Borradaile," remarked the Commissioner.

"Borrowdale?" said the correspondent, "the same as the valley that opens out from Derwentwater, close to the Falls of Lodore?"

"No," was the reply; "that was Borrowdale."

"My wife came from a place called 'Osmundare,'" said the man who had spoken of Birling and the most noted cromlech

"Mundare would be a good shortened form of that," said MacLeod. "We like to keep down length, when it won't spoil the result."

"A most excellent rule for journalists, also," observed the *Times* sententiously. "Islay is a short name which has some agreeable Scottish associations for me. What do you think of it, Mr. MacLeod?"

"I will put it down with the rest," answered the chief baptist of the Canadian Northern.

And, when you look over the stations from North Battleford to Edmonton, you will find these names, even as they are set forth in this place; and you may rely absolutely on this record concerning their godfathers and godmothers.

As to Edmonton, which was introduced to civilisation as Fort Augustus, there is much to tell, and very little time in which to tell it. Its situation is the finest of all cities between Toronto and Vancouver. Its future will justify the sane optimists who have invested in its realties. It illustrates once more the ease with which local history may be hidden from those who know, in general, most about it. Dr. McDougall, the famous Indian missionary, who lived in the Edmonton country nearly fifty years ago, and has ever remained in touch with it, never heard of Fort Augustus until a Toronto man told him of it, while travelling through the Kootenay, a year ago last December.

Old Fort Augustus was built about

1798, by the North West Company, on the north bank of the Saskatchewan River, a mile and a half above the mouth of the Sturgeon River, at the lower end of the present Fort Saskatchewan settlement. It was destroyed by the Blackfeet in the fall of 1809 or the spring of 1810. After a short interval a new Fort Augustus was built, where Edmonton now is, by Mr. Hughes of the North West Company, and was occupied as a trading post until 1821, when the North West and Hudson's Bay Companies united and it was called Edmonton. It is still occupied by the Hudson's Bay Company. The Alberta Parliament Buildings are being built next door to the Old Fort. It is almost certain that there were trading posts of the Hudson's Bay Company besides those of the North West Company, both at Old and New Fort Augustus, but the early history of them has not yet been disclosed.

The missionary who has been half a century on the plains has spent no time in looking up musty records such as those that attest the existence of Fort Augustus. Dr. McDougall is a living example of how blood-and-bones history has evolved. He is full of Redskin lore, and can talk for hours on his personal acquaintance with Indian warfare — the first Mexican saddle he ever saw was taken from a Flathead Indian, who was in a raid upon the Crees in the Edmonton country, the saddle having travelled from Mexican to Indian, and from Indian to Indian, all the way from the torrid south.

One example of the kind of history Dr. McDougall carries about with him, and I have finished this gossip. The doctor tells the legend of the Old Man who came from the Pacific over the Mountains to the Plains. He was of prodigious size. His steps were like unto those of the wearer of the Seven-Leagued Boots. When he came through the Kootenay Pass, into what is now Southern Alberta, and saw the prairie, he was so overjoyed that, as he came into the broad valley below the Pass, he turned to the mountains that had prisoned his eyes for many moons, broke great chunks of rock from their sides, and threw them round like pebbles until he had made a gigantic circle, which remains to this day, a monumental, everlasting testimony to his glee at finding a country with room enough and to spare. What the maps call "Old Man's River," which comes down through the foothills and finally joins the mighty Saskatchewan, is to the Indians "Old Man's Playing Ground River."

The Old Man made a glorious progress from the river beside which he played, by way of Calgary and Edmonton, to a place nearby the Battle River, not so far from Bresaylor, leaving immense, indestructible proofs of his march — but that is quite another story.

THE ELECTION OF CORKLE

BY H. O. N. BELFORD

TWENTY miles north of Winnipeg, down the Red River, straggles Selkirk, bedraggled and weary with the continued effort to keep pace with her great sister of the south. North of Selkirk, by trails that vary with the exigencies of the weather, you reach Sandeboye. In a remote corner, north of Sandeboye, lies Grumville.

It has always seemed to me that politics ferment with distance, and Grumville is the one great case in point. Nowhere was the battle fought more vigorously, nowhere were personal recriminations more fearless. For the cunning manipulation of muddy ditches and the allotment of pole culverts, to catch the unwary voter, leave it to the rural councillor. Many a Walpole has hayseed in his hair.

This ward had suffered all these exploitations, from the time big "Bull Kenny" threatened to pulverise the man that voted against him, and to Ike Seelye, who, pulling the curly feathers from his drakes tails and showing them at the county fair as ducks, gained distinction as a progressive farmer.

So innate in the hearts of the natives was political ambition, that invariably it had been a three-cornered fight; and among the many aspirants, though he had never induced the coveted bird of victory to perch upon his banner, none showed such pertinacity as John Corkle. Short of statue, russet of beard, awkward of limb, year after year, with moccasined feet and dingy lantern, had he sought like Diogenes, through the long winter evenings, for an honest voter, and found none. They promised, but did not perform.

Each year, his susceptibility to flattery required little encouragement to induce him to run for the rural council. Nay more, let us whisper that through this same weakness he was the butt of the neighbourhood. At every social, every Christmas-tree, every dance, John was there early, and in spite of all precautions, adroitly squeezed his name into the programme.

And alas! the sequel, in a tense, sarcastic silence, a rasping, strained voice, that invited calamiay at every note, grindng out "Annie Laurie," or, amid howls of uproarious laughter, the "Rale McCoy."

December came bright and sparkling. Back in the woods toward Netly could be heard the bellow of the big bull moose, and nearer in the thicket the crackle of a twig by the scared rabbit. Far out in the lonely bog, two lean gray wolves loped steadily toward the corrugated carcase of the dead broncho behind McMahon's. For a wonder, hardly a battle rose in the political pot. It was nomination day in the old hall at St. Andrew's, and Alex McLean was as good as elected by acclamation, the only opposing candidate being

John Corkle, nominated by old Benny Grum, of the cock-eyes, and seconded by Young Sid Cole.

John patched his moccasins, cleaned his lantern, and began the canvass early. McLean, a thrifty farmer, with a wife from Ontario, who wore short sleeves and patent leather boots, disdained to "electioneer," knowing by experience the votes were his. But the wife, who had aspirations, resolved to clinch the nail of popularity by preparing a great supper for election night.

Long Tom Carter was uneasy. Rough of speech, grotesque of gesture, kind of heart, he seldom was silent. Now amid the din of his numerous children he sat thinking, and his logic was not sound. His kindness of heart, that old weakness of human nature, led to his fallacious reasoning.

"Poor old John," he thought, "he has waded up and down through the snow every night for the last three weeks, and every year for the last ten years. I wish the old bantam hadn't been nominated. But then it would have broken his heart. I think I'll vote for him. No one will be the wiser, and half a dozen votes will make him feel like Laurier."

A strange thing, this subtle influence of mind, this unexploited wireless. Tom's brother, Bob, at the other side of the crackling stove, was on the same erroneous trail of thought. In the morning it struck old Spencer, when he was feeding the stock, and swept triumphantly down the line. On it passed through the thin frosty air, out even to where Scampy McKay, the half-breed with the withered arms, lived on the edge of the bog. No one had spoken. Each thought himself the only supporter of Corkle, and the support was secret.

On the morning of the 14th, a poll was opened in the log dwelling that served also as post-office. Here came all Ward Four to vote. As the short winter day closed, they gathered in to hear the poll declared. And, of course, as they happened to be there, they might as well go on to McLean's for supper.

John, first on one foot, then the other, his hands nervously working the latch, was waiting at the kitchen door. His voice sounded thick and strained in the excitement Out in the lane, his wife with the buckskin pony and jumper, her best bed quilt over her knees, waited to bear him home with whatever portion of victory might be his. McLean, smiling and confident behind his polished black team, also waited to drive whoever might be without conveyance to his house for the banquet.

Tom Carter, who was returning-officer, came through the kitchen door, brushed unapologetically by John; and looked earnestly at the moon.

"How is the poll, Tom?" asked young Foster, the most unabashed youth in the neighbourhood.

Tom turned his gaze from the moon to young Foster's face as if it were the first human countenance he had ever beheld and was curious.

"What is the poll, Tom?" repeated Foster.

As if to reward his audacity, Tom answered slowly, even confidentially, "Twenty-six of a majority for Corkle."

There was a gurgle and a gasp in John's throat.

"But straight, Tom," said long Joe Linklater, who had come with the parson, and felt a little important, "straight, Tom, how does she stand?"

"Twenty-six of a majority for Corkle, damn it," repeated Tom with added emphasis. which in the presence of the parson dispelled all doubts as to his veracity.

At these words the crowd that stood around McLean's sleigh prophesying smooth things hushed with consternation. Then as they looked in each other's eyes, a fearful lifting of the veil seemed to apprise them of what had happened, and they backed away

from the sleigh, like thieves from an apple stall. They melted down the lane in a straggling dark line, and as John came stamping and snorting out at the side gate, with outstretched hands, to thank his supporters, they all with one mind turned from him and fled.

Ah, John, the road to fame is paved with disappointments!

And at McLean's, how gently the biscuits steam on the snowy table, how juicy the beef looks on its enormous platter!

* * * * *

That winter for years after was known as the "hard winter." Many are the wonderful tales still told of its extremes and rigours. The parson made his rounds on snowshoes, his vestments in a black bag over his shoulder. Trails were broken here and there, but often with the tantalising effect that to reach your nearest neighbour you might travel six times the actual distance. The mercury stood at 36° and 40° below zero, as if glued there, and yet seldom was the little round of sociability, gaiety or devotion interrupted. They danced, they sang, they prayed, as in the winters before.

So it was with John.

After his election, he added "Poor Old Ned" to his repertory of songs. At the dances he instructed them in a hazy but didactic way to accomplish some manœuvres, which he called the Figure Eight. At the church service in the little school-house, with a prayer-book larger than the parson's open on the desk before him, he chanted, sang, and responded, with the fervour of an archbishop. But it was like the iron entering into his soul to find, now that he had won his laurels, that he had not the same unanimous approval as in his uncrowned days. Like many another, he found that when they could not pity they could not endure.

Alex McLean's wife was undismayed by the ill-fortune of the election. All winter she hastened to sow the seed that before a twelve-month would ripen into solid votes. Early in March, on the very pinnacle of triumph, she prepared supper again. All were invited except the Corkles, and all tacitly acquiesced in the discrimination. But the handwriting was on the wall. That night the moon rose red, the stars hung big and low, in a deep blue sky, a soft wind blew from the south, the first hint of approaching spring.

John felt the slighting sting, like the cut of the keen nor'-wester. In the evening, after the Carters, the Spencers, and the Grums had gone by to the party, when the chores were done, John nervously plucked the icicles from his beard, hung his moccasins on a nail behind the stove, laid his red duffle socks on the open oven door, and without lighting his pipe, sat down in silence.

Martha, his wife, was placidly knitting, her feet on the hearth.

"Won't you play some on the organ, John?" she asked.

No one but Martha and himself ever knew what he tried to play; sometimes only himself.

"No," he said, "fingers sore tonight, teched a little with the frost, I guess."

"Couldn't you learn a new recitation for some of the doings?"

John winced.

"No, my eyes is sore. Sun was pretty bright on the snow to-day."

The last question of his wife's brought his serious thoughts to the surface.

"Do you know, mother," (he called her mother, though they had never had a child), "do you know, I haven't been on a programme since I won the elections?"

"I know, John, but you have been terrible busy."

"I haven't been to many dances, neither."

"I know, John, but the snow has been terrible deep."

"No one came to our party but Scampy McKay and the Sinclairs, who came from Kansas last fall."

"I know, John, but the 'grip' was terrible bad then."

"And," he concluded in a louder key, "we're not invited to the party to-night. All the rest have gone."

"I know, John, but they have a terrible small stable for all the horses."

He was not comforted by Martha's answers, and she herself did not feel satisfied, for with a knitting-needle, first poised in the air and then gently waving up and down, she added:

"Maybe they're waiting to prove ye, John."

This thought was as balm to his sore throat, and in the comfort of it he pattered towards his bedroom door, squeezing the suspenders from his shoulders as he went.

The warm south wind, which began that night, continued the next day, and the next. Slowly the snow sank. Swiftly strange, hidden things came to light. Woodpiles, straw-stacks, old stables, reminded the world of their existence, while just as creeks and ditches were about to break away in wild laughter, suddenly as with a turn of the tap, on came the cold and frost again, and man and beast crept gingerly over a granite world. Then followed the three days' blizzard when snow piled upon snow, even deeper than before, when men hugged the stove, and the cattle went unfed in the stalls. All the time the words of Martha haunted John.

"Maybe they're waiting to prove ye."

The last of March brought warm weather, with the promise of permanent spring. The melting of the great mass of later snow on the thick layer of ice caused floods unprecedented.

No one had seen the Scampy McKays for a month. All winter the parson had regularly tramped to the shack, but for weeks he had been laid up with the "grip," threatened with pneumonia. Young Foster walked out that way one morning, up the dump of the huge ditch that had been dredged to drain the bog. He was curious, considering the great thaw, why so comparatively little water came down the ditch. When nearly opposite Scampy's house he found it well explained. The great volume of water, obstructed by a gigantic snowdrift, the eddy from a haystack, had burst from the side, and was pouring out in torrents into a slough, then down an old creek bed, directly towards Scampy's house. By much wading and splashing, he came in sight and hailing of the habitation. There it stood on a small island, on either side the pent-up water, with here and there huge masses of floating snow.

In response to his shout, Scampy, his wife, and little toddling child came out. Foster understood little of the answer, but gathered from the gesticulations and waving of an empty flour sask that they were out of flour. This, however, being a chronic state of Scampy's household, exacted little thought on Foster's part, for knowing there were many potatoes in the cellar, with a quarter of beef hanging in plain view from the corner of the shack, he felt little uneasiness in returning home.

But the next day noon Tom Carter, watching his dogs chase a wolf toward the bog, saw a black smoke suddenly break out from that direction, and concluded rightly that the house was on fire. With a loud explanatory shout to his wife and a waving of arms like a windmill, he was off. The first house to pass was Corkle's. Here he roused John from his dinner, thinking some amusement might as well accompany the rescue of Scampy.

"John, he shouted in the door, prefaced by a wild whoop, "Scampy is burning out."

"Lord help us," said John, spilling his tea on the dog, and plucking his beard, "what's that you say?"

"Scampy is burning out," roared Tom, "and you, as councillor, ought to be up and doing."

"Yes, yes," said John, straightening up and snorting. "Yes, yes," and

even while he spoke he remembered.

"Come along, come along, Tom," he said, taking the lead without further discussion, and Tom fell in.

Neighbour after neighbour was recruited by his command and a quiet wink from Tom, until nearly thirty filed up the big ditch dump, to see what succour they might bring to Scampy.

But when the edge of the torrent was reached, opposite the spot where the house had stood, the seriousness of the case dispelled all lighter thoughts. Where before the confined waters had been resting calmly, today barriers below had given away, and the current was now rushing by with such prodigious force as to make the very banks tremulous on which they stood

The house was gone, a log or two still smoking where it had stood. The only remnant of protection that remained was an old waggon box, which Scampy had reared on its side. In this they sat, the little child between them, with what seemed to be part of an old horse blanket thrown about them. Evidently nothing had been saved of their few belongings, the fire having occurred, no doubt, while they were out, possibly watching for a subsidence of the water.

"By cracky," said John, "they will freeze to death."

A cold wind was blowing from the north-west, driving small, thin flakes of snow in the air.

"What are you going to do about it, John?" spoke three or four. The rest were silent, each one well satisfied that not on him lay the responsibility of leading the rescue.

John did not answer at once. He felt his position now as councillor of Ward 4. He remembered Martha's words. But, more than that, he heard over the wild roar of the stream the muffled cry of Scampy's little girl. The snow began to tease and whirl, threatening a wild night's storm.

"By cracky, they'll freeze to death," he said again, "there isn't so much as a wisp of hay over there for them to crawl into, let alone a house."

With a look up the stream, a long look down, and a wild pluck at his whiskers, he began his task. From his huge coat pockets he pulled out yards of binder twine. Like most farmers, he kept his pockets full of it, ready for all emergencies, from a worn-out shoe string, to a broken waggon tongue. With all he had he reckoned two strands twisted would reach across the stream.

"But how will you get it across there?" demanded young Foster.

"Take it across," said John simply, tying one end to his belt and walking down the stream.

"He ain't going to swim that, is he?" said Sinclair, "'twould freeze a white bear."

"He can't swim the length of his nose, anyway," added Tom Carter.

They followed him down the stream to its narrowest and swiftest part. Here was a huge bank of snow which none but he had noticed. Some heavy brush on either side held it, for it stretched across the stream, while in the centre two great arches were tunnelled by the rushing water.

Out on to the frozen snow John ran and on toward the narrow summit which spanned the stream.

"Come back, come back, you fool," roared a dozen voices.

"Why, if a mouse stepped on it, it would fall," screamed Spencer.

Joe Linklater grabbed for the twine, the end of which was fast to John's belt, in the hope of holding him back, but too late. In a moment John was far out on the first arch, and the slightest pull might cast him into the churning flood.

On he sped, the eyes of all fixed on the fleeing brown figure with the bristling whiskers and long red socks. As he crossed the second arch, no one breathed, while one long sigh gave place to wild incoherent yells, when he passed safely to the firm land on the other side.

John threw his coat around the crying child, and her sobs ceased. The waggon box he placed on its bottom.

With Scampy's axe he drew from the fire a portion of a log, which being imbedded in the earth was not entirely consumed. This, when cut in two, he lashed to either end of the box, with strings cut from the skins of Scampy's trapping. The cord which connected him with Joe Linklater on the other side, he tied to the iron rod on the front of the box, and shoved the craft into the water, where he held it in readiness.

The woman, with the child, took her place in front with the strange apathy of her race. Scampy, fat and awkward through his half useless arms, took his place in the stern. John sat himself in the middle, only to leap to shore again, finding the raft could not possibly reach the other side with four souls aboard. Without hesitation, he turned and shoved it far out in the stream, where with gentle pulling on the slender cord from the opposite bank it floated very diagonally but safely to the farther shore.

Scarcely were Scampy's family landed from this strange voyage, when McEwen, an old river-driver from the Ottawa, leaped into the box, and with whatever he could lay his hands on for propellers, sought to drive it across the stream again. It was impossible. The eddy was all from the island, and from whatever vantage point they sought, the current drove him back on the bank.

John saw these efforts with sinking heart. He sat down where the house had stood, but no warmth came from the dead ashes. The sting of the wind reminded him that he had given his coat to Scampy's child. He gazed vacantly away toward his little home, where Martha was now preparing supper, and then toward that ghostly bridge, which seemed growing frailer and thinner every time he looked. In his heart he knew he must either make the attempt or soon perish there in the cold. To-morrow, no doubt, would be warm and spring-like, but that would be too late for him after braving this bitter night in his shirt sleeves. He must go, and at once. The bridge was wasting every minute.

"Scampy's little girl will not die to-night," he thought, "and I—I have proved myself a councillor for Ward Four, I guess."

He mounted the great snow-bank and strode forth. The vibration made his head spin, and he dare not look on the whirling froth beneath. He thought he could hear voices shouting under the snow. When he crossed the first arch, the terrible swaying of the bridge gave him nausea, and he looked down. Then it seemed the water stood still, and he on the bridge, like a mighty bird, was flying up the bog, a great white wing on either hand. Suddenly he dropped on his knees and dug his hands into the snow. A chasm had opened before him. With a wild lurch back another had opened behind. It was the two arches gone down. John rose to his feet, something of majesty in the wild, squat figure, as he swayed back and forward on his inverted pendulum, towering over the cold, raving death.

Tom Carter turned his head, and looked away toward the grim woods of Netley, where the early twilight was already falling, and prayed as seldom was his wont. A great shout from Sinclair bright him around to see John run down the snow bank, and trudge contentedly to them, his whiskers curling towards his ears.

The tossing pier of snow on which he had stood, rose some feet higher than the abutments on either side, and fortunately it broke as it swayed towards the bank on which they waited. John half-leaped, was half-thrown to the shore, lighting like a bird from the sky, on the very edge of the broken abutment of snow, down which he ran to the silent, open-mouthed spectators.

Little was said then. With a shaking and stamping of feet, they set out on the long tramp back. Little was said of it at any time, in Grumville, but when election day came again, the *Selkirk Expositor* recorded the notable fact concerning Ward Four: "John Corkle—by acclamation."

TAKEN PRISONER BY THE FENIANS

BY DAVID JUNOR

FORTY-five years have passed since the Fenian raid of 1866, and when it was suggested that I should write for publication the story of the raid as seen by one who was a prisoner with the Fenians and I objected that the main facts about the raid must have been published many times, it was urged that a new generation had arisen since that time, and that it was doubtful whether these had ever seen very much of what had been published years ago, even if such publication had taken place. My own opinion about the matter had also changed, after I had seen that in certain histories of the Dominion not a word was written about this raid.

Although the raid itself came upon the Canadians suddenly, there were premonitions of it many months before. Many rumours came from towns across the border of men drilling, not always secretly, with the avowed intention of crossing to injure Canada as a dependency of Great Britain and, at the same time, to make what they could for themselves. Many Canadians at that time felt bitterly against the United States for not preventing such open display of warlike intent, and many even to this day hold the same feelings. It is not my purpose to shield the United States for not preventing such open acts of hostility, for I have always thought that the officials of the nation and of the border towns should have acted in time to prevent the crossing of a band of men who could only be looked upon as robbers and murderers. At the same time, we must remember the deplorable condition in which the North then stood. The great civil war, in which hundreds of thousands had been fighting for years, had ended less than a year before, and now tens of thousands of irresponsible men from both armies, having no stake in the country and ready for anything, were swarming into the cities of the North, for the South was too desolate to offer them any inducements. Then, also, the financial condition of the country was at a low ebb, because of the drain of the terrible war upon its resources, and we can imagine what a serious question it would be for the authorities, so crippled, to govern these thousands, who were in a measure lawless, in such a manner as to prevent riot and bloodshed. One result of this state of affairs would naturally be that many things would be overlooked which under normal conditions would be put a stop to at once.

As to the reasons for the Fenian raid, I do not think they are far to seek, and, of course, they were not such as could command them to any right-minded person. In conversation in New York with Colonel Michael C. Murphy, the official head of the Fenian movement, I did not dare to ask him as to these rea-

sons, as I felt sure that after twenty-five years he could not give any that he felt would commend themselves to a reasonable person. In my opinion, three things led to the Fenian movement against Canada: the intense hatred for Great Britain entertained by numbers of leading Irishmen in the United States and the desire resulting from that hatred to injure that Kingdom in any way possible; the belief, that the hope of plunder in Canada would tempt many to take part in the raid, and the fact that thousands of irresponsible men who would be thus tempted were available. Colonel Murphy told me that he could have mounted 5,000 cavalrymen if the French-Canadians had furnished horses as they had promised.

In considering the inaction of the United States in this matter, we must not forget that the feeling was not altogether on the side of that country. The feeling towards the United States in Canada seems to have lingered, if it did not grow, from the time of the Revolution, and I found when I went to live in the United States, after the civil war, that I knew less about the history and geography of that country than I did about Africa, as it seemed to be a peculiarity of the course of study in our Canadian schools, when I was a boy, to ignore as much as possible the country across the border. I found also that in the West, where I lived, very little, either good or bad was said about Canada, as it was considered a rather insignificant country as compared with that in which these people lived. The feeling that seemed to exist in Canada concerning the United States grew into one of actual hostility by the time of the civil war, and I remember very well that, so far as the majority of the students at Toronto University were concerned, at least, there was active Southern sympathy, which received free expression, especially in the songs we sang when the rifle company was marching at ease, as they were always such as "Maryland, My Maryland," "Dixie," and the like.

The rumours to which I referred concerning movements on the other side of the border, which threatened to bring trouble to Canada, grew more definite as the winter of 1865-6 advanced, and just before St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, there was such a feeling that the Fenians had planned an attempt to destroy the Queen's Own drill shed on that night that a guard was ordered to patrol the streets around the shed. I was one of the men detailed for that purpose. If such a plan had been formed, however, nothing came of it, and the shed was still intact on the morning of the eighteenth.

The rumours continued until June 1st, when word was received at Toronto that a body of Fenians had crossed from Buffalo to Fort Erie. Troops to oppose them were requested. The officers of the Queen's Own at once sent a hurried call for the different companies to assemble so as to take the boat for Port Colborne. It was a very bad time for the University company, as we were in the midst of examinations. It was my graduating year, but, fortunately most of my examinations were over. We were informed by the University authorities that those who went against the Fenians would be considered as having passed without any further examinations, while those who were up for honours would have their standing decided by the average on the examinations already held, together with their records in previous years.

The number of members of the University company that took the boat that day and were present at the engagement with the Fenians has never been settled to my satisfaction, but my count after we landed at Limeridge made it twenty-three, and I have never seen any reason for chang-

ing it. We arrived at Port Colborne that evening and took the train for St. Catherines, where we enjoyed some sleep until about 2 o'clock in the morning; then we were roused up and put on a freight train for Limeridge, where we were joined by a regiment of volunteers from Hamilton. We were also to meet the regulars, but because of some delay, which I never heard satisfactorily explained, they did not reach Fort Erie until the morning after the engagement with the Fenians. As the highest officer with the Queen's Own was Major Otter, and as the Hamilton regiment had a colonel, the latter took command of the united column.

A great many of the soldiers had taken along some baggage, as we did not expect to return to Toronto at once. I had a good large satchel, as I expected to go home before returning to Toronto for the convocation to receive my degree. This satchel contained some of my clothes, but, far more cherished than these, some photographs and letters. On leaving the train we piled our baggage in a goodly heap, expecting to return and get it after we had annihilated the Fenians. Alas! we never saw any of it again, and I have often wondered what kind of Fenian got those photographs and letters and what he thought of them. The Government partly reimbursed us for the baggage lost, but alas for those things for the loss of which no money could be a recompense!

There were no commissioned officers with the members of the University company when we landed at Limeridge, as Captain Croft and Lieutenant Cherriman were detained at Toronto by examinations, and so one of the first important questions to be decided by the battalion officers, in view of an engagement with the Fenians, was what to do with the few representatives of the University company. It was at first decided to distribute them among the other companies, but these members objected, saying that, if there was to be any fighting, they wished to fight as a company, and they asked instead that enough men should be taken from other companies to make up such a number as the officers might think best, and the command given to an officer from another company. This was done, and the command was given to Lieutenant Whitney, of Trinity College company. He proved to be a splendid leader, showing no sign either of fear or rashness during the engagement, and was always in the front, erect and calm, as if whistling bullets were every day visitors in his life.

No one who was there will ever forget his feelings as, standing in battalion, we heard the command, "With ball cartridge, load," and realised what that command presaged. Very soon we heard that the Fenians were near, and the march to meet them began. It seemed only a few minutes later when we heard the bullets whistling over our heads, and we can all remember with a smile how our heads involuntarily ducked as we heard the sound.

Then came the command for the University company to advance as skirmishers, and very soon we were so far ahead of our main body that we could no longer see it. As we advanced, we fired at the woods in which the Fenians were supposed to be and from which the bullets we heard passing seemed to come. Once in a while we caught sight of a man on a white horse, and I have no doubt that every man in that skirmish line fired more than once at the man on horseback. He seemed, however, to be immune to bullets, as he continued to ride unharmed, and that too in spite of the fact that the writer held the company medal that year for rifle shooting.

When we had advanced some distance, we came to a rail fence which

we must cross if we would reach the Fenians, but there was a general disinclination to do so, as the field on the other side was bare, and men in any part of it would make good targets. After a slight hesitation, however, we crossed, but it was not strange that each one should try to get as near to mother earth as he could, so as to give the enemy as little occasion as possible to commit manslaughter.

While in this field a strange thing happened. We heard the bullets whistling from the rear as well as from the front, and the only conclusion we could come to was that the officer in command had forgotten that our company was skirmishing, and had sent another skirmish line out behind us. Whether this was true or not, I have never been able to find out.

We had not been long in this field before we heard the bugle call to retire, and began to fall back leisurely, turning and firing as we retired. At first we could see nothing of our main body, but when we reached a cross road, the column was seen nearly half a mile in the rear and retreating apparently helter-skelter. We at once decided that it was our duty to overtake them as speedily as possilbe. We hurried to the main road, so as to follow.

As we ran along the cross road, young Tempest, who was just before me, fell. I paused beside him for a moment and saw that he was dead, shot through the head. At that time the bullets were whizzing past us at a great rate, and I remember wondering whether I was going to get through without coming in contact with any of them.

Shortly after we reached the main road, we passed a small hotel, and as I was running by the open door I heard someone from within call, "O ———, I'm wounded." I turned in to see who called, and found one of my company shot in the arm. I also saw there were quite a number of other wounded men there, and, as they were calling for water, I decided that my next duty was to attend to their calls. I therefore began giving water to all. I had been at this work only a few minutes when a civilian, who evidently lived in the neighbourhood, came in and began to help. A member of the Highland company lay on the floor with a wound in the arm. He was suffering greatly, and asked whether we could not put something under his arm to raise it up. I pulled off my coat, folded it and put it under his arm, and it seemed to relieve him.

All this time we had seen nothing of the Fenians, but now one stood in the doorway with levelled pistol and called on us to surrender. We had no time to answer before another, evidently an officer, ordered him off and came into the room. Seeing me in my coat sleeves, he said, "Oh, you're a surgeon; these wounded men will be protected," and then he disappeared, as I supposed, to put a guard on the house.

When the civilian and I had done all we could for the wounded in the house, seeing no Fenians around to prevent, I proposed that we take water and go back along the road to see if we could help any of the wounded. I thought at the same time that we might get back to where I had seen Tempest fall. We had not gone far before we came to a young man who had been shot through the body but was still conscious. We raised his head and gave him water, and as we knelt beside him the civilian began the Lord's prayer, but he had not gone far before he burst into tears and cried, "I can't pray." In a few moments blood and water gushed from the young man's mouth, his head fell back, and he was dead.

We started to go farther back along the road, but met the Fenian rear guard, who, seeing that I had on part of a uniform, told me I must go with

them. As even misery likes company, I cannot say that I was sorry to see that the rear guard had as prisoner another of my company, now a distinguished professor in Toronto.

When we got back to the hotel, I was in difficulty, as I was in my shirt sleeves, and, when I came to look at my coat under the arm of the wounded man, I saw that, even if I could remove it, it was not in a condition to be worn. The only unappropriated coat was the military overcoat of the wounded man, so I put it on, but, as military overcoats are intended to be long anyway, and, in this case, the owner was over six feet tall, while I was five feet, four, there was a good deal of waste skirt on the floor. However, as it was the only coat available I gathered it up at the waist, buckled my belt under the gathering, bade good-bye to my wounded college mate, and started with the Fenians. I might add here that I did not see this friend again until forty years later, almost to a day, when, in June, 1906, I shook hands with him in his office in Winnipeg

The objective point of the Fenian march we did not know, but found out a little later that it was Fort Erie. We soon got to be quite friendly with our guards, who were all good-natured Irishmen. They told us that they fully expected the Canadians to rise to aid those who came to free them from the yoke of Great Britain. We assured them that they were mistaken about the feelings of the Canadians and that they would meet only with disappointment. It was impossible for us to judge of the number of the Fenians, as they were scattered all along the road, but I thought there might be anywhere from 500 to 1,000. Formerly they had been soldiers of the American civil war, accustomed to hardship and to take things easily, especially when they saw anything they would like to have in the farm-houses or barns at which they called in passing along the road. At one place we were relieved by this peculiarity, as they brought a can of buttermilk and gave us a drink, and I don't believe we cared how they came by it, for the day was warm and the march tiresome.

Several amusing things occurred on the way, one of which I recall. In one barn at which they called they found a horse, buggy and harness. Evidently thinking that, under the circumstances, it was as cheap to ride as to walk, then hitched up, and more than a dozen got on. But, alas for their hopes! They had not gone ten rods before the buggy collapsed, the wheels spreading at the bottom and letting the load sink to the ground.

As we approached Fort Erie, we noticed a good deal of excitement, and in a very short time we were left alone with our guards, all the others going to the front. Presently we heard firring for a few minutes and then again all was still. Late in the afternoon we passed through the village of Fort Erie, where we met Colonel O'Neil, the Fenian commander, and then to our evident destination, the ruins of the old fort. There we found that the number of prisoners was increased by about twenty, members of an artillery company that had landed at Fort Erie that day, and had been captured by the Fenians after the fight of which we heard the firing. We were not permitted to starve that evening, but were supplied with biscuit and meat, some of which at least was raw pork. During the night we were not allowed to stand up, but must either sit or lie down; and then I had reason to bless the chance that made me wear that heavy overcoat, as with it I suffered less than the others from the cold. Although it was June, it became cold toward morning.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning, we were roused up and told to form into line along a fence. We wondered whether it was

possible that they were going to shoot us, although we did not feel much fear, as they had been so friendly. Our lives, however, were not doomed to end yet, for we were next told to form into marching order, the Fenians meanwhile doing the same. Together we marched down to the bank of the Niagara River where there was a tug with a scow in tow. Then our guards shook hands with us, got on the scow and tug and made for the opposite shore. It may be imagined that we did not delay long before we put a good distance between us and the river. As we were now in the village of Fort Erie, and daylight was some hours off, we rapped at the door of a small house in which we saw a light. The owner asked who we were without opening the door, and he evidently did not wish to offend either side. We succeeded at length in convincing him that we were Canadians, so he opened the door and let us in.

Soon after daybreak a company of regular artillery came along, and my fellow prisoners and I rode on a gun carriage till we came to where the Queen's Own were encamped. We found our company a good deal larger than at the time of the engagement owing to accessions from Toronto, and we received a hearty welcome, as we had been given up for dead. On talking the battle over, we came to the conclusion that our company had suffered more than its share, as we thought that out of twenty-three men, three were dead, four wounded, and two had been prisoners. As to the cause of the rout of the coloumn, different rumours were prevalent, the most common being that the commander, never having been in action before, lost his head when he became possessed of the idea that they were to be attacked by a force of Fenian cavalry, and gave orders which led to disorder and then to a panic.

After being in camp at Fort Erie for a few days, the Queen's Own were sent to Stratford for several days more. There we were not in camp, but billetted among the citizens, and, as we were very cordially received, all had a very pleasant time. I know this was true in my own case, as I was a guest at the home of the sheriff of the county, whose son was my class-mate. Forty-two years later, in the summer of 1908, while on the Canadian Pacific Railway boat from Fort William to Owen Sound, I was introduced to a gentleman and his wife from Stratford. After the introduction, the lady said: "When I heard your name, I wondered if you were the young man who spent some days at our house after the Fenian raid of 1866." She was the daughter of the sheriff and a young girl at the time of the raid.

Among the good things that made the time pass pleasantly for me at Stratford was the receipt of about a dozen letters from the preceptress and some of the members in a certain school for young ladies at Toronto, written to cheer the heart of the young soldier and incite him, if the occasion arose, to do brave deeds for his native land. It will indicate how much I prized those letters when I say that I have them yet, although I have never seen one of the writers since. After we left Stratford, we went to our homes, as the Fenian scare was over for the time.

During the past ten years I have had two reminders of the Fenian raid, both very interesting to me and one even more than interesting. The first was in 1901. In the summer of that year, the Sunday schools of five neighbouring churches in New York City had a union outing at one of the seaside resorts. During the day the police officer who had been sent with the party got drunk and behaved in such a manner that I was appointed to prefer charges against him with a view to having him dismissed from the

force. On my way to headquarters, I remembered that when the Commissioner was appointed the daily papers mentioned the fact that he, Colonel Michael C. Murphy, had been connected with the Fenian raid of 1866. When I saw him, I told him what I had read and that I had been a prisoner with the Fenians at Fort Erie. He told me that he had been at the head of the whole Fenian movement, and that he had been stationed at Malone, New York, to plan for the capture of Montreal. He said that the French-Canadians had promised enough horses for all the cavalry he could furnish, and that he could have used all the horses they could bring, as there were large numbers of old cavalrymen from the armies of the North and South who would be glad of such employment. The French-Canadians, however, never furnished a horse, so that his part of the campaign failed.

As I had to see the Commissioner several times before the case in which I was interested would come to trial, I took up my medal, which I had just received, and showed it to him. He was quite interested, as it was the first he had seen. As the time for the trial of my case approached, I thought that as the Commissioner and I had become quite friendly over the Fenian raid he might help me in arranging the time of the trial so as to avoid a good deal of inconvenience. Police trials are held every Thursday, beginning at 9 o'clock, and as I had about a dozen witnesses, unless some arrangement could be made, they might have to stay around headquarters all day, and possibly have to come back another day. I therefore went to the Commissioner and spoke to him about the matter. "Oh," said he, "I'll fix that in a moment." He touched the button calling his secretary, and said to him when he appeared, "Go and tell Commissioner Devery that the case against policeman W——— is arranged to be heard the first thing on Thursday morning, without fail."

On Thursday morning our case was heard, and in an hour we were on our way home, Deputy Commissioner Devery having announced that he would recommend the dismissal of the policeman, which he immediately did. So, it turned out that the Fenian raid of 1866 helped me in a legal case in New York in 1901.

The other reminder was in South Carolina in 1907. I was spending the month of March in a small city on the sea coast in that State. About a mile from the city was a national cemetery, and as I had plenty of time on my hands, I used to walk out to the cemetery and chat with the superintendent and his assistant, the latter being a typical Irishman. One day I was chatting with the assistant, and he was telling me of some of the battles he had been in. "By the way," said I, "I was in a little battle once." "Where was that?" said he. "When I was at the University of Toronto, in 1866, the Fenians crossed from Buffalo, and we had a fight with them." "Why," said he, "I was one of the Fenians that day."

The WAY of LETTERS

"MARIE-CLAIRE," the literary sensation of Paris, has been translated into English, and is now being enjoyed and discussed on this side of the Atlantic. The account of the origin of this book is almost as interesting as the book itself. Marguerite Audoux, who was a young French seamstress, but who, curiously enough, was associated with some of the literary lights of Paris, undertook to write a book, and one would judge from what she has written that she had the uncommon sense to write about what she had experienced. From time to time she read chapters of her book to her literary friends, who, according to Mr. Arnold Bennett, encouraged her but did not attempt to guide her or criticise her work. At any rate, in due course of time the book was finished, and friends undertook to have it published in a manner that would give it a great deal of publicity. The author had already written a number of short stories and sketches, which her friends had succeeded in having published, and now she awaited the reception of her more ambitious essay. And what a reception! One wonders whether any reading public outside of Paris would have taken the book seriously. Whether they would or not, the work is one of tremendous artistic merit, so artistic indeed that one might ordinarily pass it by without at first coming into full sympathy with it. It is not a novel; it is merely a succession of personal incidents told so naïvely and so simply and with such native charm that the secret of the whole thing is in the telling. Perhaps some idea of what "Marie-Claire" is may be formed from the idea that its literary style and subject is a direct negative in comparison with the positive of most writers: the incidents related are the very things that most writers would leave out altogether, and the style is so simple and unaffected that it is beautiful. But there is no plot, no purpose, no goal. The book doesn't arrive at anything; it stops just where one would expect it to begin or else to end with a dramatic climax. But there is no drama, no tragedy, nothing but a wonderfully refreshing and wholesome view of ordinary events of life. The book is written in the first person singular, and begins with the impressions of a little girl of about five years who is an orphan and who is taken to a convent. But it is not a retrospect, as one might think it would be, and it is not written with the insight that must have come in later years, but rather with the insight that was present when the events written about actually occurred. We have therefore an account of events as they were experienced by the child, not as they might have been interpreted in later years. The little things of daily life at the convent are recalled, but in a style that is sweet and undefiled. While the reader fancies at times that the events reveal to him little scan-

dals and little things of some real moment in the convent, he feels that the writer was not conscious of the revelation or indeed that there was anything to reveal. We quote one chapter as an instance of this:

"One afternoon I was surprised to see that it was not our old priest who was saying vespers. This one was a tall, fine man. He sang with a strong, jerky voice. We talked about him all evening. Madeline said he was a handsome man, and Sister Marie-Aimée thought, she said, that he had a young voice, but that he pronounced his words like an old man, and that he was distinguished looking. When he came to pay us a visit two or three days afterwards, I saw that he had white hair in little curls round his neck, and that his eyes and his eyebrows were very black. He asked for those of us who were preparing their catechism, and wanted to know everybody's name. Sister Marie-Aimée answered for me. She put her hand on my head and said, "This is our Marie-Claire." When Ismerie came up in her turn he looked at her in surprise, and made her turn round and walk for him to see. He said that she was no bigger than a child of three, and when he asked Sister Marie-Aimée if she was intelligent, Ismerie turned round sharply and said she was not as stupid as the rest of us. He burst out laughing, and I saw that his teeth were very white. When he spoke he jerked himself forward as though he wanted to catch his words again. They seemed to drop out of his mouth in spite of himself. Sister Marie-Aimée took him as far as the gate of the courtyard. She never used to take any visitors farther than the door of the room. She came back, climbed up to her desk again, and after a moment she said, without looking at anybody, "He really is a very distinguished man."

"Our new priest lived in a little house near the chapel. In the evening he used to walk in the avenue of linden trees. He often passed close to the playground where we were playing, and he always used to bow very low to Sister Marie-Aimée. Every Thursday afternoon he came to see us. He sat down, leaning against the back of his chair, and, crossing his legs, told us stories. He was very pleasant, and Sister Marie-Aimée used to say that he laughed as though he enjoyed it. Sometimes Sister Marie-Aimée was ill. Then he used to go up and see her in her room. We would see Madeline passing with a teapot and two cups. She was red in the face and very busy.

"When the summer was over, M. le Curé came to see us after dinner and spent the evenings with us. When nine o'clock struck he used to go and Sister Marie Aimée always went with him down the passage to the big front door."

Doubtless the writer appreciated the significance of this chapter, but it is written, as is the whole book, with the unaffected simplicity of childhood.

From the convent the orphan girl is sent to the country, where she is to take care of the lambs on a farm. The accounts of life there are delightful. But in time the little girl, now a maiden of seventeen, receives her first experiences with the tenderest of all passions and sees her idol smashed at her feet. So she goes back to the convent, finds *Sister Marie-Aimée* gone, and so the last we see of her is during the retreat again from the convent to a railway station, where she boards a train for Paris. There is in "Marie-Claire" all that is needed for a great novel, but as to just how far the book as we have it takes the place of the novel the reader must judge for himself. The translation from the French is by John Raphael, and it has many evidences of good work. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

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CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS continues to hold the best ground as a writer of animal stories. Even if at times you feel that he might be less prosy, that he might exert a little more imagination, you are always pretty sure that he is telling the truth. And that is something worth mentioning, because with most writers of animal stories truth seems to be the last thing to consider. Roberts's animals are creatures of wild flesh and wild blood, and he does not make them do things that their instinct has not already taught them to do. His latest volume, "Neighbours Unknown," is a good example of this. It is one of the best of the series, and should not be missed. It contains in all fourteen stories, ranging in variety from polar bears to tame cats. The illustrations by Paul Bransom are an important part of the book, as they add greatly to its attractiveness and effectiveness. (Toronto: The MacMil-

lan Company of Canada. Cloth, $1.50).

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CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL, who has frequently and well illustrated Charles G. D. Roberts's books, has now essayed the task of writing as well as illustrating. The result is a volume of more than ordinary sumptuousness. Material for the book was obtained in a trip to Demerara, where the author made a careful study of the jungle and its creatures. The volume is entitled "Under the Roof of the Jungle," and it is safe to say that the illustrations are the most artistic that Mr. Bull has yet produced. There are in all fifty-nine of them, full-page, with the frontispiece and others in colours. The animals are carefully, yet artistically and satisfactorily drawn, while the setting of the jungle or the surrounding is bewitchingly decorative and mysterious. The book is therefore, to begin with, a portfolio of art, and one is well repaid by the satisfaction with which the eye encounters each one of these drawings. The author can also be complimented on the dignified and reserved treatment of his descriptive reading matter. There is no pretense of fine literary style, and yet one is fascinated by the convincing manner in which the passions and instincts of the jungle creatures are depicted. (Boston: L. C. Page and Company).

*

ONE of the best tales of adventure in Northwestern Canada published recently is "Two on the Trail," by Hulbert Footner. The author writes as if he had seen the country and had a good acquaintance with its conditions. The hero of the story is a New York newspaper man who has gone out there more in the capacity of a "free lance" than otherwise, and immediately he is thrown into the company of the heroine, a young married woman who is on the way with her mother-in-law to the place from which they had last received word of the man who was husband of one and son of the other. As it happens, the mother-in-law is unable to continue the journey, but as they are comparatively near the goal the girl is determined to press on. She cannot go unaccompanied, so she accepts the guardianship of the journalist. The adventures of these two, adventures that are heightened by the girl's beauty and the desire of a Northern bully to possess her, make exciting reading. The couple soon learn to love each other, and when they find the husband, a poor, miserable, degraded, immoral wretch, one does not wonder that the wife clings to the friend of the journey. However, in a battle that finally takes place over the possession and safety of the young wife the husband is killed. That removes the obstacle to the others' happiness. While at times the narrative is melodramatic and lacking in plausibility, it provides entertainment of a light order (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

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ANYONE who follows the "best sellers" knows that there are styles in books from year to year as there are in the turn of a hat brim. One year it is the problem story; again it will be the war narrative Then the dialect or character study will prevail, and so on. But through them all runs a demand for detective stories. Maurice Leblanc succeeded some time ago in making a name for himself in his style. He created an interest in his *Arsene Lupin* that insures a ready acceptance for whatever he may have to offer. Being what might be called inverted detective stories, they are to a large class of readers even more inviting than the *Sherlock Holmes* style. The hero is also the villain; the gentleman-burglar is more to the hearts of the readers than the detectives tracking him. Like *Raffles, Arsene Lupin* is greatly wanted; and like the same wonderful man he is wanted long before he is cap-

tured. He escapes when that catastrophe occurs, and appears again with unimpaired ability and attractiveness. Also he disappears with every evidence of finality, only to return in another book with bewildering plots and entanglements.

Before the newest of his chronicles, "813," was sent to a waiting public, *Lupin* had worked his way through his villainies with clean hands, as far as murder is concerned, but in this book he convinces himself that he has at last broken his rule, although the reader will scarcely agree with him. Yet, so assured is he of his fall from grace that he stands in the last few pages at Tiberius's Leap, calmly folds his arms and throws himself down the thousand feet into the sea as one would toss away a match—and later proves that *Sherlock Holmes* and *Raffles* have no monopoly of the reappearance act *Lupin* will "come back" for many a book yet, it is promised.

The story is most complicated, sometimes to a wearying extent, and at times crudely disgusting; but the reader makes allowance quite readily owing to the country in which it was written—just as he must do to condone some of the unfortunate blunders in the diction of a Frenchman's translation into English. Perhaps the most striking commendation the story will receive is the fact that one ridicules the deductions and unnatural cleverness of the chief detective in the opening of the story, only to find that, by an unusual *dénouement,* the whole thing was justified as written. The escapes are possibly too numerous, the untimely accidents too common; it is a natural evolution of the rapid succession of these events that one finds oneself prophesying the obstacles by simply thinking of what would be the most unfortunate and annoying thing to happen. A lover of detective stories will find "813" as absorbing as only a Frenchman can make this style of writing. Paris rhymes with mystery in most minds, and the French writer knows how to take advantage of it. In passing, it might be said that a rather novel advertising scheme is the liberal use of the foot-note to refer to the preceding stories of *Lupin's* career. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

*

AN ingenious tale of mystery is always welcome as a time destroyer, and for those who like a tale which can interest without making deep demands upon the intelligence, "The Vanity Box," by Alice Stuyvesant, can be heartily recommended. A beautiful woman is found dead and mystery follows mystery in a way which ought to satisfy the most exacting. To give the slightest hint of the solution would be to spoil a good story. Suffice it to say that once again circumstantial evidence is shown to be a dangerous guide and the life of a good man is appallingly near being sacrificed to this fetish of our law courts. The weakness of the book lies in its characterisation. If we felt more interest in the actors of the drama the drama itself would be more interesting. When a play has a good plot it is disappointing to observe the strings which jerk the puppets. Nevertheless, "The Vanity Box" is a good book for a lazy day. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company).

Revenged.

A real joke was sprung by a student at the Western Reserve University last week. The student suffers from the stigma of obesity; it appears that even professors do not love a fat man. After a particularly unsuccessful recitation, the professor said:

"Alas, Mr. Blank! You are better fed than taught."

"That's right, professor," sighed the youth, subsiding heavily, "you teach me — I feed myself."—Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

"I thought the restaurants had cut out the small portion?"

"Owing to complaints, we have re-establishtd it; we count it as a large portion, that is all."

—*Le Rire* (Paris)

Too Slow Rising.

Sammy's parents were trying to encourage him to form a taste for solid reading. With this end in view, they induced him, by the promise of a substantial reward, to read a certain number of pages every day in Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic."

He began it bravely, and for several weeks stuck to his task without murmuring. Then he began to lose interest in the book. For a boy of his age this immortal work was rather heavy reading, and he asked if he might not be permitted to skip it every other day.

"What is the matter, Sammy?" asked his father. "Don't you find it interesting?"

"It's kind of monotonous," he answered.

"Then suppose you read just one page a day."

"No; I'm tired of readin' about the rise of a republic. Let me try the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire' for a while."—*Youth's Companion*.

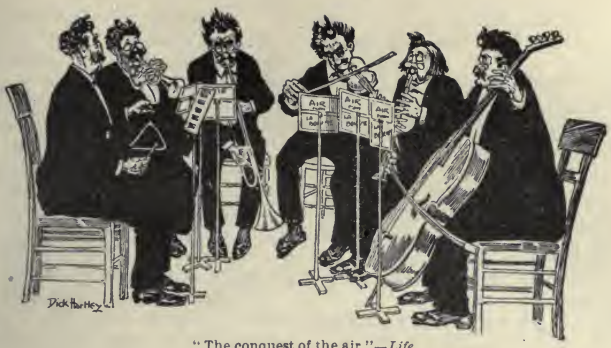
*

A Domestic Serial.

Mrs. Littletown—"This magazine looks rather the worse for wear."

Mrs. Neartown—"Yes, it's the one I sometimes lend to the servant on Sundays."

Mrs. Littletown—"Doesn't she get tired of always reading the same one?"

Mrs. Neartown—"Oh, no. You see, it's the same book, but it's always a different servant."—*Suburban Life*.

"The conquest of the air."—*Life.*

MODERN WAR.

"Your soldiers look fat and happy. You must have a war chest." "Not exactly, but things are on a higher plane than they used to be. This revolution is being financed by a moving-picture concern." — Louisville *Courier-Journal.*

*

DISCRIMINATION.

"What do you charge for your rooms?"

"Five dollars up."

"But I'm a student——"

"Then it's five dollars down."—*Cornell Widow.*

*

FRUITLESS STRUGGLE.

"I understand that after waiting twenty years, she married a struggling man?"

"Yes, poor chap. He struggled the best he knew how, but she landed him."—*Brooklyn Life.*

*

HOPELESS.

Mother—"What are you doing, Harry?"

Harry—"I'm countin'. You told me when I got mad to count a hundred."

Mother—"Yes, so I did."

Harry—"Well, I've counted 237, and I'm madder'n when I started."—*Harper's.*

MIGHT AS WELL.

"What kind of a career have you mapped out for your boy, Josh?"

"I'm goin' to make a lawyer of him," answered Farmer Corntossel. "He's got an unconquerable fancy for tendin' to other folks' business, an' he might as well git paid for it."—*Western Christian Advocate.*

*

NO REST.

"Are you in favour of woman suffrage?" she asked.

"Oh, yes! Enthusiastically," he replied.

"Now, I wish you would tell me why you think women ought to forget their children and their household duties and get out into the world to mix up in political affairs. If you know of any good reason——"

"Good heavens! I beg your pardon. I merely said I was in favour of it to avoid arguing with you. Can't a man be safe on any side any more?"—*The Housekeeper.*

*

COMPLIMENTARY.

A correspondent informs us that at the last scientific meeting of the Zoological Society Mr. Oldfield Thomas described a collection of mammals from Eastern Asia, and stated that, in recognition of the help given by the Duke of Bedford in forming this collection, he proposed to name a new species of Striped Shrew after the Duchess.—*Punch.*

DIPLOMATIC.

Baron—"Did I hit the hare, gamekeeper?"

Keeper—"Ah, but the kind heart you have, your Highness! You have mercifully spared his life."—*Fliegende Blaetter*

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IRREVERENT

Robert, aged ten, was playing with the other boys on the corner of Nineteenth and Tioga Streets, when his mother who had been listening to his conversation called him.

"Robert," she began, in a grieved tone, "I never thought I'd hear you swearing."

"Why, I wasn't swearing, mother," the boy defended himself. "I only said 'the devil.' That isn't swearing."

"Well," replied the mother quickly, "maybe it isn't exactly swearing, but it is making light of sacred things."—Philadelphia *Times*.

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HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

"Sixtane shilluns a da' did they charrge me for my room at the hotel in Lunnon!" roared Sandy, indignantly, on his return to Croburgh Burghs from a sight-seeing expedition.

"Ou, aye, it wasna cheap," agreed his father; "but ye must 'a' had a gey fine time seein' the sichts."

"Seein' the sichts!" roared Sandy. "I didna see a sicht a' the time I was in Lunnon. Mon, mon, ye dinna suppose I was going to be stuck that much for a room, an' then no get the proper use o't!"—*Tit-Bits*.

*

SPORT.

"Well, Bill," said Dawson, as he met Holloway on the avenue, "did you get any good hunting up in Maine?"

"Fine," said Holloway.

"How did that new dog Wilkins gave you work?" asked Dawson

"Splendid," said Holloway. "Fact is, if it hadn't been for him we wouldn't have had any hunting at all. He ran away at the first shot and we spent four days looking for him."—*Harper's Weekly*.

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

A long-winded, prosy counsellor was arguing a technical case recently before one of the judges of the Superior Court. He had drifted along in such a desultory way that it was hard to keep track of what he was trying to present, and the judge had just vented a very suggestive yawn.

"I sincerely trust that I am not unduly trespassing on the time of this court," said the lawyer, with a suspicion of sarcasm in his voice.

"There is some difference," the judge quietly observed, "between trespassing on time and encroaching on eternity."—Philadelphia *Ledger*.

*

DEFINITION.

Mater: One who finds mates for her daughters.—*Lippincott's*.

FIRST TRAGEDIAN—"Ah! my dear boy! the chance of my life came last night. Izaacstein offered me thirty shillings a week to play Hamlet. The contract was drawn up—he lent me his fountain-pen to sign with, when——"

SECOND TRAGEDIAN—"You woke up!"

FIRST TRAGEDIAN—"Damme! How did you know?"

SECOND TRAGEDIAN—"By the salary, my pippin. I've dreamt like that myself!"—*Punch*.

—*See page 165*

THE DREAMER

FROM THE PAINTING BY E. WYLY GRIER, R.C.A.

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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WHERE YDRO-ELECT IC POWER CROSSES THE BEAUTIFUL DUNDAS VALLEY

A CANADIAN HIGHWAY OF POWER

BY CLAYTON M. JONES

THE city of Berlin, Ontario, enjoys the distinction of being the first city in the world to receive electric energy transmitted over one hundred miles at the great pressure or potential of 110,000 volts. The city signalised the completion of the greatest public undertaking in the history of the Dominion of Canada by a three days' celebration, when Niagara power was officially turned on over the lines of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission on October 11, 1910. Myriads of electric lamps were strung along the main thoroughfare, among the electric arches and signs, with the effect that

the town suddenly became a real electric city. Prominent American and Canadian manufacturers had on hand a fine display of the most modern of electrical devices, including power supplies, heating and cooking apparatus, all operated by the far-off source of power.

MR. P. W. SOTHMAN
ENGINEER OF THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC COMMISSION

If a man should calmly appropriate the air above the city of Toronto as a highway and sail merrily over the city, seated on an aggregation of twigs and canvas, with a sixty horse-power motor chugging along behind, the whole city would be startled. That is because the new and wonderful aeroplane is something which they can see and comprehend. It excites their imagination, and they go back to work with strained necks, thinking what a great creature man is anyway and how glad they are that they belong to the race. It is the same way with the locomotive or the traction car, but when it comes to using the ether which permeates the same atmosphere in which our aviator is recklessly gliding; when it comes to utilising this something which exists in the atmosphere as a medium for the transportation of power, in the shape of wireless messages, or by sending it shooting through the ether, directed by hundreds of miles of wire to do the work of a city far away, then in some manner the very intangibleness and wonderfulness of the achievement make it miss the imagination, which is so stimulated by the advent of the air-man.

When human brains accomplish something which materially reduces the cost of living, which makes necessities out of luxuries, and helps to lift the burden of drudgery from the back of a race, like the newly-invented cotton picker for the South, or the transportation of tremendous power at a great pressure for hundreds of miles for the North, then individual achievement becomes of direct benefit and of great importance to the race.

Mr. W. K. McNaught, M.P., member of the Hydro-Electric Commission, in a recent address, pointed out impressively the present and future importance of Ontario's supply of "white coal." Against Ontario's lack of coal and dependence on a foreign country is counted a multitude of large and small water-powers, aggregating 7,231,787 horse-power. The cash value of this energy, estimated on the basis of three dollars a ton for coal, would be $180,000,000. The magnitude of this is appreciated by a comparison with the total crop output of Ontario, which for 1908 was $164,077,282. An estimate of the saving that may be effected by Hydro-Electric development, as distinguished from the aggregate value of the development, is based on a difference of twenty dollars a year for every horse-power between the cost of coal and the cost of water-power. This estimate gives $60,000,000 as the possible aggregate annual saving.

As to present development, Honourable Clifford Sifton, Chairman of the National Conservation Commission, estimates the aggregate at 514,890 horse-power for Ontario, which saves the Province from importing, according to his equivalent, 7,285,000 tons of coal. Mr. McNaught's estimate is lower than the Honourable Mr. Sifton's. He places the total at 232,000 horse-power, which is quite sufficient to impress us as to the present, as well as the future importance of this source of wealth.

It is estimated that the United States is now selling to Canadians $750,000 worth of products every business day in the year. This trade has attracted many American manufacturers, who have set up branch works in the Dominion, with investments in plants and working capital that now total about $275,000,000. In the Canadian West cities and towns are bidding for American enterprises by the establishment of municipal leagues and bureaus, through which advertising campaigns are vigorously pursued. Winnipeg is an example of what can be accomplished by united efforts of this nature in the development of its great water-power resources for the attraction of American industries. Four years ago that city formed an official institution, composed of representatives of several business bodies, headed by the City Council, Board of Trade, Bankers' Association, etc., and entitled the Winnipeg Development and Industrial Bureau. It now has representatives of sixteen business bodies on its Board of Directors, with 8,700 affiliated members, of whom 425 are business firms, who contribute to its finances.

With a view to investigating the possibilities of obtaining cheaper electrical power, a movement was started by a number of prominent manufacturers in Western Ontario, and from the interest created the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario came into existence. In 1905 it was incorporated by the Legislature and power was given to construct for the transmission and supply of energy.

THE HONOURABLE ADAM BECK,
CHAIRMAN OF THE HYDRO-ELECTRIC COMMISSION

March, 1908, saw the completion of an agreement between the Commission and the Ontario Power Company, of Niagara Falls, which latter company agreed to supply up to 100,000 horse-power, at 12,000 volts, and to be paid at the rate of $9.40 an annual horse-power for the first twenty-

five thousand horse-power and nine dollars thereafter.

Preliminary surveys were made for a transmission line, taking in the cities and towns of Western Ontario,

THE HIGHWAY OF POWER

which had contracted with the Commission for a supply of power, and thus was the beginning of the greatest and longest power transmission undertaking in the history of mankind. It was first the intention of the engineers to transmit the power from Niagara Falls at 60,000 volts, three-phase, and with a frequency of twenty-five cycles, but subsequently it was decided to raise the voltage to 110,000. Twelve stations were constructed in all: Step-up transformer station at Niagara Falls, step-down station at Toronto, main-interswitching station at Dundas, and interswitching and transformer stations at Guelph, London, Preston, Berlin, Stratford, St. Mary's, Paris, and Woodstock.

In conjunction with the power lines, which are practically double-circuited throughout, a telephone system has been installed paralleling the transmission line. The telephone line also carries a protective relay system, which, in the event of any lines becoming broken, grounded or short circuited, automatically cuts off the high-voltage circuit. This is effected by a balanced system of currents, which become disturbed, causing a current to flow when trouble of any nature strikes the line, instantaneously disconnecting each end of the dangerous section.

The contracts of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission called for the building of 300 miles of 110,000-volt transmission line, energy to be bought from the Ontario Power Company at Niagara Falls, and to be distributed by means of the high-voltage circuits to Toronto, Hamilton, London, St. Thomas, and intermediate points in this part of the Province of Ontario. The line has required about 500 tons of aluminum cables, and about 7,500 tons of steel has been used in some 3,200 towers. It starts from the transforming station at Niagara Falls, where the voltage is increased from 12,000 volts to 110,000 volts. The initial installation was for 30,000 kilowatts. From Niagara Falls the line extends in a north-westerly direction about fifty miles to Dundas, at which point it divides. One line about forty miles long extends in an easterly direction to Toronto, while two others go westerly to London; the northern of the latter two branches covers about 120 miles, and the southern about seventy-five miles. From London the line proceeds westerly to St. Thomas, about fourteen miles. An additional extension to Windsor, about 100 miles, has been subsequently made.

ONTARIO POWER COMPANY'S WORKS, FROM GOAT ISLAND

WHERE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER IS GENERATED AT NIAGARA FALLS

The poles are galvanised steel angle iron towers, spaced at a distance of 550 feet, and on curves of 100 feet. The towers are fixed in the ground by means of framed steel anchored six feet below the surface. The height of the towers is sixty-five feet, except over the Welland Canal, where one hundred and fifty feet clearance was allowed for the passage of vessels. The insulators are of the disk suspension type, five disks being employed for each conductor, which is of stranded aluminum wire. On the highest point of the towers is arranged a grounded cable for lightning protection.

Numerous legal actions, which have hindered the operations of the Commission, have been gradually cleared out of the way sufficiently to allow the successful completion of this great project.

In laying out their lines, the engineers have paralleled the roadways as much as possible, and all the crossways are protected by mesh construction. The towers used in this work are of light, but substantial, design. They were thoroughly tested before being finally adopted by the Commission. The normal span between towers on the level is 550 feet. The whole tower line is about 276 miles long, and approximately 3,000 towers were required for the work of construction. At the end of the Toronto line difficulty was met in obtaining a right-of-way into the city, and, as a result, the engineers were forced to erect twenty towers along the waterfront, and these were placed on massive concrete piers.

To provide insulators for the 110,000-volt line was no small task. Tenders were called for and manufacturers were asked to meet the most rigid specifications. The suspension type of insulator was adopted, and these were required to withstand a dry potential test of 330,000 volts and a wet test of 220,000 volts, with one-half inch of rain a minute at a 45-degree angle, toward the insulator. The strain insulators, transpositions and long spans were compelled to stand a stran of 10,000 pounds without breaking.

The test showed unmistakably that power would be safely transmitted at the high voltage, which was 55,000 volts higher than the regular 110,000 volts pressure of the line when in continuous operation by the Commission. This test indicated that power could be transmitted and supplied to the various municipalities at a price much lower than was furnished in the estimate made by the Commission some years ago.

The work of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario extends over a wide area. The completion of the lines in Western Ontario will soon be an accomplished fact. Other parts of the Province are, however, clamouring for the Commission's supervision of water-powers. Already the Hydraulic Department has estimated the water-power resources of the Province. Storage areas have been surveyed and reported on, and in the case of Dog Lake, situated in the northern part of the Province, plans for an increased storage capacity have been drawn for the Department of Public Works and construction work placed under way. In the East, Ottawa, the Canadian capital, is securing a power supply at a comparatively low rate through the interests of the Commission, while many other towns are making application for similar service.

In a recent address the Honourable Adam Beck, Chairman of the Hydro-Electric Commission, announced that the Commission would supply Hydro power at cost to every community that wanted it. He said that the Commission would, in supplying the smaller consumers, operate on the same principle as the municipal telephone system. Whenever twenty farmers went to a county council and requested the erection of a distribution

line, the Commission would erect the low-tension lines, tapping the main transmission high-voltage lines and construct the low-tension feeders to the residences of the farmers, would pay off the cost of construction of low-tension lines in the same manner as paying for a local improvement, retiring the indebtedness at the end of fifteen or twenty years.

WHERE HYDRO-ELECTRIC POWER ENTERS TORONTO, ALONG THE WATERFRONT.

On December 20, 1910, the city streets of London were officially lighted with Niagara energy, the current being turned on at the Armoury by the Honourable Mr. Beck, in the presence of thousands of citizens. Chairman Alderman Pollock, of the Water Commission, said that London had then a rate of 4½ cents a kilowatt hour, cutting the former price of electric current in half, and giving London the distinction of being the cheapest rated city in Canada. There were 2,800 customers, who last year paid $70,000 for their power. The civic water board had about 12,000 customers, and if as many could be obtained in London for the hydro-electric power, he felt that it would be possible to reduce the rate to four cents, or even three cents. The Honourable Mr. Beck said that at 4½ cents a kilowatt hour London was receiving the cheapest electric lighting in America. He expected that by the first of the year the Commission would be able to take up the question of individual lighting and wiring of houses in London. The Commission had a surplus of $25,000 over the first estimate of the cost of installing hydro-electric power in London. The formal lighting of the city's streets with Niagara energy was made the occasion of an electrical exhibition at the Armoury, where a number of interesting exhibits were made by various electrical firms in Canada.

On December 21 the Honourable J. S. Hendrie, member of the Commission, pressed the button at Hamilton which turned on the Niagara power. Immediately the pumps of the waterworks system began to work, the motors began to run, and the lights began to burn. The ceremony of turning on the Commission's power at Hamilton was made the occasion of a large gathering of prominent citizens and manufacturers, concluding with

a special banquet in the evening.

The principal speech was made by the Honourable Mr. Beck. He said that the Commission's transmission line was 376 miles long, with tributary lines of one hundred miles, making it the longest transmission line in the world. Opponents of the undertaking had predicted that the cost would be $10,000,000, but it was built for $3,500,000. He said that the De Cew Falls station of the Cataract Power Company would be incapable of supplying the power needed for Hamilton, but the supply at Niagara Falls would be exhausted by the demand throughout Ontario, so that it would be necessary to develop other water-powers. Hamilton had large interests and cheap electric power before the Hydro-Electric Commission was organised, but it did not enjoy as cheap rates for street and house lighting and small power users as it should have, so it had benefited by the Commission already, since the Commission afforded legitimate competition. London, although three times as far away from the source of supply as Hamilton, had a rate of 4½ cents a kilowatt hour for house lighting, while Hamilton paid 8½ cents. If the Commission put their power into this city the rates would be about 3½ cents. At Windsor the price of power would be reduced by ten per cent. Hamilton may share the advantages of that price by taking a co-operative contract. The down-town streets of Toronto are now brilliantly and beautifully lighted by Niagara power, and thus the greatest transmission and power-harnessing feats in the history of mankind has been accomplished.

The next departure will be the distribution and use of electrical energy on farms in Old Ontario. It will be used for heating, lighting, and for running machinery, especially stationary machinery.

POSSESSION

By HILDA RIDLEY

GO from me, dear, and b'lieve there is no dole,
No grudging gift of gratitude to ay;
But though I am too wise to bid thee stay,
My mark is dyed so deep into thy soul,
That when at last thou dost attain thy goal,
I shall, unseen, have helped thee on the way,
Lest peradventure thou shouldst go astray,
And in the dust thy pride and beauty roll.
For, dear, 'tis vain, thou canst not hide from me
And grope, blind and unaided toward the light.
My life, inweaved in thine, must work in thee
(Canst thou not see how useless is thy flight?)
Until the day break and the shadows flee,
We twain are bound together through the night.

RUNNING THUNDER

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

AUTHOR OF "THE RED FEATHERS," "COMRADES OF THE TRAIL," ETC.

RUNNING THUNDER'S trapping country stretched from the Push-and-cuss Rapids on Little Beaver to Pipe Pond, eastward to the Kettebec and westward to the Lost Barrens. His father and his grandfather before him had taken toll of that wilderness.

Pierre Lacrosse came into Running Thunder's country in October and built a shack on Little Beaver, beside the rapids that were long ago christened "Push-and-cuss" by some weary and exasperated voyager. He brought with him a little boy of about four years of age, provisions, a few traps, and a rifle. That was surely a desolate spot to select for a long winter's residence—so desolate that a man might sit among the spruces that overhang the rapids from year's-end to year's-end and not catch so much as a glimpse or sound of a brother human. It suited Pierre, however—a safe retreat in which to care for the child; the solace of nature for his aching heart; and the means of an honest livelihood lurking, soft-footed, on every side.

The child's name was also Pierre, but the father, though a French half-breed, always gave him his name in English. "Little Peter" he called him—the name the blue-eyed English mother had given him. The woman had died in August, after a year of suffering. Pierre had nursed her tenderly and steadfastly throughout those bitter months, giving up his work so that he might devote all his time to her; and when it was over, broken and impoverished, he had borrowed enough money to outfit for a winter's trapping and had come to the Little Beaver country with his son and his memories. Now he lived for nothing else in the world but little Peter.

So vast was the region that it was mid-winter before Running Thunder learned that a stranger was trapping in his thickets and along his frozen water-ways. Striking further afield than usual one February morning, he happened upon Pierre's trail. The marks of the racquets in the snow were as easily read by Running Thunder as a printed page by a scholar of books. In the big, white type he saw much of interest; but the information that touched him most (and this was given by the shallowness of the imprints in the snow) was that the stranger travelled without a load. Now a man who tramps the wilderness in mid-winter, when all the water-ways are frozen, with neither a sledge at his heels or a load on his back, must have his headquarters somewhere near at hand. The unknown was not a chance traveller then, but a trapper—a taker of furs in Running Thunder's own country! Realisation of this fact brought anger, like the shadow of a flame, to the young man's dark eyes. He cleared his rifle from its woollen case and set off at a brisk trot along the stranger's tracks.

It was close upon noon when Run-

ning Thunder at last caught sight of Pierre Lacrosse. Pierre was moving slowly, and turned in a flash at the first sound of pursuit. Running Thunder halted, too—for the stranger held a rifle, uncased, in the hollow of his arm.

"This my country! How you come here?" asked Running Thunder, in such French as he knew.

"Your country?" returned the half-breed. "How much did you pay Mister Laurier for it?"

"I tell you, all this is my trapping-country! You make a joke now; but perhaps you stop joking pretty soon!"

The jeering expression left Pierre's face and a darker, steadier look took its place. "Unless you have the deeds of this land," he said, "I have as much right to take fur in it as you have. I am a Canadian, and this land belongs to the Canadian Government, and the furs in it belong to the man who takes them."

"You talk mighty big," retorted the other, "but if you don't go from here you maybe find that Running Thunder can do more than talk."

"I'll not go!" replied Pierre. "I am settled here for the winter, so here I stay!"

Running Thunder was not an unkind young man at heart, but now the nasty side of his temper was inflamed. He did not like to be defied by a stranger, here in the middle of his own stamping-ground. He would teach the bold half-breed a lesson.

"You stay till the new moon and Running Thunder kill you!" he said. "You pack out before the new moon and you still live!"

"I'll not move for you, nor for your whole damn tribe!" cried Pierre. "I have as good a right as you to take fur in this country, and I am settled here; so here I stay!"

"Till one night before the new moon," said Running Thunder.

"Till I'm very well ready to move!" retorted Pierre.

They glared at each other in angry silence for several seconds. Then Running Thunder said, "You talk too big! All this my trapping-country! What I care about the Government 'way in here? You get out before the new moon!"

"I can't," began Pierre, but pride and anger got the better of his sudden anxiety, and, without another word, he turned his back to the Indian and continued his interrupted journey.

Running Thunder gazed after the half-breed with something like admiration changing the light in his angry eyes. He was brave, this poacher! Only a brave man (or a downright fool) would thus turn his back on an armed enemy and walk slowly away. So the young man stood motionless and stared after Pierre's retreating form until the leafless branches of the maples hid it from his view. Then he turned and went back along the double trail.

Pierre Lacrosse arrived at his shack above the snow-shrouded rapids within an hour of leaving his new-found enemy. He had travelled the four miles as in an evil dream, his heart aching dully, his mind bitterly occupied with this new and unexpected trouble. As he had said, it was impossible for him to move out of this country—he could not afford either the time or expense required for the building of another shack, and he dared not expose Little Peter to the cold and fatigue of a mid-winter journey; but he realised now the danger of defying Running Thunder. He should have thrown himself upon the young man's mercy and not talked so hotly about his rights. He could not afford to move, but, on the other hand, could he now afford to stay? He cursed the anger and mad pride that had inspired him to make an enemy of the young trapper. If he stayed he must either shed human blood or let his own life be taken! And if he were killed, what was to

become of Little Peter, the child of his heart?

That night, as Pierre Lacrosse lay awake in his bunk, with the boy sleeping quietly beside him, an idea came to his tortured mind that promised a way out of his desperate position. He would pocket his pride, go to Running Thunder's shack and beg him to let him remain in the country until spring. He would tell him about Little Peter. He would surely soften the young man's heart if there were any heart at all to soften. He felt convinced that no man, red or white, could hear of Little Peter and remain merciless. He did not know where Running Thunder lived, but he would start early, along the trail of yesterday, and track him down.

Pierre Lacrosse was astir before the first hint of the winter dawn. He lit the fire, put the kettle on to boil, carried in a dozen armfuls of wood from the stack outside and brought up two pails of water from the hole in the crusted rapids. Then he dressed Little Peter. He told the child that he had to go farther to-day than usual, and that he might not get home before sun-down. Little Peter accepted the fact bravely, but his round eyes grew dim with a sudden moisture that defied his will. At that sight the father's heart began to slacken in its courage. Suddenly, the thought of leaving the child alone in the cabin, in that huge and desolate wilderness, for a long, long day seemed a monstrous thing. But it must be done! This was a safe place, and the little fellow was brave. Yes, he was brave! He was one to try to hide his tears, like a full-grown man. This added to the pity of it.

They sat very close together while they ate their breakfast by candle light. Enough food was cooked to last the child for the day, and wood and water were handy. Dawn was breaking through the gloomy tree-tops when Pierre kissed Little Peter and left the cabin. His snow-shoes were on his feet and his rifle uncased in his hand. He heard the door shut behind him and the wooden latch drop into place. He stepped aside to the small window and tapped upon it with his mittened hand. The little boy came, his eyes abrim with tears, and pressed his lips against the pane, and the man stooped and pressed his against the outside of the glass. Then the father turned and strode away into the shadowy forest.

The wilderness shows a bland face to her parasites, but the old menaces remain, unchanged since the first days, ever ready to strike. Men go up and down in the forests for years, mastering the rapids and the snowy trails and taking toll of wood and barren-land, and when one of the lurking hands strikes at last they call it "chance." But Pierre Lacrosse had an imagination, and so feared the bland wilderness. To-day, as he moved away from the cabin that sheltered his child, every sense was alert for a hint of danger. He knew that the wilderness does not strike only when she frowns—that a man may win safe through her snarling rapids, only to come to grief in the quiet waters below. She has queer, terrible tricks, and often strikes a man through his own hand, by the glance of an axe-blade or the twist of a sinew.

The sun came up clear above the eastern hills, shone in a blue sky for an hour and then grew dim. Pierre halted, and gazed on all sides and overhead. He smelt snow in the still air. By this time he had travelled far on Running Thunder's trail of the day before and was in a country new to him. His anxiety for the little boy alone in the distant cabin grew, and in the same mental process his fear of Running Thunder's wrath faded away. What if he were to go astray in the storm that was brewing and wander for days before regaining the shack? How Little

Peter would suffer as the night drew on! Fear might kill him or drive him mad!

Suddenly and silently, snow began to circle down out of the brooding sky. "So!" exclaimed Pierre. "I have done my best! Then I must be quick of hand and eye on the night of the new moon." He turned and struck out swiftly on the back trail. The circling flakes weaved a curtain of mystery and silence around him. He thought of the hidden menaces of the wilderness, and his heart ached again for Little Peter. He pictured him in the darkening cabin, crouched close to the hearth, crying quietly. It was for the child he suffered!—for himself, it was a matter to laugh at! Had he nothing but his own safety to consider he would simply press forward until the trail vanished in the new snow and then make camp until the storm was over. He had spent many a night under the winter sky, his bed a trench in the drifted snow. But now he changed his long stride to a trot, determined to win back to familiar landmarks before the prints of the racquets were entirely obliterated. This would require no great skill or endurance; but anxiety for Little Peter, unnerving him and flustering his wits, made it look a desperate undertaking.

Vastly to his relief, Pierre Lacrosse arrived in safety at his shack about mid-afternoon. The snow was still circling down, unstirred by any wind, filling the breathless gloom with a frail, million-footed rustling that was audible to the spirit, rather than the ear. Pierre sounded the familiar signal on the door, and was answered by a quick, glad cry. The latch was lifted. Striding in, snow-cloaked and with the snow-banked racquets still on his feet, he let his rifle fall clattering to the floor and lifted his son in his hungry arms. The night of the new moon, only two days distant, was forgotten.

On the night of the new moon the light over the wilderness was shimmering and dim. The high stars, glinting above a scarcely perceptible haze of frost, cast a tangled, subdued radiance across the forest spires. Running Thunder slipped out of the shimmer and shadow of the spruces, quiet himself as a shadow, and stole across the narrow clearing to Pierre Lacrosse's shack. He carried his rifle in his hand, with cartridges in the magazine and one in the breech, but indecision was stirring in his heart. He saw firelight, like a red shadow, wavering on the frosted panes of the tiny window. He crept along the side of the shack, high on the drifted snow, and laid his ear to the frame of the window. He could hear nothing. He drew back a little and pulled one of his heavy, fur-lined mittens from his hand. "I must get him mad," he reflected, "and I must get mad myself. I can't shoot him in cold blood, like I would a porcupine."

He tapped on the frosted pane with his bare fingers, then held the empty mitten against the glass, keeping his hand behind the frame. A rifle *whanged* viciously! The mitten flew from his fingers and tinkling fragments of glass fell inwards to the floor.

In the startled, ringing silence that followed, Running Thunder smiled grimly. "He has taken first shot! Now it is my turn!" he muttered. Still kneeling, still smiling grimly, he turned toward the end of the shack in which the one door was situated. His victim would soon be out to ascertain the result of his quick shot. He waited, the muzzle of his rifle advanced, his thumb on the hammer, his forefinger on the trigger. Then a surprising, disconcerting sound caught his ear—the sound of a child crying and the voice of the half-breed striving to comfort. Light came to him in a flash. But why had the stranger not told him about the pappoose that day they met on the trail? He continued to kneel, quiet and

motionless, listening at the shattered window, but the cruel smile was gone from his lips. He could hear the man's low, pleading voice and the half-stiffled sobs of the child.

"It was only a wolf that I fired at," said the man. "I saw him look in at the window, and I had to shoot quick, for he was a cruel wolf and meant to hurt us. So don't cry, Little Peter. The wolf has gone."

Running Thunder nodded his head as he listened. "He is right," he reflected. "He could not go away to a new country this time of year with the little pappoose. So he tried to shoot me before I could shoot him. That was right. But he should have told me about the child at first and not talked so big about his rights."

Again he put his hand to the window and tapped on the glass. The voice of the man ceased on the instant, but the sobbing of the child continued. "The wolf has gone away," said Running Thunder, clearly. "He has gone away and will not hurt you."

"Are you the devil himself?" cried the man within the shack.

"The devil has gone—out of my heart," replied the other. "He has gone—with the wolf you tried to shoot. The voice of the child sent him away. I did not know of the child. So put down your rifle, for I do not mean to hurt you."

"Do you try to trick me?" asked Pierre. "Remember, I fight for my son! My life is his life—so I shoot quick!"

"I speak truth," replied Running Thunder. "See! I drop my rifle through the broken window. Now I can do you no harm."

"But you came to kill me," said Pierre. "This is the night of the new moon."

"Yes," said the other, "I came to shoot you, for you talked to me of your rights in my own trapping-country. You should have told me of the pappoose—for I am a father, too. But it does not matter now! So let me come in and smoke with you, brother, and see the pappoose. Oh! yes, there is plenty of fur in this country for both of us—and enough for you to make me a new mitten, maybe."

OUR PRINTED TREASURES

BY VICTOR MORIN

"THEN you are one of those cranks who will pay $25 for the possession of some little shabby, raggy, dirty-looking pamphlet hardly as large as my hand?"

Such was the appreciation of an intimate friend, to whom I was showing with pride my printed treasures!

"I am a worse fool than that, I replied; for I would be delighted to pay even a larger sum if you could procure me the *"Mandement"* issued by Monseigneur de Pontbriand, in 1759, and consisting of a single printed leaf."

"Your wife has my sympathy."

"Very kind of you. By the way, how much did you pay for that small, shiny, glassy ornament pinned on your scarf?"

"This, sir, is a genuine white diamond; it cost me $200.

"It is hardly as large as the tip of my little finger's nail! You could have bought a good-sized decanter stopper for ten cents."

"What constitutes the value of diamonds, sir, is their scarcity; if they were so plentiful as to be dumped about, nobody would care for them."

"That is exactly what constitutes the value of my books, with this difference: that I do not boast of their possession to the extent of pinning them to my neckties. I love their old wrinkled faces too much to expose them in that way, and they return that love by telling me the sweet tales of the past, as good, old 'Uncle Landreville' used to tell us.

"Take, for instance, this little manuscript of the XVth century; it is a 'Book of Hours,' written in Latin, and think of the enormous length of time that the Benedictine monk who scribbled it must have spent in painting these beautiful initial letters, whose gold is so well preserved; take a magnifying glass and examine these scrolls, flowers, and miniatures painted in different colours that adorn the text and the margins, and pretend, if you dare, that it is not marvellous."

And thus our evening began.

Let us take a specimen of early printing; it is dated MCCCCLXXII., as you may see at the end of the volume, that is to say, eighteen years only after the first known printed publication bearing a date. I apologise for not showing you a copy of Gutenberg's Bible, the first book known to have been printed with movable types, but as there are only eight copies on vellum and twenty-two on paper existing in the entire world, and the last sale of a copy yielded $50,000 at the sale of the Hoe library in New York last April, I hope you will readily excuse me.* If you are well acquainted with Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan he might let you see his, but I doubt very much that you can borrow it, for it is a well-known fact that "a book lent is a book lost."

We call these books *incunabula*, from a Latin word meaning "cradle," as they were printed in the infancy of the printing art, and this generic term applies to all books published before the year 1500. All *incunabula* are rare and fetch big prices whenever

* Mr. Hoe had purchased this copy at the Asburnham sale in 1892 for $20,000, and it is claimed that it had been stolen from the University of Mainz in 1793; two leaves thereof have been replaced by *facsimile*.

they are offered for sale; the prices generally vary according to scarcity. Some books of a later date also command big prices, as, for instance, those that have been suppressed, others that have been printed with a limited number of copies, special editions, and other causes which have rendered a book scarce for one reason or another, or valuable in itself as *edition de luxe*.

The fifteenth century, which gave us the discovery of printing, was also contemporary with the discovery of the New World, and Gutenberg's art did not lose time in finding its way to these coasts of America, which were new to Europeans, but where old indigenous civilisations existed.

Brunet, who has compiled one of the best works on bibliography, *Manuel du Libraire et de l'Amateur de Livres*, claims that the first book printed in America was a *Vocabularia en Lengua Castellana y Mexicana*, at Mexico, in 1555, but it seems to be generally admitted to-day that, as early as 1522, Vice Roy Juan de Mendoza introduced printing into Mexico, and the first work there published was *L'Eschele Celeste*, printed by Jean Pablos.

In Peru books were being printed in 1586.

Our neighbours in Uncle Sam's country were not people to stay long behind in evidencing this true token of civilisation, as they hold that "the consumption of paper is indicative of a nation's degree of civilisation." Printing was established in Cambridge, Massachusetts, as far back as 1639; the first printer was Stephen Daye, and his first-born, a small pamphlet entitled "The Freeman's Oath." Then followed Boston, with John Foster, in 1674;* Philadelphia, with William Bradford, in 1687, and the same Bradford, in New York, in 1693; New London, with Thomas Short, in 1709, until the far-famed Benjamin Franklin founded in 1728 a newspaper, which is still in existence, under the name of *The Saturday Evening Post*, and which has been followed by such a flood of American newspapers, magazines and books that the output of one day would have made Gutenberg crazy.

Canada, for many reasons, was kept behind for a good many years in the art of printing; our forefathers came here to evangelise the heathen natives, and subsequently to trade with them, and had very little time to devote to literary pursuits, having to hold the sickle in one hand to provide food for their families and the gun in the other to protect them against the Indians.

However, the Swede, Peter Kalm, who made a trip through this country in 1749, wrote, in the narrative of his journey, that there was not any printing press in Canada at that time, "although there existed some previously." It has been impossible, however, to find any trace of the works of such "previous" printing presses.

The glory of the first printing establishment in Canada seems to belong to Halifax, where John Bushell settled as a printer almost immediately after the surrender of that city to Cornwallis in 1749, and where he published in 1757 *The Halifax Gazette*, whose title was changed later to that of *The Nova Scotia Gazette*, and *The Weekly Chronicle*, and lasted until about 1800.

Next in date comes old Quebec, which saw, on the 21st June, 1764, the birth of *The Quebec Gazette*, printed by Brown and Gilmore, and after their death by the Neilsons (Brown's nephews and their descendants), until 1851; it continued as a daily newsaper until 1874, when it became weekly, published by *The Quebec Chronicle*, until these last few years, a length of life seldom attained by any newspaper. Sir L. H. Lafontaine, who died in 1864, possessed a complete file thereof, but the *Gazette* outlived him; the most complete col-

* A 1676 Foster imprint, entitled; "*A brief history of the war with the Indians in New England*" by Increase Mather was sold at auction in New York last January for $155.

lection now existing is probably that of the distinguished bibliophile, Abbé Dubois, Principal of the Jacques Cartier Normal School, of Montreal, who secured it from the Neilson family; its value is estimated at at least $5,000.

Brown and Gilmore, who settled in the Province of Quebec as its first printers, came from Philadelphia. It required a great deal of courage to travel on horseback over the wilderness at that time to establish printing in a new country, at a great expense, and with a prospect of only 110 subscribers to their newspaper, after having anticipated 300.

It is a question, however, whether *The Quebec Gazette* was the first print born in this country, and Mr. Philias Gagnon, who has written a very able book on Canadian bibliography, claims that two *Mandements* were printed by Bishop Pontbriand, one in Quebec, in the month of April, and the other in Montreal, in the month of October, 1759.

As to books, it has been held until recently, that the first one printed in this country was the *Catéchisme du Diocese de Sens*, printed by Brown and Gilmore at Quebec in 1765, and of which five copies are known to exist at this time, but Mr. Hubert Neilson, one of the descendants of the pioneer Quebec printers, asserts that the first book printed by Brown and Gilmore was a "Presentment of the Grand Juries," dated October 22nd, 1764, and printed a few months later, as established by the account books of Brown and Gilmore, which have been preserved in the Neilson family.

Although that book was stated to be in Mr. Neilson's possession for some time, it seems to have disappeared for a number of years; but I have seen a copy of the French edition thereof, owned by Laval University (Quebec), and printed at the same time, or shortly after the English copy. The title reads as follows: *A La premiére Cour de Séance de Quartier de la Paix Tenue à Québec en Octobre, 1764. La charge d'instruction donnée par le respectable Président aux grands Jurés.* This pamphlet has nineteen pages and bears at the end the inscription: *A Quebec le 22 de Octobre, 1764*, which was probably the date of the presentment made in court; there is probably no other copy extant.

Still, in this connection, Halifax claims the glory of the first printed pamphlet; the Bushell press in 1753 issued: *Treaty on Articles of Peace and Friendship renewed between His Excellency Peregrine Thomas Hopson, Esq., Canadian General and Governor-in-Chief, in and over His Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia or Acadie, etc., and Major Jean-Baptiste Cope, Chief Sachem, of a tribe of Mickmack Indians, etc.* The Mickmack Indians took great interest in the settlers of Nova Scotia at that time, and were very fond of making collections of their scalps, if we can judge of the fact by a proclamation printed by Bushell in 1756, offering in retaliation £25 for every Mickmack scalp.

The Indians were not to be considered in those olden days as a neglected portion of the community, and we find that in 1767 a prayer book was printed by Brown and Gilmore at Quebec, in the Montagnais language, entitled *"Nehiro-Iriniui Aiamihe Massinahigan"*; it was written by Father Labrosse, a missionary amongst those Indians, and consisted of ninety-six pages. Brown and Gilmore's books of account show the fact that 2,000 copies thereof were printed, for which they charged forty-five pounds; a single copy fetches nowadays half the price of the total edition, as some ten copies only are known to exist. Judge L. W. Sicotte, of Montreal, who takes pride in the possession of many rarities, has a beautifully preserved copy of it.

After 1767 there followed a few volumes of ordinances and Acts of

the Crown, until a work of real importance was published by F. J. Cugnet on the laws of the country, in four books, and printed by Guillaume Brown, at Quebec, in 1775. My copy unfortunately lacks two leaves, but I do not give up the hope of completing it some day, as collectors are sometimes enabled to do, out of another defective copy.

Publicity then seemed to be confined within the walls of Quebec, until the astute Americans thought that the best way to induce French-Canadians to side with them in their revolt against England in 1776 was to spread their arguments by means of the printing press; whereupon the famous Benjamin Franklin and two colleagues came to Montreal, as a delegation, with a French printer named Fleury Mesplets, and established a printing press in the cellars of the Château de Ramezay; but the cool reception which they received from the French-Canadians, who remained loyal to the British Crown, soon compelled the delegation to return to its country and "report progress."

Mesplets, however, backed by a countryman of his, named Berger, remained in Montreal to exercise his art, and the first product of his press was this little book, entitled *Règlement de la Confrérie de l'Adoration Perpétuelle du St. Sacrément et la Bonne Mort,* in 1776, which is the first book known to have been printed in Montreal. The title page states, it is true, that it is a "new edition," but it appears that the first edition had been printed by Mesplets in Philadelphia and was lost on his journey to Montreal in the rapids of the Chambly River.

Two years later, the 3rd June, 1778, he founded the *Gazette Littéraire,* the first French newspaper published in Canada, and in 1785, *La Gazette de Montréal,* in French and English.

Until that time leaf calendars only were used, but Mesplets soon started the publication of almanacks, the first of which he printed in 1777. There is only one copy of that almanack known—it belongs to Laval University, Montreal; others were printed by him in 1778, 1779, 1782, 1783, and 1784, and the Jacques Cartier Normal School boasts of having a copy of each; from an advertisement published in *The Gazette,* it appears that another one was published for the year 1789, still no copy thereof is known to exist.

But the most precious series of almanacks are those known as "Quebec Almanacks," whose publication was commenced by William (Guillaume) Brown, in 1780, and was continued yearly after him by the Neilsons until 1841, with the exception of years 1781, 1790, and 1793 only. Here again the Jacques Cartier Normal School takes pride in the most complete collection of these, lacking only that of 1786. These almanacks are very useful, inasmuch as they contain a directory of all the public officers, military and civil, and a wide scope of information; the collection is valued at about $2,000.

All these early specimens of Canadian printing are styled, "Canadian Incunabula," and this appellation applies generally to all books printed in Canada up to 1820; all of them are scarce and valuable, much more so that, owing to the small number of purchasers, they were published only in very limited editions. They cannot be procured in the ordinary book stores, as they have been out of print for a very long time. Second-hand book stores, auctions, and exchanges of duplicates between collectors constitute the chief sources of supply, and the profane can hardly conceive an idea of the happiness of a book-lover who discovers and secures the possession of a long-coveted rarity.

These early productions of the press were more or less dry, from an

intellectual point of view. Literary writers, however, soon began to read their essays and to give them to the printer. We have a report of a meeting held by the *Société Littéraire de Québec* on the 3rd of June, 1809, printed by J. Neilson; the year previous, in 1808, the same printer had published for J. Quesnel a musical comedy, entitled *Colas & Colinette ou le Bailli dupé*.

The Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, founded in 1824, commenced the publication of its "Transactions" in 1829, and has also published until recently a series of "Historical Documents" of great importance.

As regards historical pursuits, the first work of importance published in Canada was a "History of Canada," by William Smith, printed in 1815, in two volumes. Judge Haliburton followed with "An Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," in 1829; Michel Bibaud, with a *Histoire du Canada sous la Domination Francaise*, in 1837, and *Histoire du Canada sous la Domination Anglaise*, in 1844; but the best work of the kind is Garneau's *Histoire du Canada*, whose first edition was published in four volumes in 1845-1852; three other editions were published since, and the fifth one is now in course of preparation by his grandson; it has been translated into English by Bell, and printed in several editions in that language.

Other histories of Canada and narratives of travel had been published in France by the early settlers and missionaries of this country, commencing with Jacques Cartier's *Brief récit & succincte narration de la navigation faicte ès Isles de Canada Hochelaga & Saguenay & autres, &c.*, published at Paris in 1545, and other works by the same author; Champlain's *Des Sauvages ou Voyage*, in 1603; Lescarbot's *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, in 1609; Sagard's *Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons*, in 1632, and *Histoire du Canada et Voyages, &c.*, in 1636, and the most important, *Relations des Jésuites*, published in 1611, 1616, and yearly from 1632 to 1672; but, as these works were published in Europe, I merely mention them as relating to Canada, although they are very scarce and important, and of great value.

On account of the importance of these *Relations* and of their scarcity, the Canadian Government caused a reprint thereof to be made in Quebec in three volumes, in 1858, and lately the learned R. G. Thwaites has published a beautiful edition of *Relations* in Cleveland, in seventy-three volumes. While speaking of reprints, I will make a special mention of the reprint of Champlain's works made in Quebec in 1870 by Abbé Laverdière, under the patronage of Laval University, with the reproduction of the maps, engravings and type of the early editions, as it is probably the finest specimen of the Canadian printing art extant.

Not because of its bibliographic scarcity, but on account of its intrinsic value for all Canadians, I call attention to this work, in seven volumes: *Dictionnaire Généalogique des Familles Canadiennes*, by Abbé Tanguay; it it probably unique in its kind in any country, as it contains the genealogy of all Canadian families from the early settlement to the present era, a work to which the learned author has devoted a long life of patient research, labour and study, which could only be undertaken for a new country like ours, where the history of the people does not go too far back. A new edition thereof will soon be undertaken by a committee of genealogists, with a view to correct the unavoidable errors that crept into a work of such a large scope.

But, thus far, I have only dwelt upon some of the riches owned by Lower Canada. The sister Province of Ontario came later in the production of prints.

Neilson sent his foreman, Louis

Roy, to establish a printing press in Newark (now Niagara, and then the capital of Ontario), and the first newspaper of that Province was published by him on the 18th April, 1793, under the name of *The Upper Canada Gazette*. Roy was not successful, however, so he transferred his printing press to York (now Toronto), and tried his luck also in Montreal, where he founded a *Montreal Gazette* the 17th August, 1796, in opposition to another *Montreal Gazette*, then published by Edwards. Both were printed in French and English, but in the competition, Roy's *Gazette* was soon defeated, whilst Edward's is still in existence.

The Upper Canada Gazette migrated to York the 4th October, 1798, and Roy was replaced at Newark by Tiffany, who published a newspaper, *The Constellation*, in 1799 and 1800; we also have almanacks published by Tiffany at the same place in 1802 and 1803.

When Roy came back from York he left the printing establishment in the care of Waters and Simons, but neither proved able to fill a position of trust, and in 1801 Neilson sent John Bennett to take charge of affairs. It took Bennett one month and three days to reach his destination. He soon set things right, was appointed first King's printer for Upper Canada, and published *The Journal of the House of Assembly of Upper Canada* in 1801; but Neilson, finding it hard to manage his interests successfully at such a distance, with the difficulty of communications, soon recalled his printing office to Quebec, and left it to other printers, who had settled there in the meantime, to continue the impulse he had given to the art in the sister Province.

Kingston was not far behind in the pursuit. *The Kingston Gazette* was brought up in 1810, and the first known book of fiction published in Upper Canada was printed in that city in 1824; it is entitled "St. Ursula's Convent, or the Nun of Canada," and is supposed to have been written by Miss Julia Beckwith, of Fredericton; it is exceedingly scarce, so much so that authorities on bibliography have even raised doubts as to its existence, but I have seen a well-preserved copy thereof in the Toronto Library, where Doctor Locke ably fills the office of Chief Librarian, left vacant by the death of that learned book-lover, the lamented Mr. James Bain.

At this moment, the grand-father clock in the corner solemnly struck twelve, and my friend jumped to his feet.

"Is it possible," he said, "that I have been listening to your cackle, and taking interest in the ugly little things that you have pulled out of your bookshelves for the last four hours?"

"You are welcome to grumble, my friend," I said, "for I perceive that the microbe of bibliomania has already found a good culture ground in you, and I firmly believe that you will start to-morrow hunting for some of 'our printed treasures.' I was perhaps a worse heathen than you were about old books, until I glanced, by a mere accident, at the prices which scarce Canadian books command in catalogues, and I became so interested that I am now collecting them to the extent of filling not only my book shelves, but every closet available in the house. The uninitiated may pity us, but I am sure you will find in that innocent but intelligent mania more pleasure and intellectual reward than you have ever found in any of the nights you have spent over the card table in the club.

The next day my friend asked me to lend him one of my book catalogues.

SABRES

A TALE OF EIGHTEEN-TWELVE

BY THOMAS STANLEY MOYER

IT was the hour of the reddening of the sun and the shadows of tall pines were long upon the road of corduroy.

Besides the pines there was another thing that cast a long dark, jagged shape upon the road, and that was the figure of a mounted dragoon riding towards the east. Well mounted, too, this solitary cavalier, upon a beast of some blood. That long, glittering sabre, that hung far below his charger's belly, was tolerably dependable looking also—from hilt to tip, four feet of it!

The evening was warm. The cavalier rode slowly. Sometimes he looked back over his shoulder towards the north-west. He was a little higher than the waters of the Bay of Burlington—almost level, indeed, with the heights at its extremity. By standing in his stirrups on each successive rising-ground in the road, and using his glasses, he could see on the heights a certain flag, flapping idly in the breezes, and also some shelters of canvas beyond earthworks.

At such times he would look at a little watch of gold, winningly, with some paling of face and becoming more and more set as he rode from rising ground into hollow and again to rising ground.

By and by he came to the crossing of two trails of corduroy. Then horse and man became motionless, standing a little to one side amidst low-hanging foliage.

When he had drawn rein he again looked at the little watch of gold—at the flag on the distant heights—at the vista in the second road of corduroy.

"Perhaps two hours before the moon rises; not later," he murmured.

Back on the road upon which he had ridden, and not far from the fluttering flag, but riding eastward, too, was a second cavalier—mounted likewise admirably, bearing Lincoln sabre of epic length. At every knoll he also glanced thoughtfully back towards the heights at the extremity of the bay. His watch was not of gold, but of silver. His face wore a pallor very much like that of the first rider.

By the time he was within a half-mile of the junction of the shadowy corduroy, the mount "of some blood" beneath the foliage had gone forward again, with a rider whose face was now white and whose eyes had a troubled look, tinged with anger.

"Perhaps two hours before the moon rises! Faith, my dear Harvey, that is an unfortunate way of telling time. Not being an astronomer, nor a scientist, how the devil am I to know when the moon rises? Perhaps he was thinking of the time of its rising last night. I am less observant, for which I shall probably be shot by my own Colonel. What is left? Nothing but to demand of little Bess, since I am going there anyway, just what time the moon does rise. And Bess failing—ah! I should prefer being shot by another than Harvey. But—to Bess!"

The sun was half below the horizon beyond the heights. The dragoon was a little way along the corduroy when

he began to canter—no longer towards the east, but towards the north—and the lake—and Bess!

Soon the second cavalier came also to the crossing of the forest-ways, watch in hand, with eyes turning from heights to corduroy bearing north.

"Good heaven!" said he, in a low tone, "the Colonel probably thinks I read the heavens. I do not, but only my watch, which plainly has no moon in to rise at any time. Harvey has put it so, in order to make me return immediately, since I am uncertain; and, if I fail, Harvey will shoot me. I have reckoned some on being shot by Yankees to-night, but before this happy event I should like to see Bess—to tell her a certain something. My faith, Harvey, I should prefer some other would shoot me. But let us ride—to Bess!"

The sun was completely hidden now, and shadows blended and deepened and crossed phantastically. Nevertheless, our second cavalier made shift in starting to catch sight of certain marks upon the soft soil beneath the foliage. There he saw trampled grass and the impress of ironed hoofs. Whether or not he too was white, it being nearly dark, there is no certainty. But into the silent, abbey-like forest on every hand rang a hoarse cry straightway—wild, echoing, like an oath. This admirable rider's mount did not canter—it galloped, flying and pattering, making a multiplicity of rapping sounds, as of some terrible hail. On and on he crashed, bending low, gazing fire-eyed into the vista of the highway.

It was at this time that a young girl of eighteen, dark-eyed and light of foot, paused with hand on heart at the edge of a little clearing whence she could see for some distance into the road. A sound of cantering hoofs was registering a sharp tattoo in the soft heart of her. Her eyes were wide and suggested tears, ready, but as yet unlet.

"Ah! that is Cavers on his dear Duke. I thought—oh! he is spurring faster. What has happened? There has been no firing. Can it be—?"

But she had not concluded all her broken soliloquies ere the long Lincoln sabre was clanking towards her, first upon the corduroy and then upon the sod.

When they spoke her graceful form was close to his great breast and the gallant mount was pawing fretfully about the trail.

"Dear Bess," said the cavalier, "I have come to tell you a thing you must know, that I love you. To-night Harvey attacks the Yankees at the Fifty. The most of us will be shot, we think. Would Little Bess care then?"

Slowly her hands went up towards his great shoulders; hot came her troubled tears; pathetically trembled her red, arched lips.

"Tell me, Bess, if I do not come again, who, of all Lincoln, will most—?"

Far away towards the south, from depths of forest now black with night, were certain muffled beating sounds, rapid as the crackle of musketry.

"By heavens!" cried her cavalier, "who rides like that at this hour? Little Bess! Those hoof-beats are of Chester's 'Fury.' Not another mare in Lincoln flies like that. Bess, why does *he* come to-night?"

Yes, Chester—famed "Fury" beneath him—bearing down at a frightful pace—sabre pitching—head bared—even now dimly in sight at a turn in the highway!

"Ah! Bess, you do not answer me, and the time is short. Speak!"

The small, soft hands were not quite to his shoulders, and they went no farther.

Angrily he flung her away, caught the bridle of his charger, bounded to the saddle, and dashed off at an angle into the woods beyond the western end of the clearing.

When he no longer heard the rattle of hoofs upon the corduroy from the south he drew rein, wheeled, and rode

carefully back, choosing ground that was moist.

In the little clearing the flying "Fury's" cavalier was clanking, first upon the corduroy and then upon the sod, straight to where Bess stood—pale, trembling, throwing glances into the dim woods, and fearful at her second cavalier, who caught her hands in his and drew her nearer.

When he had put his arms about the faintly-resisting form—hot words of love on lip—he chanced to glance towards the ground at her feet.

"Why, Bess! At the corner of the Burlington road were hoof-marks in the sod—very fresh! Here beside us are hoof-marks—equally fresh! Bess, Bess! you know I love you. To-night we fight—a desperate attempt—I wanted you to say—"

Suddenly he saw that her eyes were turned in the direction whither had gone the deep mark of hoofs. Then he flung her away from him, flew to saddle, and set off spurring and swearing into the blackened woods.

Not far!

Cavers, of the first coming, was coming again, and was once more near at hand.

Ten paces! Then—.

The charger of Cavers reared and plunged. Two swords hissed out and up. Two curses rang out far and wide amidst the rasp of darting steel.

"Lieutenant Chester perhaps prefers pistols. In that case he need but say so," cried Cavers, with lightning thrust of sword.

"On the contrary, Sabres! Lieutenant Cavers's taste is admirable. I shall not attempt to improve his choice."

When Cavers's shako was cut in two upon the ground and Chester's right sleeve was blood-soaked, Cavers stole, cleverly, a glance at his watch and began to speak.

"Ah! hah! There is a little affair that is not to be overlooked, Lieutenant Chester. Be good enough, I beg of you, in case you manage to kill me, to report to Colonel Harvey that I have obeyed orders in so far as a king's officer and gentleman could."

At the side of the corduroy something toppled to the ground with a heavy, dull thud and lay unmoving.

"Ah, brave Bess!" murmured both dragoons at once.

Then bloody-armed Chester bowed to his antagonist with an odd smile.

"My dear Cavers, I was just about to make a like request of you. Be assured I shall not fail you. Certainly, I purpose to obtain the right to do the reporting."

"If I do not remove your head in the meantime," Chester retorted.

Cavers rose in his stirrups, so speaking, and delivered a terrible "cut one" that rapped harmlessly upon the thick hilt of Chester's blade and well-nigh pitched its deliverer headlong to the corduroy.

"Nobody but a Lincoln dragoon could have struck such a blow," said Chester.

"Nor parried such," said Cavers.

The chargers reeked in crimson sweat. The eyes of the cavaliers were starting.

The silent thing on the grass by the highway gave no sign.

"Perhaps Lieutenant Cavers, being tired a little, would prefer pistols now himself. Or perhaps—"

Then Chester stopped abruptly and saluted like a marshal of Louis Fourteen—smiling bitterly.

Cavers smiled, too, and looked westward and then at his small watch of gold.

"Ah! hah! that *ensemble*. There was, I had thought, to be no bugle," cried Chester.

"Nor I!" cried Cavers; and then continued: "Nevertheless, it is Harvey's bugle. Death! I meant to have asked little Bess as to the rising of the moon. But I fear she cannot say any longer."

"No, I fear not. Therefore let us go to Harvey and be shot. Perhaps the Yankees will do it for us, which one would you prefer?"

"One would prefer that.

From the south came the roll of four long crescendo volleys of musketry—like sound of broken thunder in the distance.

Then Chester dismounted, knelt low over the face of the silent thing in the grass, and, vaulting to saddle, galloped off towards the sound of the echoing firing.

And then, in turn, Cavers, already upon the corduroy, swore angrily, bent low over the white face, rose, mounted and flew clattering after him.

Before they had reached the crossing of the high-roads Cavers's mount was neck and neck with the flying "Fury."

"Our little affair must wait," murmured Chester, spurring.

"That is unfortunate, too," commented Cavers, spurring also.

"Pray, why?"

"Because Harvey will have me shot for not returning. He promised me as much, in fact."

"Then, in that case you are as good as shot already, and I with you."

"You? No."

"Why not?"

"I beg to remind you, Lieutenant Chester, that I attacked you first. Otherwise you would have been back to Harvey."

"Lieutenant Cavers, I was already priming a pistol and spurring after you when you returned."

"Ah, then, let us be shot together—by Yankees if possible."

"Yes, by Yankees, if possible. Faith, there is the flame of musketry over there. We are too far to the south," went on Chester, "let us turn together and attack together. Yonder, good heavens! are Harvey and his adjutant. Let us hope he will permit us to fight first."

"Indeed, yes. It is too bad that your arm bleeds so."

"My faith, Cavers, you are exquisite with your courtesy."

The battle was near them now.

"Sabres, Chester!"

"Sabres, Cavers!"

Honest, dashing fellows of some soul! Certes, yes! Down they rode, well into the flame and smoke and steel, yelling wildly and casting glances from one to another with strange looks.

Into the midst of the red flaming maze, the waving swords flashed like some terrible serpentine lightning.

The ranks of dragoons saw and broke into hoarse cheers.

"Boys, here is your Chester!" shouted Cavers.

"Dear lads, I have brought you your Cavers!" cried Chester.

The battle tempest flamed farther then—the surging, thundering tide burst into the lines of blue, enveloping them.

At twenty paces from the flap of an officer's tent, Cavers, galloping down with streaming blade, caught in his broad chest a pistol-ball, and toppled back to crupper, and then to earth, shapelessly.

Chester, riding close, reeled on, sick and white and cursing."

"That was a fair shot," cried he to the officer in blue. "Now it is my turn."

Then one more officer of invading infantry crashed to the soil.

"Ah, hah! for you, brave Cavers, and fair enough, too, I think. Just heaven!"

"There are two, then?"

"Two, brave Chester!"

Chester drew a second pistol, cocked it, pressed trigger, and laughed! Fast riding plays ill with priming.

"Two! Ah, well—but we were two. Fair again, gentlemen. Our dear Harvey will feel slighted—I—no! —Cavers!—so still—little Bess—so still—"

"Fury" plunged, flying on, dragging something heavy, caught in her stirrup—on, on, frantically, bloody-eyed!

Two! and fair enough, good Chester!

*

Away back in the distant woods beyond the cross-roads, in the darkness

of night, a tender girl of eighteen, with dark eyes and hand on heart, was listening, wide-eyed, to the rolling musketry, receding now and dying, mingled with hoarse cries of conquering dragoons.

"God save my brave Cavers," she murmured, with dry lips, "and that brave Chester, who also loves me tenderly."

Alas! tearful one, they are rather beyond sound of the rolling volleys of stout dragoons.

*

In the small hours of the morning, beyond the lines of Harvey's bivouac, and alone beneath the stars, paced a single sentry.

In the course of the watch was one interruption.

"Who goes there?" cried the sentry.

Slowly gliding through the dark shadows of the forest mazes had appeared the form of a woman—hands on heart—gazing—gazing—eyes seeking the ground, as it seemed.

"She stoops," murmured the sentry. He did not call this time. "Ah, she stoops again!"

The softly gliding thing was closing the eyes of Lieutenant Cavers. The eyes of Lieutenant Chester were already closed.

THE NORTHLAND OF 1900

BY CARROLL C. AIKINS.

Dicing with Death amid the deathless hills,
Jesting with Life in Dawson's shibboleth,
Ours are the hazards of the Lust of Gold,
Hunger and pain and frenzied carousal.
Our loves, hates, hopes, our fears and joy attained
Flame forth like torches of the Northern Lights,
Wild, free, unfettered, to the farthest sky,
Fearless as passion, open, unashamed.
Our code unwritten is the primal law
That strong men struggle to avenge their wrong,
That eye shall pay for eye and tooth for tooth,
And woman's honour be a sacred thing.
A woman's honour! God! One glimpse of home!
The drunken riot where the sirens sell
Oblivion to haggard, reeling men!
A woman's honour! God! One glimpse of home!
Love bought and sold and then—the snow-bound trail,
The weary vigil of the endless night,
With God above to judge our naked soul,
As, sick at heart, we work our pennance out.
The Lust of Gold! The Gamble of the Game!
The hope that holds us to our heritage!
The guerdon of the strong who persevere!
The nameless grave beside the luckless claim!

MUSIC OF THE SEASON

BY KATHERINE HALE

ONE thinks of music for Canada not in terms of one city, which, as a kind of central station, may report the coming and passing of great events, but, in the broader sense, of the effect which such events and movements may produce on the country at large.

One of the most significant musical movements of years has come out of Montreal, which has set an example generally in the matter of Grand Opera —that is, where a city or town is large enough to support a moderately expensive company. Opera is a musical medium that we have not appreciated so far, and one which lies very close to the root of musical development. For we get the germ-idea here as we cannot begin to do in orchestra work alone, chorus or concert singing. This is the original idea in living, moving form; it is music wedded to action and gesture, as well as to speech.

In Europe the common people know and sing the music of the operas because they can hear them at any time for a few cents. Their ears become accustomed to the greatest of all languages, until presently they begin to speak it themselves—it enters into their lives.

I do not see why we cannot get music into our lives as truly as the Italians or the Germans. Perhaps there is already a want stirring within us which this movement towards the establishment of a permanent opera will awaken to life, so that after a while we shall establish an opera season in our towns and cities as spontaneously as we now maintain our baseball season, and as successfully. This will be better for us, temperamentally, than so much chorus singing. Canadians need all the warmth they can get. It seems to me that in the formation of so excellent a company as that of the French and Italian singers who travel under the name of the Montreal Opera Company, the city has done honour to itself and to the cause of music. In all departments, from the magnificent conducting of Signor Jacchia, with his fine orchestra, down to the very excellent singing of the chorus, the company was a fine one. Of the work of Madame Esther Ferrabini, the wife of the conductor, too much cannot be said in praise. She has worked as patiently and as gloriously—for her voice is very beautiful——as any industrious German prima donna in some provincial city where opera is just as regular, and as important, as church-going.

Those who "backed" the National Opera idea are doing great things for Canada. So also are those in Toronto who have upheld and made possible the Symphony Orchestra, now one of the most significant factors in the musical life of Ontario. People from the outlying towns and villages are coming to Toronto, as a matter of course, to hear the Symphony concerts, and from season to season the tours of the Orchestra to other places will become more extensive. Their affiliation this year with the Sheffield Choir, in Montreal, was of inestimable benefit to the Musical Festival, and, as the Montreal Opera was a source of

MADAME ESTHER FERRABINI, WHO SANG WITH THE MONTREAL OPERA COMPANY

inspiration to us, our Orchestra must have carried suggestion, at least, to the sister province. Several great symphonies and as many overtures were on the programmes of the six regular concerts of the season, and they were of sufficiently diversified character to please the musical public, as well as the *connoisseur*.

Have you ever realised to what degree of plastic mediumship a body of players must come while they study and interpret the varied manifestations of genius? Then take, for instance, merely the question of the different temperaments, under whose sway players and conductor come during such a season as this has been.

There was Josef Hoffman, with whom the Orchestra rendered the Rubenstein Concerto No. 4, a work written in the loftiest epic style, yet resolving itself into what one critic has called "the most delicate of arabesques." You know what a whirlwind Hoffman is, in that marvellous force which so nearly bursts, but never breaks, its bounds. Was it an easy task to follow the exacting tempestuous moods of this artist? On the same programme came the delicate Symphony of Haydn, a contrast surprisingly marked. Probably the moments that pianists will look back upon as those *par excellence* in a notable season were the ones in which Hoffman poured himself out in that wonderful Chopin group; especially the A Flat Valse, where the oft-repeated passages ran hauntingly forward—never the same—varying in *tempo*, but never in rhythm—as the emotions of the soul led the player on and on.

The Goldmark Concerto in A Minor was the medium chosen by Mr. Francis MacMillan, and here the artist's personality seemed to be full of elegance and restraint—good American ability and control. And then the Orchestra shook itself free and entered on the Symphony Pathetique, where Tschaikowsky takes us up the stairs of wonder leading to the stars: those stairs that are alternate rounds of passion and of pain, a question, and a joy for answer, a question, and bitter woe,

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOWE, A BRILLIANT YOUNG CANADIAN VIOLINIST

and finally and at the last—a question.

And there was that marvellous maiden of our own, Kathleen Parlowe, whose study-ground has been the great European centres, and who has returned to Canada hailed by the greatest critics as chief among women violinists of to-day. She comes upon the platform nun-like and quiet, unpretentious in appearance and manner. She looks at the conductor like a timid child and her eyes ask, "Shall I begin?" She raises her violin and bow and enters the Tschaikowsky Concerto in D Minor—and behold, she is a goddess, mature in every particular of her art. The answer to any criticism whatever of Miss Parlowe's

MADAME NORDICA

playing is found in the observation of a student who has spent years of time on technique: "No one but a practical violinist has any right to speak of an art so flawless and secure. No human being could ever have taught that girl all she knows; half of it is talent and perseverence, but the other half is unalloyed genius." It is a genius of whisperings, of over-tones, of bird flutings, and unearthly trills, like the breath of the free spirit which shall conquer in its own right.

The singers who came to us at the invitation of the Symphony Orchestra were Gadski, Schumann-Heink, Margaret Houston, and Louise Homer. The older artists are known to all. A word must be said for Miss Margaret Houston, a Toronto girl whose art is both sincere and convincing. She sings with her brain, as well as her voice, and has something of a musical message to deliver. Her songs were odd, and delicately chosen. The compositions of Mr. Leo. Smith, a notable 'cellist, who lives in Toronto at present, were remarkably fine. He has interpreted certain words of Browning in the true spirit of the text.

Among the lighter numbers of the Orchestra I have enjoyed nothing more this season than the rendering of "Les Préludes," by Liszt, a wonderful symphonic poem, full of exquisite symbolism and a colour as of tender spring-like green.

It was a thoughtful programme arrangement which placed the Eighth Symphony of Beethoven on the evening that the most typical of German prima donnas sang. Something in the great, big, rocky humour of Beethoven, in his happiest expression of a natural mood, chimed in so admirably with the sonorous temperament of the wonderful "mother of seven," Schumann-Heink, in whose every note lurks the abounding vitality of a soul at home with happiness.

The usual choral concerts of midwinter passed off with success.

The principal novelty of the Mendelssohn Choir was the rendition of Verdi's Requiem, which I did not hear. "The Children's Crusade," by Pierne, was repeated, and on the opening night a miscellaneous programme was given, consisting chiefly of old favourites. The visit of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, under Mr. Stock, was, as always, a rare delight, the orchestra matinée being the most important musical event of the season.

Dr. Ham gave only one concert this year and concentrated on it, the result being decidedly good. The National Chorus sang Max Bruch's "Morning Song of Praise" quite gloriously; also "The Cherubim Song," by Bortnianski, and, throughout a varied programme, proved themselves to be an organisation which now takes an

MADAME TETRAZZINI

assured place among the best choirs. In introducing the Hungarian pianiste, Miss Yolando Mero, Dr. Ham showed his usual skill in choosing exceptional artists. Nothing like this lady's playing has been heard here for a long time. She is all strength, and fire, and sweep. Her interpretation of the Liszt Rhapsodie No. 2 was notable. Miss Margaret Keyes, a contralto with wide range, has a naturally beautiful voice, which is much admired by Canadians. She spoiled her impression this season, however, by an over-confidence of manner and a reckless choice of songs, most of which were gathered from soprano or baritone repertoire.

The Schubert Choir brought us Nordica—Nordica, the incomparable—fresh from the greatest triumph of her life at Paris, where she sang "Tristan and Isolde" in French, bearing the German message of the great Wagner to the ever-cynical French as only a woman of such power could. The oftener I hear Nordica, the more I am convinced of the eternal truth that art is a perpetual going on, not only in technique and knowledge, but

SIR EDWARD ELGAR, ENGLISH COMPOSER

a going on of soul and purpose. How the merely beautiful voices, the perfect instruments, perish, like dew on the grass, when there is nothing underneath to sustain them! Melba came back this season, with the same programme she sang a decade ago. The voice had gone on—in years, the interpretive sense had gone back, and the result was pitiable failure. Tetrazzini is another example of the soulless voice. The organ is perfect, no less, but the woman herself produces an atmosphere of intense self-conscicusness, of an artificiality which the dullest person in the audience feels at once. You "hear Tetrazzini" —that is all. A perfect voice, a bizarre personality, a thousand diverting little mannerisms. But Nordica! Ah, she is in herself a symbol for all that song-universal means. She is a great rose-of-all-the-world. She is a mother, or a lover, or a goddess, or an old negro mammy, or a gondolier on a starry Venetian night—everything that she sings. And whether the superb voice becomes a little tired at times, or the spirit flags, the art and the soul of Nordica will go on and on.

The Schubert Choir sang a very interesting choral variation of an old English folk song, "The Black Monk," by Rutland Boughton, and a motet, by Kahn, called "A Song of Faith," and I noticed particularly the "Barcarolle," from "Les Contes d'Hoffman," by Offenbach, and Handel's "Coronation Anthems." The Schubert Choir improves from year to year, and holds a unique and important position in musical circles. Indeed, the value of its work cannot be over-estimated.

MR. FRANK S. WELSMAN, LEADER OF THE TORONTO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

The manager of the Massey Music Hall is to be congratulated on many attractions—possibly a little hazardous in the undertaking—which have added

DR. CHARLES E. HARRIS AND DR. HENRY COWARD (STANDING)

to the importance of the season. The appearance of Miss Mary Garden, pre-eminently a singer of the new school, is one of these. Her work in such a charming and revolutionary opera as Debussy's "Pelleas and Melisande" is valued very highly in New York; but, as a concert singer, the impression in Toronto was not altogether favourable.

A Toronto singer who made her début this year was Miss Brenda Smellie, who, after a season of study abroad, gave a very charming Recital in Toronto, which was followed by engagements in various Canadian towns. Miss Smellie excells in the dreamy, imaginative songs of Schumann and Brahms, and she has caught a certain vision of the art of interpretation, which may develop in an interesting fashion.

The Toronto String Quartette have gone on giving delectable programmes to small, but happy, audiences. The last concert surpassed anything that they have yet done, in the first performance here of Arensky's brilliant quintette (in D major), for piano and strings, with Dr. Harvey Robb at the piano. Quartettes by Mozart (No. 13) and part of Smetana's "Aus Memnem Leben" were delightful, and there was also a concerto for viola, in which the soloist, Mr. Frank Converse Smith, did excellent work.

The season was virtually closed by the Musical Festival of the Empire, instituted by Dr. Charles Harriss, of

Ottawa, for "Musical Reciprocity" around the Empire. "Musical Reciprocity," says Dr. Harriss, "is derived from thin air, yet is filling ships to-day with hundreds of live freight, bent upon knowing the Empire." It is a "music-making, business-making, and Empire-making" scheme; in fact, fact, a three-fold pilgrimage through Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Tasmania, and South Africa.

The idea is incorporated in the Sheffield Choir, of two hundred members, with several soloists, and Dr. Henry Coward as conductor. During the Canadian visit, Sir Edward Elgar, the English composer, appeared, and Dr. Harriss himself is conducting the tour.

The priscipal works given in entirety by the choir and orchestra are, "The Dream of Gerontius," by Elgar, and "Pan," a symphonic choric idyll, by Dr. Harriss. No more directly opposite musical ideas could well be imagined, the one a mystic summing up of the qualities of death, the other an elfish manifestation of the pagan life of the woods. *Gerontius* goes to his death with fear and trembling, a "dread passage" before him, and an invisible end to be secured in darkness and dismay. The music is the voice of a human soul in fright, interrupted at times by the celestial chorus of angels, and of priests, demons, and the voice of the guardian angel, with whom he comes into the veiled presence of God. The words, taken from the poem of Cardinal Newman, are mystic in the extreme, and the conductor's interpretation is beautiful and at times highly suggestive. But, as a whole, one is held by the interest of mediævalism alone.

The Sheffield Choir, as heard on the first night, was disappointing. The voices sounded worn and tired, like the voices of people who had been talking a great deal and not resting those delicate vocal chords that must be in such perfect condition, even for *ensemble* singing. There was but little hint of ethereal quality, though there was, at times, dramatic force and, throughout, the grace of diction which is always a hall-mark of this organisation. The enunciation was perfect, as usual. The soloists "acquitted themselves admirably"—that time-worn phrase somehow fits like a glove.

The next night "Pan" awoke to life, and the truth is that Dr. Harriss has proved himself in this idyll a poetic artist of no mean power. He has turned a good deal of joy and a whole flood of colour loose in his interpretation of the lovely poem written by Josephine Preston Peabody on the theme of Pan and the birth of music.

You remember the story of *Syrinx*, the "tameless maiden," who was pursued by Pan, and sought refuge in a stream, where she was turned, by Diana, into a reed, and how the baffled god called to her so urgently that she answered, and ever more her voice has been the very music of the gods. At times the music is very beautiful, especially in one place, where an upward rush of the strings indicates the growth of the reeds, which typify the metamorphosis of the nymph, and another passage where Pan, seeking his love, bends down to bind the reeds, blows across the hollow stems and finds that he has a new mode of music. A strange piping is heard—the bare fifth and the octave. Out of this grows a quaint pastoral melody, given to the oboe in the orchestra, the archaic flavour brought about by the presence of a flat seventh in the natural key. Pan's song, in which he makes to mankind the gift of music to comfort them all their mortal days, is very skilfully cast in the fashion of the first normal expression in the art of pastoral music.

Too much cannot be said for the excellent assistance rendered to the Festival by the Toronto Symphony Orchestra, which was really the backbone of the affair in Toronto.

MRS. MILLIGAN'S SUMMER IDYLL

BY LILIAN LEVERIDGE

"DOUGLAS, I'm sick to death of this servant girl problem."

"What's the matter now, Edith?"

Mr. and Mrs. Milligan had just seated themselves for their evening meal. Mrs. Milligan's comely face was puckered with a frown.

"I have just told Sophia that she may leave at the end of the week. She broke my new parlour lamp. Of course, I couldn't stand that, but where am I to look for another girl? That's what puzzles me."

Mr. Milligan whistled.

"Sophia is the two-dozenth you've had during our four months of wedded bliss, isn't she?"

"O Douglas! How can you exaggerate so shockingly? Sophia is only the tenth."

"Only the tenth! Not so bad!"

"But what am I to do? Douglas, I have been dreaming all day of a dear little home in the country, a really small house that I could easily manage myself. I have pictured one surrounded by green fields and daisies, where the fireflies would sparkle and the whip-poor-wills sing at night. In such a spot we could live the simple life, just you and I, and be free from all the city's noise and dust and worry. Oh! It would be like living in a poem. Life would be one long, sweet, summer idyll. Douglas, can't we manage it?"

Mr. Milligan whistled again.

"Why, Edith, you surprise me. I had fancied you would die of solitude in the country."

"Not at all. The fact that I have lived in the city all my life so far is no reason why I should stick there the rest of my days. I believe I have always longed for the country."

Mr. Milligan sat up. There was a dawning purpose in his eye.

"I confess I have a hankering that way myself, Edith, and I really don't see why we couldn't indulge ourselves. Business is slack. I can easily leave for a while. There was a man from up north in the office today trying to sell a farm. I didn't pay much attention to him at the time, but I have a notion the place would just about suit you. He's staying at Ashdown's. I'll 'phone after tea and have him come up to discuss it if you just say the word."

"Oh, do, by all means!"

Mrs. Milligan was all enthusiasm, so an hour later Mr. Smith was ushered into the parlour.

Mr. Smith was a very sun-burned, very grizzled, and very uncouth man of middle age, who looked as if he did not feel at home in his Sunday suit. He made use of about an inch of his chair and seemed to wish nothing so much as to be relieved of the responsibility of his hands and feet.

"Yes, ma'am," he said in answer to Mrs. Milligan's question, "we calculate to live in the city for a spell. My woman wants to go into fashionable society. You see, ma'am, an uncle of hern died a while ago and left her some money."

"But the farm," interrupted Mr. Milligan; "what is it like?"

From Mr. Smith's somewhat roundabout answers to a deluge of questions it was gathered that his property

consisted of a hundred-acre farm, with buildings and implements, four cows, two horses, two calves, all as gentle as kittens; also two hives of bees. The house was small; there were any amount of daisies in the fields, and the fireflies gave a free exhibition of fireworks every evening. The "forest primeval" lay a stone's throw from the house, and the whip-poor-wills were guaranteed to sing all night long.

Mr. Smith wished to sell everything just as it stood, for a moderate sum, half of which might be paid from the profits on the farm. Mr. Milligan would have preferred to rent the place, but his wife's desire for absolute possession over-ruled his judgment. So, as the man's terms were satisfactory, the bargain was closed on the spot.

"I never thought to ask him if there were hot and cold water attachments," reflected Mr. Milligan as they were discussing the transaction afterwards. "Do you think there will be?"

Mr. Milligan regarded his better half with an odd expression, and answered, "Oh, it's altogether likely, and electric lights, and automatic fans, and a telephone, and a daily mail delivery—and such like simple little conveniences. Oh, yes!"

Mrs. Milligan laughed.

"Which means, being interpreted, that there will be nothing of the kind. Well, there will be the beautiful rest and quiet. One can't expect to have everything all at once. I've been wondering what we'll need to take with us. We'll have to leave most of our furniture, of course, but there are a few things I simply must have: a bath, for one thing, and my piano, and all our books. I don't know how we'll put in the time if we haven't plenty of books and music. We'll have to take the large book-case and my china cabinet and house linen, of course. I dare say I'll think of a good many more things before we start." And Mrs. Milligan did.

Having wound up his business affairs and found a tenant for their city home, the Milligans, in two weeks' time, found themselves on the way to Bumpkinville. When the train drew up at the little village station there were Mr. Smith and Mrs. Smith and all the little Smiths standing on the platform in a high state of excitement and importance, waiting for the train to the city.

Everybody had to be introduced, and the Milligans received numerous instructions concerning matters at the farm. Then Mr. Milligan had to scour the place to find teams and teamsters to convey themselves and their belongings to the new abode.

Everybody came to the doors to stare at the procession as it passed. There were Mr. and Mrs. Milligan in the front vehicle; then came the piano, next, a waggonload of boxes and trunks, and, lastly, the bath-tub filled with a miscellaneous assortment of articles.

Mrs. Milligan had never ridden over such a road. The teamster was in a hurry to get back and he paid no attention to stones, corduroys, or pitch holes. Mrs. Milligan had to hang on for dear life.

"I've heard that a good shaking-up is good for rheumatism; it limbers up the joints," observed Mr. Milligan. "It's too bad neither of us have it. It seems a pity to waste so much valuable treatment."

At length the destination was reached. It was undoubtedly a picturesque little spot. Mr. Smith had not exaggerated in regard to the quantity of daisies. There certainly were plenty of them everywhere. Mrs. Milligan was in ecstacies, but Mr. Milligan looked dubious. He wondered if daisies were good for anything, but had fears to the contrary.

The house itself was much smaller than they had supposed. There were two rooms downstairs, a kitchen and the "front room." Upstairs were two bed-rooms, one of them very tiny, and a small, dark passageway. They

contained a little very plain furniture.

How to get those loads of luggage stowed away in any sort of order would have puzzled a Philadelphia lawyer. It was at length accomplished, nevertheless, but eventually it was all but impossible for two people to walk abreast anywhere in the house.

Mrs. Milligan was very tired, but it was already past tea time, and rest was not yet to be considered. Mr. Milligan kindled a fire in the enormous kitchen stove, and forthwith the atmosphere of the whole house became insufferably hot. When they sat down to a makeshift meal, Mrs. Milligan's flushed face bore a slight shadow, but she was by no means ready to give in yet.

Just before sunset the cows came home. Their pasture was the "forest primeval," and from its expansive depths they were wont to turn up at all uncertain and unreasonable hours. They were all mixed up with Mr. Muldrew's cattle. Mr. Muldrew was the next-door neighbour.

Little Jonah Muldrew came over to show Mr. Milligan which were his own, and help him to drive them into the corral. Then he perched himself on the fence in case he might be of any further assistance.

"Heavens and earth!" Mr. Milligan exclaimed. "Has a fellow got to extract the lacteal fluid from those four quadrupeds whether he's tired or not?"

"No, Douglas, not alone," Mrs. Milligan answered brightly, "for I'm going to help you."

"You Edith! You don't know how."

"But I'm going to learn. I've seen it done and I'm sure it's easy."

"Edith," Mr. Milligan answered admiringly, "you really are the pluckiest fellow I ever met. But I'm sure you are too tired to-night."

"Not at all." Mrs. Milligan silently vowed never to fall short of her husband's estimation. "We're going to do things in the proper style," she continued. "I've read how it should be done in the Womans Institute reports. To procure good, wholesome milk perfect cleanliness is absolutely necessary. The cows should be well washed; and white is the proper thing to wear. Just wait a minute, and I'll change my dress. You had better put on that old white linen suit of yours."

Mr. Milligan made a grimace.

"Just fetch me the coat," he replied.

In ten minutes Mrs. Milligan reappeared daintily dressed in white, and carrying her husband's linen coat. Then she paused, with a dubious look.

"Those cows are frightfully muddy, Douglas. Whatever sort of a place have they got into?"

"That is just what I have been observing," he responded. "I guess they were pursued by the ghosts of Pharaoh and his host in the form of mosquitoes, and ran into some sort of Red Sea."

"The mosquitoes are dreadful, aren't they? I don't believe I ever saw so many. Let us hurry up and get done. But, Douglas, I don't just remember. Should the whole animal be washed, or just the udder?"

"The whole animal, by all means. To procure good and wholesome milk a daily bath is absolutely necessary. We'll fetch down the big bath. It will be just the thing. Have you a good supply of clean towels? It is extremely important that the cows be wiped thoroughly dry. Otherwise, they might take cold and so spread the germs of tuberculosis. A good soap is also essential. That "rose boquet" will be just O.K. There! I'll be a full-blown poet before you know where you are. But that's only a natural effect of living in a life-sized summer idyll."

Mrs. Milligan looked unutterable things and answered shortly, "I shall wash only the udders."

This she did, gingerly, to the tune of "Polly-Wolly-Doodle," which the

gleeful Jonah whistled from the fence-top, while Mr. Milligan offered sundry remarks of approval and encouragement, which somehow or other fell flat.

This done, the real business began. Mrs. Milligan, a little nettled by the previous episode, set out boldly with the determination to show that she was not a whit behind the "spunky gal" of whom Jonah was whistling. She would not for worlds have shown how she inwardly trembled to be so near those big, clumsy beasts. She squeezed and squeezed, but not a drop would come. What could be the matter? Suddenly she was startled by the stinging swish of a muddy tail across her shoulders.

"Oh, my dress!" she gasped; "it's ready for the wash already." But she tried again. Soon there came another swish. This time the grimy appendage was coiled like a boa constrictor around her neck. She jumped up in a panic.

"Don't pay no attention to her. She don't mean nuthin'," called Jonah reassuringly; "it's just the flies makes them act that way."

Mrs. Milligan set her teeth and began once more, and once more there came that dread swish. She felt a stinging slash over her eyes, and a sudden pull at her hair. O, horror! That dreadful tail had caught on a hairpin! At the same instant the cow started off on a run.

Mrs. Milligan, of necessity, followed, screaming and half blinded. What would have been the outcome had not Mr. Milligan come to her rescue it would be hard to estimate. Jonah, meanwhile, found the spectacle extremely amusing.

When Mrs. Milligan was at length released she was trembling from head to foot, and on the verge of hysterics. All her bravado had evaporated. She retreated to the house and changed the much-begrimed white dress, feeling that the idyll was a little out of tune.

Meanwhile, Mr. Milligan battled with the refractory cows alone. They lashed him mercilessly with their tails; they kicked and rushed off every few minutes. They upset the milk and the milker more times than he could count. At last, just as he had succeeded in securing a brimming pail of milk, the cow deliberately set her foot right into it. He was completely exasperated.

Just at that instant there floated from the woods the melodious note of a whip-poor-will, and the fireflies lit their lanterns above the fields of daisies.

Mr. Milligan took the pail of muddy milk to feed the calves. They acted insanely, upsetting the milk all over him. He rejoined his wife in no amiable frame of mind.

"Well, Mrs. Milligan," he said, "I hope you are enjoying this beautiful summer evening. Isn't that daisy field exquisite? And do you hear the whip-poor-wills?"

"O Douglas," she replied, "I haven't had time either to look or to listen. I'm sure there are a thousand mosquitoes in this house, and they are as vicious as blood-hounds. If you kill one, a hundred more come to attend the funeral. There isn't a screen in the whole house, and if we shut the doors and windows we shall suffocate. Whatever shall we do?"

"Why don't you make a smudge?" suggested Jonah, who had slipped in unobserved.

"A smudge!" exclaimed Mr. Milligan, "what's that?"

"Don't you know what a smudge is? I'll soon show you."

Jonah darted out, half-filled an old pan with dry chips, set a match to it, and then covered the blaze with grass and leaves. It immediately began to smoke like a furnace chimney. The house became filled with a blue cloud, which made everything and everybody invisible. Mrs. Milligan began to choke, and the tears rained from Mr. Milligan's eyes.

"Oh!" he gasped. "If the infernal

regions are any worse than this—"

At length they went to bed, but not to sleep. As soon as the smoke disappeared the mosquitoes recovered from their temporary stupor, and were at it again with an energy as if they were determined to make up for lost time. They blew their little war trumpets fearlessly, and advanced to the attack with the courage of Spartans. Mr. and Mrs. Milligan fought a pitched battle half the night, but when the tale of dead and wounded mounted up into the hundreds they slept from sheer exhaustion.

"The milk waggon comes at five o'clock sharp," had been Jonah's last word. "Everybody in the neighbourhood sends milk to the cheese factory.

"That means that I've got to rise at four," Mr. Milligan had replied, with a groan. It is not at all probable that he would have awaked at that hour had it not been for the bugle call of the enemy. As it was, he was half dressed when the clock struck four.

The cows were a little less obstreperous in the morning, but still Mr. Milligan was not quite in time for the waggon.

"There's one thing I have made up my mind to," he announced at breakfast, "and that is to drive to town to-day and get some screens. We can't stand this sort of thing very long. No wonder the Smiths are a skinny, bony tribe."

Mr. Milligan drove to Bumpkinville after dinner. Mrs. Milligan had been busy all the morning getting straightened up, and she felt very hot and tired.

"That wood looks delightfully cool and inviting," she thought, "I'm going there to rest." So she took a book of poems and went to explore the green solitudes.

A few steps brought her to a little brook, edged with slender, graceful ferns. With a sigh of satisfaction she sat down on a mossy stone, but quickly jumped up and beat a hasty retreat; for the mosquitoes—exceptionally fine specimens, with keen country appetites—pounced upon her with drawn swords and lustful eyes.

"Is there no balm in Gilead?" she groaned as she emerged breathlessly from the wood.

As she neared the house, a very peculiar sound smote upon her ears.

"What is that queer noise?" she asked of Jonah, who was perched upon the fence.

"It's the bees swarming," Jonah answered.

Then Mrs. Milligan noticed that the air was full of bees, which seemed to be flying back and forth in aimless confusion.

Soon the cloud began to move in an easterly direction.

"Look out or they'll get away from you," warned Jonah.

"Why, how can I stop them?"

"Drum them down. Get a tin pan and beat on it with a stick. That'll stop them."

"Won't you do it, Jonah?"

Jonah was generous with advice, but when it came to actual exertion he would rather be excused; so Mrs. Milligan followed the retreating swarm over field and fence and ditch, drumming lustily the while on the smudge pan.

At last the flight ceased, and the dark, buzzing cloud condensed on a low branch.

"What am I to do next?" she asked of Jonah, who had followed.

"Brush them into a hive," he answered. "There's a new one in the milk-house, and you'll need the veil and gauntlets."

Jonah magnanimously offered to fetch these things, and helped to prepare Mrs. Milligan for the unaccustomed task, from which she shrank with a nervous dread.

Then Jonah sat at a safe distance and gave plenteous advice, while Mrs. Milligan approached the mass of wings and stings.

Much to her own surprise, she succeeded in transferring the swarm

from the branch to the hive. One irate bee, however, did manage to get behind the veil and sting her on the end of the nose and on one eye.

"If this sort of thing continues I shall be down with nervous prostration," Mrs. Milligan reflected ruefully, as she sank exhausted into a chair when the fiery trial was over.

Just when her nose was swollen to about four times its natural size and one eye closed Mr. Milligan returned. Heroically, he restrained a desire to laugh and compassionated her sympathetically, praising her pluck profusely.

He had brought a set of adjustable screens, and while his wife prepared tea he fixed them in the windows.

"Edith," he said, presently, "I've arranged so we won't have to get up in the mornings till we feel like it. I've ordered a cream separator. The man is to bring it up to-morrow, and we'll make butter instead of sending the milk to the factory. That's a great invention, the separator. You just put the milk in at the top and turn a crank. In a few minutes the machine accomplishes what it would take nature a couple of days to do, and does it more satisfactorily, too."

"How much will it cost?" Mrs. Milligan asked.

"Seventy-five dollars. Rather a high price, but the man says it will pay for itself in a year."

Mrs. Milligan looked grave.

That night before they went to bed every visible mosquito was slaughtered, and sleep was certainly more sound.

Just in the gray dawn, however, Mrs. Milligan was awakened by the familiar battle cry. One after another of the enemy was fought and slain, but still they kept coming on.

"Wherever can they be coming from?" she pondered.

The mystery was soon solved. The tiny space between the over-lapping screens was crowded with mosquitoes, which gradually made their way through the narrow passage into the room. Then with wings outspread and well-primed weapons they sailed straight for the bed.

Mrs. Milligan got up, put a folded paper into the crevice, killed all the mosquitoes within reach, and got into bed again.

There was a brief cessation of attack, but soon it was renewed. Mrs. Milligan got up again to see what was the matter.

When she saw she gave up in despair. The clamorous swarm were actually coming through the meshes! First came the murderous bill, then the head and shoulders, next the fore legs, wings and body. How maliciously triumphant was the bugle note of the little soldier as he sailed into the room! And Mrs. Milligan declared that she saw him grin.

Very soon after breakfast Mr. Gass, the cream separator agent, put in an appearance. He set up the machine, explained its working, with profuse eulogies on its merits, and hurried away.

Then Mr. Milligan put it to the test. In fifteen minutes it was over, but the sweat was pouring in great drops from his face.

"That's the hardest work I ever did," he gasped.

"Why, Mr. Gass said that any child could run it," Mrs. Milligan protested.

"Gass by name, and gas by nature!" Mr. Milligan burst out. "Agents and advertisers are alike in one respect; they are warranted to say more than their prayers every time."

Mr. Milligan sat down panting, but soon jumped up again.

"I forgot to tell you that the two young Cookes are coming to help me cut the hay to-day. You will need to get up a good, substantial dinner. I ordered some meat—couldn't get anything but salt pork—and they are to bring it."

Mrs. Milligan was in dismay. Three hungry men to cook for, and fat, frizzly pork to fry! What was becoming of the cool, dainty, little

meals for two that she had planned? She toiled and sweated the whole morning, wishing many a time for any one of the ten unsatisfactory girls who had been her helpers of late. If Sophia should walk in, what a cordial welcome she would receive! But there was no such luck.

That afternoon she went out with Jessie Muldrew to pick some raspberries.

"It's only a step," Jessie had said; but oh! the hills to climb, the brush and logs to clamber over, the burning sun to be broiled in! "Plenty of fruit for the picking," had been one of Mr. Smith's allurements; but this blessing, like many of the others, proved to be by no means unalloyed.

When she got back the men had just come in and wanted an early tea. A part of the mower was broken, and Mr. Milligan had to go to the village for repairs.

"I may not be able to get it done to-night," he said. "If not I would be inclined to stay till morning if it were not for leaving you alone. The boys have promised to do the milking before they leave."

"If you need to stay, Douglas, don't think of coming home on my account," Mrs. Milligan urged, "I shall not be afraid. You know, I'm not at all nervous."

But when it began to get dark and her husband had not yet returned, Mrs. Milligan did feel a little uneasy; so she asked Jonah to stay all night.

Jonah consenting, she made up a bed for him in the big bath-tub, for there was no room for anything else in the tiny bed-room.

Mr. Milligan returned at about eleven o'clock. Feeling very tired and dusty, he thought nothing would be so refreshing as a cold bath. Edith was sleeping. He must try not to rouse her, and would not strike a light.

He slipped upstairs very quietly in his stocking feet, carrying a pail of cold wather. He then went straight to the bath-room and dumped it without ceremony into the bath-tub.

Then the quiet of the house was suddenly invaded by a series of ear-piercing screeches.

"Jerusalem artichokes! Who's there?" he ejaculated in horror, as with many sputterings and splashings a being landed on the floor beside him, uttering very strong invectives and pounding him wildly.

Mrs. Milligan awoke in a fright. She lit the lamp and came trembling in her night dress to the scene of conflict, where her husband and Jonah, in dripping pajamas, were fighting a pitched battle in the darkness.

It was with some difficulty that she pacified her outraged little guardian, and persuaded him to spend the rest of the night on the lounge downstairs.

The following afternoon Mrs. Milligan determined to make some butter out of her five quarts of cream. There was a churn and everything to make use of in the little milk-house. She had never made butter before, but had seen it done last winter when she and Douglas had visited the Macdonald Institute. It was really a simple process, and could present no difficulties.

"I wonder now," she mused. "if I should put in a teaspoonful or a tablespoonful of butter colour. I'll try a tablespoonful to make sure."

When the cream had been duly churned the butter "came" all right, but, oh, the colour of it! It was as red as carrots. With a sinking heart Mrs. Milligan put it into the butter bowl, added salt, and worked away at it; but it clung tenaciously to the bowl and ladle in a sticky, unappetising mess. What could be the matter? At the Institute the butter never acted in such a crazy fashion.

When she was almost in despair, Jessie Muldrew came in. Mrs. Milligan felt very much ashamed of the butter, but there was no use trying to smooth it over.

"What's the matter with the stuff, anyway?" she asked appealingly.

"How much colour did you put in?" inquired Jessie, with twitching lips.

"A tablespoonful."

"Oh, my! You don't need to use any in the summer, and, anyway, a very few drops would have been enough for that quantity of cream. But never mind. It won't spoil the taste of it. You put it into a dry butter bowl, didn't you? That's what makes it stick. But I'll soon fix it. You sit down and rest."

Mrs. Milligan was glad to obey, while Jessie's deft hands fashioned the sticky mess into a shapely roll.

That night after the nightmare of milking had been lived through, Mrs. Milligan sank wearily into a chair, feeling as if she could endure no more.

Mr. Milligan noticed the dejected look and attitude, and smiled grimly as he sat down to the long-neglected piano. He ran his fingers over the keys, then broke into a song. Having concluded with the familiar words,

"Come to the land of Bohemia,
The land where nobody goes home,"

he turned to see Edith in tears.

"O Douglas, don't!" she sobbed, "don't sing that! Take me home. Take me back where I belong. Why did we ever leave Toronto? Why didn't we know when we were well off? I'll never complain again; only give me back my home—and Sophia!"

It wasn't an easy thing to manage; but Mr. Milligan was a better business man than a farmer—and he managed it. Sophia remained an honoured inmate of the Milligan home until she left it for one of her own.

Mrs. Milligan's next summer idyll was not sung to the tune of a cowbell.

TO NIGHT

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

COOLING, quieting Night,
Subtle abolisher of the long-burning light
Of Day; wrapt with thine ever-darkening hair,
Searching with agile, patient fingers everywhere
Lest in some undiscovered spot thy foe reluctant, hideth—
Mother, in whose deep bosom Sleep abideth
Thy child and Death's, the gloomier Shade, that glideth
Constantly after, stern husband-soul of thee,
Whom only thou regardest and dost not flee—
O lead him soon to me,
That I too feel him Father, unfearing tread where he hath trod,
And be at one with the silent Three that brood and move in the Shadow of God!

RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION UP TO DATE

BY CY WARMAN

THE work of constructing Canada's great National Transcontinental Railway is steadily progressing toward completion, and the time is not far distant when we may expect to see this splendid road, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in active operation.

As is well known, this great enterprise was first launched in 1903, and is a joint undertaking between the Government and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. The Government, through a commission of four members, is constructing the Eastern division, namely, from Moncton, in New Brunswick, to Winnipeg, Manitoba, a distance of 1,804 miles, and the company is building the Western division, from Winnipeg to the Pacific Ocean, a distance of 1,755 miles, so that when the road is completed Canada will have a great transcontinental railway pursuing the shortest and most direct course across her broad expanse of territory, commensurate with the most favourable engineering conditions in construction and the agricultural and industrial possibilities of the country traversed.

The Government section (which, upon completion, will be handed over to and operated by the company under a fifty-year lease), while not as far advanced as the Western division, the latter being almost entirely a prairie country from Winnipeg to the foothills of the Rockies, is being diligently prosecuted, and long stretches of the line are now beginning to assume a finished appearance. The territory for several hundred miles east of Winnipeg, with the exception of about seventy miles immediately east of that city, is one of the most difficult that could be imagined for railway construction. It is almost entirely a country of heavy timber, rock and muskeg, and the road in this section passes through a steady procession of heavy cuttings and tunnels through solid rock, and over tremendous earth fillings in muskegs and sink-holes, necessary to bring the line up to grade. These muskegs and sink-holes are continually sinking and giving away, requiring constant filling, until a substantial bottom can be formed and the grade maintained. In Northern Quebec these great obstacles to railway building also exist, but, while the area is not as great as the territory between Winnipeg and Lake Superior Junction, the work is even heavier and more difficult.

The first contract for construction on the Government section was awarded to J. D. McArthur, of Winnipeg. It comprises 245 miles of road from Winnipeg eastward to a junction with the branch line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to Fort William. This section is now practically completed, and has been in operation during the last grain season, hauling the products of the Western prairies to lake shipment at Fort William and Port Arthur.

Several other sections in New Brunswick and Quebec have reached a stage of completion sufficient to warrant them being operated, and it is expected that temporary arrangements will be made either to have these pieces of road operated by the Grand Trunk Pacific Company pending final completion, or that they will be operated by the Commission in charge of construction. There is a sufficient volume of traffic in view to justify the operation of these individual sections, and pressure is being brought to bear by those interested in the north country to have a service inaugurated.

Sixty per cent. of the Government section had been completed up to the end of December last, according to the estimates of the Commission.

The entire line from Moncton to Winnipeg is under contract and all opened up, with the exception of 114 miles in Quebec and 100 miles in Ontario, north of Lake Superior. The delay here was due to the inaccessibility of these sections.

West from Quebec the track is down to Waymontachene, a distance of 197 miles; also for a distance of nearly ninety miles east from Cochrane, the junction with the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railways.

Altogether about 1,000 miles of main line track has been put down and 200 miles of siding on the Government section.

The new line traverses 256 miles in New Brunswick, 700 miles in Quebec, 757 miles in Ontario, and eighty-nine miles in Manitoba.

In New Brunswick ninety-two per cent. of the work is done; in Quebec sixty-nine; in Ontario fifty-two, and in Manitoba about ninety-nine.

Between Moncton and Winnipeg there are 243 steel structures, totalling 52,000 tons in weight, and costing all the way from $1,000 to $700,000.

The Salmon River bridge is nearly 4,000 feet long.

Nearly ninety million dollars has been expended so far on the Eastern section of the Grand Trunk Pacific, but the fact that nearly all of this money has been spent in Canada is consoling. Moreover, there are, as well, the added impetus it has given to business of all kinds, the increase in the number and improvement in the quality of immigrants, the increase in the price of land and the products thereof, and these things count more than all else. And then when the road is finished it will take twice the tonnage now taken over a one per cent. grade, and Canada can boast of the best built railway on the American Continent. The standard grade adopted was four-tenths of one per cent., or 21.1 feet to the mile, which is a marked contrast to the grades prevailing on many of our existing railways, which frequently run as high as 1 per cent. or 52.8 feet to the mile. This higher standard of construction, while entailing a much greater initial expenditure, will certainly result in a material lessening of the cost of operation, and this economy of operation is bound to revert to the people in the form of faster time, and to the country in the more rapid development of new regions and their natural resources.

The great advantage of a railway with four-tenths of one per cent. grades over a road with one per cent. grades is, of course, in the additional hauling capacity of the locomotives. To illustrate this point, it has been demonstrated that a locomotive of the consolidated type, 107 tons—53 tons in the driving wheels, which is not one of the largest locomotives—will haul on a 1 per cent. grade 810 tons, whereas on a four-tenths of one per cent. grade the same locomotive will haul 1,596 tons, or nearly 100 per cent. more. This reduced cost of operation will also render profitable the hauling of what is called "low-grade" freight, and in a country such as is traversed by the National Transcontinental Railway, with its wealth

of timber, pulp-wood, mineral products and great undiscovered natural resources, this is a most important factor.

As has been stated, the Government section, upon completion, is to be handed over to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to operate, under a fifty-year lease, and, as the company will be obliged to pay a rental of 3 per cent. per annum upon the total cost of construction, it is clearly in their interests to see that the cost is kept down to the lowest possible point. With that object in view, the legislation providing for this railway stipulated that the company should have joint supervision with the Government over its construction. This clause has been taken advantage of to the fullest extent by the company, who, since the commencement of operations, have had inspecting engineers, of their own appointment, located at various points along the entire line, and, with the conjunction of the engineers of the Commission, they have kept a careful supervision over all phases of construction. In cases of dispute between these engineers in respect to work as being performed, or returns made for same, the points of difference are referred to, and arbitrated by, the chief engineers of the Commission and the company respectively, and in the event of their failing to agree upon an adjustment of the points in question, a third arbitrator is selected by the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Canada, and the differences settled by a majority ruling.

A number of objections have been filed by the company's engineers principally on the ground of alleged over-classification of material and excessive overbreak. (Overbreak is the term used to describe material in rock cuttings, which has been removed outside of the regular slopes provided for in the specifications.) These objections have been arbitrated by the two chief engineers, representing the company and the Commission, and many of them satisfactorily adjusted without the necessity of calling in a third arbitrator, and where the amount of material previously allowed was found to be excessive deductions were made from the monthly progress estimate of the contractors. In cases where agreements were not arrived at the work will be remeasured and a decision given by the third arbitrator.

The Commissioners also have in their employ two inspecting engineers, whose duty it is to keep in close touch with the whole work and report regularly to the chief engineer. These inspectors are kept constantly on the work, traversing the line from point to point, and maintaining a thorough and close inspection on all phases of construction.

In addition to this joint inspection, all contracts entered into by the Commissioners and expenditures made which involve any considerable amount of money are first submitted to the company and their approval obtained. The specifications for construction were prepared jointly by the Comission and the company, and the company passes upon all designs for station buildings, round-houses, shops and terminal buildings before they are finally adopted, as well as on the plant and equipment required for same.

As another means of insuring the construction of the road at a reasonable figure, the company itself tendered on contracts for constuction on the Government section, and have secured in all 352 miles of work.

From this it will be seen that every precaution has been taken to provide for the construction of this great road in the most complete and thorough manner, and at the lowest possible cost commensurate with the high standard of construction which has been adopted.

One of the causes which have given rise to criticism and political discussion on the high cost of this railway

is the fact that the engineers' first estimates of the quantities of material to be removed were too conservative, and many unforeseen circumstances have occurred since that time, which have made these early estimates ineffective and inoperative. Setting aside the question of the difficulty of an engineer going over a rocky and heavily timbered country, with great surface undulations, and estimating with any degree of accuracy the various quantities of solid rock, loose rock and common excavation (earth) to be removed in order to establish a railway grade of the required standard, there are other causes which have made these estimates not a fair criterion of the amount of work actually to be performed:

1. After the preparation of the first estimates it was found necessary to materially change the location of the line at several important points in order to effect improvement in the grade and overcome existing obstacles.

2. No allowance was made for excavating solid rock one foot below the grade, nor for the removal of rock in cuttings outside the regular slopes, namely, overbreak.

3. All material required for heavy fills was estimated as common excavation, whereas for a distance of 180 miles west of Lake Superior Junction and for many miles in Northern Quebec the country is all rock, and, considering that rock is five or six times more expensive to handle than earth, it can be seen how considerably this would affect the original estimates and the cost of construction.

4. No provision was made in the estimates for the constant filling which has been necessary in muskegs and sink-holes in order to maintain the grade.

There are other causes which have arisen to make these estimates largely abortive, but from the instances cited it will be seen that they cannot be accepted as a fair indication of the work which was to be done. They were prepared largely on preliminary and first location surveys. Had the engineers been required to make borings, say every hundred yards, on the 1,804 miles between Moncton and Winnipeg, there can be no doubt that much more accurate estimates would have been obtained, but this course would have resulted in a large additional expenditure of time and money, with absolutely no saving in the ultimate cost of the road. To one unacquainted with methods of railway construction, it might be supposed that the discrepancy between the estimated cost and the actual cost represented undue profits paid to contractors. This supposition is entirely erroneous. Railway contracts are not awarded upon a lump sum basis, with the excess over that sum representing "extras," but the contractors submit their tenders upon the basis of so much a cubic yard for earth and rock removed, and so much a unit for all other classes of work to be done, so that it will be seen that the contractors are paid only for the actual work performed. For example, if it were estimated that a cutting contained 5,000 cubic yards of solid rock, whereas the contractor was actually required to remove 7,000 cubic yards, he would be entitled to payment for 7,000 yards, at his contract price by the yard. On the other hand, if the cutting was estimated at 7,000 yards and contained only 5,000 yards, the contractor would be paid for only 5,000 yards—the actual amount of material handled. Consequently, beyond giving an approximate idea of the nature and amount of material involved, original estimates have no relation to, or effect upon, ultimate cost.

Another fact which should not be overlooked is that practically all of this huge sum of money is being expended in this country. The advantage of this to the people as a whole is not apparent at first sight. Many instances have occurred of mills

and industrial plants which would have been compelled to close down or operate at only half capacity had it not been for the business resulting from the construction of this railway, and it had been reported that in numbers of settlements through which the line passes great suffering and hardship would have had to be contended with, especially during the winter season, but for the labour and expenditure of money consequent upon its construction. This apart from the impetus to trade and industry throughout the country generally.

The shops being erected by the Commissioners just out of Winnipeg will rank with the largest in Canada. They are operated on somewhat original lines. The Transcontinental Railway shops have cross pits, and will be operated by a 120-ton midway crane, with double trolleys, extending the whole length of the lay-out, which is 1,200 feet, as distinguished from longitudinal pits, with cranes, to do the same class of work. The structural and masonry work on a number of the shop buildings at Winnipeg has been completed, covering locomotive erecting shop, forge shop, oil-houses, storage-houses, pattern-shop, gray iron foundry and power-house. There is yet to be built, coach repair-shop, coach paint-shop, freight car-shop, planing mill, wheel foundry and machine-shop. A pumping station has also been erected on the banks of the Red River, just above the city, in order to obtain a soft water supply for the shops. The equipment for these shops, which is now being installed, will make them the finest and most modern equipped railway shops in Canada. The great percentage of the machinery and equipment is of Canadian manufacture, the exceptions being a few special machines which cannot, as yet, be successfully manufactured in this country, such as certain classes of hydraulic machinery and electric travelling cranes. These are being imported from England and the United States. The capacity of the Winnipeg shops is such that they are expected to meet the requirements of this great grain and railway centre for many years to come. They will be completed and ready for operation during the fall of 1911.

A union passenger depot is also being constructed in Winnipeg jointly by the Commission, the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company and the Canadian Northern Railway Company, which when completed will be the equal of any of its kind on the Continent. Land has also been acquired by the Grand Trunk Pacific for a splendid hotel at Winnipeg, and for a passenger station in the city of Quebec, and the work of erection will begin in the near future.

To indicate concisely the progress of work to date on the Eastern division of the National Transcontinental Railway, the following is a brief summary of the present state of operations on the various sections of the road between Moncton and Winnipeg:

1. From Moncton to a point fifty miles westward the work is under contract to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company. Practically the whole of this contract is completed and ready for operation. This section is partially settled and reported to be generally suitable for farming purposes. The timber consists of spruce, cedar, and hardwood. Extensive coal mining operations are carried on in this district.

2. From Mile Fifty to the town of Chipman, a distance of eight miles, the work is in the hands of the J. W. McManus Company, with 91 per cent. of contract completed. Line expected to be ready for operation immediately.

3. From Chipman to a point thirty-eight miles westerly (crossing of Canada Eastern Railway) work under contract to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company is completed and ready for operation. Very little settlement as yet, but the soil, where

not sandy, is considered suitable for farming purposes. Timber consists of spruce, cedar, birch, and hardwood. It is a splendid game district.

4. From the crossing of the Canada Eastern Railway to Tobique River, sixty-seven miles, construction is in the hands of Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company and work completed. The physical features are similar to No. 3. This country is probably the finest game district in Canada.

5. Tobique River to Grand Falls, New Brunswick—Contractors, Willard Kitchen and Company, with 88 per cent. of contract completed. This is the most difficult section for railway construction in New Brunswick. Generally an excellent farming country and well settled.

6. From Grand Falls to the boundary between New Brunswick and Quebec, sixty-one miles, work is under contract to Lyons and White, with 92 per cent. of contract completed. Very little settlement between St. John River and boundary, but a prosperous community of farmers are settled near southerly end of Baker Lake at boundary.

In short, the entire line through the Province of New Brunswick is practically completed.

7. From boundary line between New Brunswick and Quebec, westerly fifty-three miles, the contractors are M. P. and J. T. Davis, with 64 per cent. of work completed. This country is partially settled. Timber is spruce, cedar, birch, ash, and hardwood.

8. From last mentioned point to city of Quebec, 150 miles, the contractors are M. P. and J. T. Davis, with 78 per cent. of work completed. For fifty miles east of Quebec it is a specially good farming country and thickly populated.

9. From Quebec City westerly for fifty miles, the work is under contract to M. P. and J. T. Davis, with 86 per cent. completed. The line passes through a very well-settled country.

10. From last mentioned point westerly 100 miles, the contractors are Messrs. Macdonell and O'Brien. Ninety per cent. of work is completed. There is little or no settlement, beyond several small communities at points along the St. Maurice River, where lumbering operations are carried on. This is the Laurentian country of rounded hills and valleys, with lakes and rivers everywhere. It is estimated that 3,000,000 acres in the valley of the St. Maurice River are fit for cultivation. Timber is pine, spruce, birch, and tamarac.

11. From last mentioned point to Weymontachene, forty-six miles, the work is under contract to the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, with 82 per cent. completed. This country has been pretty well covered by lumber operators, and the pine is practically depleted, but there are large areas suitable for pulp-wood, and cedar and birch are abundant.

12. From Weymontachene westerly for 107 miles the work is under contract to Messrs. Macdonell and O'Brien, with 21 per cent. completed. This is work which could not be opened up until steel had been laid from Quebec to Weymontachene to make it accessible. Work will now be diligently prosecuted on this section. The country is broken, with only small areas fit for cultivation. Very little valuable timber, except in vicinity of streams.

13. From last mentioned point westerly 114 miles, work under contract to Macdonell and O'Brien. Operations have not yet commenced, owing to inaccessibility, but work will be opened up very soon.

14. From end of contract thirteen to a point just west of Abitibi River crossing, 150 miles, the contractors are Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, with 62 per cent. of work completed. There is a great improvement in the general character of the country here, and large areas will no

doubt be settled in the not distant future. Timber is spruce, tamarac, birch, poplar, and red pine. Sixty-nine per cent. of total work in Quebec is completed.

15. From Abitibi River crossing westerly 100 miles the contractors are E. F. and G. E. Fauquier, with 72 per cent. of work completed. The line passes through fine agricultural country, with little or no rock. Valuable timber is not very plentiful, except in valleys of streams, ridges with jack pine, and swamps with tamarac being met with occasionally.

16. From last mentioned point westerly 105 miles, the contractors are O'Brien, O'Gorman and McDougall, with 11 per cent. of work completed. Operations on this section were only commenced during the past season, owing to inaccessibility. Steel now laid from Cochrane to beginning of this contract and work on it will be rushed. Soil and timber same as No. 15. It has been estimated that there are 15,600,000 acres of land fit for cultivation in this territory, and no climatic features which would prevent grain and root crops from ripening. The soil is clay and clay loam.

17. From end of contract sixteen to a point north of Lake Nepigon, 100 miles, the contractors are O'Brien, O'Gorman and McDougall. Operations have not yet commenced, as work cannot be reached until steel is laid on either side to make it accessible. The country is broken, with rough and more or less rocky areas, opened up.

18. From last mentioned point north of Lake Nepigon westerly for a distance of seventy-five miles, the work is under contract to E. F. and G. E. Fauquier, with 43 per cent completed. Physical features are similar to No. 17, with timber, spruce, jack pine, and occasionally tamarac. Not much land fit for settlement. The country is rocky and dotted with innumerable lakes and swamps.

19. From end of contract 18 westerly 126 miles, the contractors are O'Brien, Fowler, and McDougall Brothers, with 47 per cent. of work completed. Character of the country is the same as No. 18.

20. Consists of twenty-three miles west of last mentioned contract. The contractors are O'Brien, Fowler and McDougall Brothers, with 86 per cent. of work completed. The end of this contract is the junction point of the National Tarnscontinental Railway with the Grand Trunk Pacific branch to Fort William.

21. From Lake Superior Junction to the city of Winnipeg, a distance of 246 miles, the work is under contract to J. D. McArthur. This country is very rough and rocky, with no agricultural land, with possible exception of a few miles north of Dryden. Spruce, jack pine, and tamarac are found at intervals along the line.

The completion of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will greatly strengthen the Grand Trunk Railway System. The acquisition of the Central Vermont, which reaches tide-water at New London, Connecticut; the building of a branch to that great manufacturing city of Providence, Rhode Island, together with the line already in operation to Portland, Maine, enables the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway to gather the manufactured articles of the New England States, carry them right across Canada to Chicago, and bring back the products of the Western fields. This is an advantage Canadians have failed to appreciate. It is vastly more advantageous to Canada to cross this country with all this traffic, wearing out Canadian rails, employing Canadian cars and locomotives and Canadian labour than to let it flow east and west through the United States. Manifestly, this advantage will more than compensate Canada for any loss of traffic to what are known as north and south lines in the Western States and Provinces.

A PLAIN HOUSE MADE ATTRACTIVE BY ITS SURROUNDINGS

THE ENVIRONMENT OF HOME

BY ARTHUR E. SLATER

IS it not possible that we Canadians as a people have not as yet taken time and thought to beautify the environment of our homes? The work of a nation, as of an individual, is to provide first for its necessities and then for its comforts and pleasures. Up to the present time our growth, our national advancement, the expansion of our great West, our political and commercial enterprises have absorbed more or less exclusively our time and energy. We have been concerned with the acquiring of lands, with the building of houses. Now that our premier object has been accomplished in our many large cities, it is perfectly natural that we should turn our attention to the second—the beautifying of homes and grounds—in order to reap the harvest of our labours. As our country grows older, as conditions more nearly approach those of the older nations, we shall, as a people, realise more fully the deep significance of beautiful homes and the part they play in building up national character.

An appreciation of the beautiful is ingrained in human nature. As civilisation has advanced man has surrounded himself more and more with objects natural and artificial to gratify his æsthetic taste. Thus the rude log cabin of the hardy pioneer has given place to the palatial residence of the wealthy business man, the shapeless huddle of logs, which formerly served as store, post-office and inn, to the stately public buildings and comfortable hotels of our modern Canadian cities. But what we have gained in

comfort we have lost in picturesque surrounding. There must have been a charm in the "forest primeval" which our cities, with their severe lines and business-like aspect, have lost entirely. Does it not behove us, then, to make good this defect? And how can we do so more effectively than by letting nature herself mellow and soften the hard lines and severe proportions of our homes and cities? The art of landscape gardening, studied by a few, is a sealed book to the majority; yet the average individual, with little effort and with nothing to guide him but his own instinctive appreciation of nature's beauties, can achieve results which will not only afford a source of continual pleasure to himself, but tend to refine and cultivate the character of the entire nation.

"A SENSE OF SECURITY AND RETREAT IS GIVEN IF THE VIEW OF THE HOUSE BE PARTIALLY BROKEN BY TREES"

The first point worthy of note in the adornment of the home is the appropriate use of flowers, trees and shrubs. These, apart from their practical value to human beings, convey distinct and sensible impressions to the human mind. Man has a natural inherited instinct to seek their shelter and to find repose beneath their friendly shade. This feeling of comfort in their presence increases our appreciation of nature's skill and delicacy in the fashioning of these, her ornaments. Each leaf, branch and flower manifests a type of beauty which art has always endeavoured to approach. But the imitation has invariably fallen short of the original. We are constantly learning new things in nature, and nature is our best teacher. Nature places trees, shrubs and flowers in pleasing and harmonious groups, producing a perfect blending of colours, on which the eye loves to linger, and the effect of which is to soothe the mind and induce peace.

In setting out a garden we have to

take many things into consideration, such as the site, exposure and soil conditions; in other words, we must have a working plan, which may be developed in one of two directions, toward the formal or toward the natural style. Personal taste and particular surroundings naturally control individual choice in this regard. Taste improves year by year, but at the beginning try to have something in view.

"WITH THE HYDRANGEAS NEAR THE POINTS OF THE PLANTATION."

Of the formal or artificial style there are various types, of which a few may be mentioned, such as the Japanese, French, and Dutch systems. But the prim formality of these, though striking at first glance, soon tires the eye and loses freshness. The close-clipped box-hedge, the shrubs trimmed to fantastic shapes and figures, the flower beds laid out in geometric ratio, like the pattern on a wall-paper, these pall sooner upon the taste than a neatly-kept lawn, shaded by one or two grand old oaks or graceful elms, a shrubbery and old-fashioned garden, where the large, rambling borders afford a mass of harmonious colouring, where nature runs riot, guided almost imperceptibly by the hand of man.

"The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,
White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine,
Fast-fading violets covered up in leaves,
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves."

The house itself should always be the central object. The surroundings and grounds are merely the frame to set off the picture. A sense of security and retreat is given if the view of the house be partially broken by trees judiciously placed. The presence of a few shade trees and some creepers, vines or climbing roses will transform the plainest edifice into a thing of beauty. What a haven of rest, what a retreat from the worry of business cares is a deep, cool

verandah, almost hidden in a dense mass of fragrant blossoms of the crimson rambler rose; among these patches of vivid colour the broad, green leaves of the trumpet creeper

establishments. It is also one of the most desirable. The perfect lawn must possess an even stand of grass, of uniform colour, kept closely mown; a blend of grasses is preferable to a

"THE VALUE OF A GOOD LAWN CANNOT BE OVER-ESTIMATED"

spread, upon the walls themselves the ivy twines and clings, while in front of the porch and almost hiding it blooms the sweet spirea.

It is important to conceal, as far as possible, all the unsightly buildings on or near the grounds by the judicious planting of trees and shrubs, and at the same time to allow the vision an uninterrupted sweep when the outlook is pleasing. Trees and shrubs are useful as wind-breaks, yet very many of them cumber the ground and produce a cramped effect; it is preferable to have fewer trees placed to the best advantage, and to preserve as large an area of unbroken greensward as possible.

The value of a good lawn cannot be over-estimated. It is one of the rarest possessions of public or private

single species, and it is usually better to seed the ground than to sod it. One of the best lawn mixtures consists of the following varieties: Kentucky blue grass, red top, and Dutch clover, in about equal proportions, and sown at the rate of three or four bushels to the acre. Cross-sowing will secure an even distribution of seed. The accompanying photograph shows how greatly the appearance of a place may be improved by a well-kept lawn, shaded by some graceful trees.

The next point to be noted is the suitable and artistic grouping of shrubs and trees. In general, the arrangement of the clumps should be more or less irregular, rather than symmetrical. When a number of trees or shrubs are brought together

in a single group the differences are emphasised by contrast and the variety produces a pleasing effect. Nature fascinates, not through uniformity, but by means of a seeming-

sturdy oaks give a stability and solidity of appearance, but are most suitable to large, spacious houses and grounds.

It is upon the colour scheme, how-

FLOWERING SHRUBS ADD BEAUTY AND CHARM

ly haphazard but altogether harmonious blending of different species and varieties. Each group should represent some distinctive idea, in addition to that of ornament. Thus the tall, slender, graceful poplar and the sturdy oak each convey a clear-cut impression to the mind of the beholder and lend an individuality to the garden which they adorn. Trees may be selected for size, form and colour. If we select them for size we have a splendid choice of varieties among the maples, such as Weir's cut-leaf maple, eagle's claw maple, the copper-coloured sycamore, and Manitoba maples. Besides being among our most beautiful shade trees, they possess an interest and a value peculiarly their own, since they are our national emblem. One or two

ever, that most depends in the tasteful arrangement of grounds, and for colour effects we have our old and trusty friends, the birches, beeches, willows, and poplars. Some of the best varieties are the delicate Wisconsin weeping-willow, the cut-leaf weeping-birch, the paper-birch, and yellow birch. The warm hues of the purple leaf birch add a richness to the general scheme of the garden. Certain trees also are prized for their combination of colour and bloom. A few of such add to the beauty of a place, but it is not desirable to have very many. The white dogwood is prized for its large white blossom, which has a diameter of nearly three inches. The tulip tree, with its showy leaves and large yellow flowers, makes a splash of vivid colour against a more sombre

background; but perhaps the most brilliant and the hardiest of all is catalpa speciosa, which also possesses the undoubted advantage of very rapid growth. The horse chestnut, too, may be mentioned under this class of tree. It should be clearly understood, however, that the secret of any system of ornamentation lies in tasteful selection; of the varieties mentioned here only one or two should be chosen.

VINES AND PALMS FOR PORCH DECORATION

Among the most desirable evergreens are the pines, spruce, and juniper, the last named especially so. The Irish and Swedish junipers are beautiful varieties, and, though not entirely hardy, will become acclimatised without much difficulty. The Colorada blue spruce is a picture in itself. Of a striking blue shade, it is ornamental in the highest degree, but it possesses the disadvantage of being the slowest in growing of all the spruces. In spite of this defect, however, its rare beauty should secure it a place. In grouping shrubs it is important to give those of an upright habit a rear or central location; they thus form a basis or background against which the lower-growing varieties may be arranged in gradation, the drooping or recumbent forms occuping the foreground. In this way the eye is guided gradually from the greensward up to the apex of the group and no detail is obscured. Notice how the natural growth of coppice and wood arranges itself. Observe and copy nature, remembering that the aim of all planting is to conceal the hand of the gardener to the utmost extent.

As an example of how to group shrubs in order to secure variety, harmony and beauty, the following arrangement might be suggested: In one group we may place together three plants of forsythia, three of syringa, two of viburnam, three of spiræa, four of althea, and four of hydrangea. The tall viburnams should occupy the centre with the syringas; these again should be flanked by the altheas, next to which come the forsythias and spireas, with the hydrangeas near the points of the plantation, the group being completed by a single

spiraea at each angle nearest the lawn. This grouping is recommended by Mr. L. C. Corbett, Horticulturist of the Bureau of Plant Industry, Washington, who claims for it very pleasing results. It gives not only a variety of foliage and a different rate and habit of growth, but also a period of bloom, which begins in May and extends well on into October, when the viburnams will begin to assume their autumn tints.

The part of flowers in the general scheme has been left to the last, as they naturally fall into the class of "fillers in." Personally, the writer would urge a plea for the old-fashioned garden, with its fragrant perennial border, in which may be found many of our sweetest flowers, pinks, mignonette, hollyhock, wall-flower, and forget-me-nots growing in graceful confusion, leading one back to the old home and happy childhood's days, when one of the greatest pleasures was to tend and care for these little beauties, which ever lift their faces to the eternal blue vault above.

"WHAT A HAVEN OF REST, WHAT A RETREAT FROM THE WORRY OF BUSINESS CARES IS A DEEP, COOL VERANDAH"

THE RED CHAMBER

AN APPRECIATION OF THE CANADIAN SENATE

BY GEORGE CLARKE HOLLAND

OFFICIAL REPORTER OF THE SENATE

EVERY Canadian is supposed to be familiar with the British North America Act, the constitution of the Dominion. Many intelligent people, however, have but a vague idea of the Senate. In fact, some who ought to know better regard the House of Commons as the Parliament of Canada, the Senate being an expensive and wholly unnecessary appendage. This popular ignorance of the Senate and its place in the legislative machinery of the country is due to many causes, but mainly to the fact that the Upper House is not elective and therefore not a popular body like the Lower House. Senators are appointed by the Crown, on the advice of the government of the day, for life and do not necessarily come in contact with the electorate. Not being responsible directly to the people, very little public interest is taken in their debates and proceedings, except when, as sometimes happens, a conflict arises between the two Houses. Then, for a time, they fill the public eye and become dauntless patriots, protecting the public from a corrupt and rapacious government or a mischievous body of irresponsible obstructives, just as they happen to be viewed through opposition or government spectacles. Under the terms of the British North America Act, the two larger provinces, Ontario and Quebec, have each twenty-four senators, and the three Maritime Provinces (Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island) twenty-four. By the subsequent admission of British Columbia and the acquisition of the Northwest Territories the total number has been increased until there are eighty-seven senators for the whole Dominion. This is not representation by population, but comes much nearer a just and equitable representation of the people than exists in the upper chamber of any other English-speaking country. The census of 1901 gives Ontario a population of 2,167,978, and the Province has, therefore, in the Upper House a representative for every 90,300 of its inhabitants. Quebec has a senator for every 67,500, the Maritime Provinces one for every 37,250. Manitoba one for every 61,600, British Columbia one for every 63,300 Each of the three Prairie Provinces is represented in the Upper House by four senators. In the neighbouring Republic each State, however populous or however small its population, has two representatives in the Senate at Washington. Thus Nevada, with less population than London, Ontario, has the same representation in the Senate at Washington as the State of New York, with a population considerably larger than that of all British America, including the British West Indies. The new Commonwealth of Australia has started out in a somewhat similar way, each State in the

Union having six representatives in the Federal Senate. Thus Tasmania, with a population of 182,300, has the same representation in the Senate as New South Wales, with a population nearly eight-fold greater. The arrangement may work well, but Canadians prefer their own system.

When the present official reporters undertook the reporting of the Senate debates in the 'seventies, they had had very little personal acquaintance with the Red Chamber, and shared the popular impression that it was, compared with the Commons, as dull and lifeless as a cemetery. They felt that any connection with it was tantamount to going down among the dead men, and they entered into the contract with a good deal of hesitancy and misgiving, and without any thought or desire that it should furnish more than temporary occupation. That was thirty-five years ago; they are there yet. They soon found, as others have learned, that the Senate is not only an indispensable part of the Government machinery, but that in the average intelligence and capacity of its members it is, to say the least, on a level with the popular House (that, having no need to make political capital, it is more judicial in its decisions, and influenced by higher motives than the elective body, which is responsible directly to the people, and swayed by every gust of popular prejudice. True, it is not a chamber in which many important measures originate. It could not well discharge the functions of a revising body and originate large measures that, in their nature, should be dealt with first by the elected representatives of the people. Such measures are, for the most part, prepared by the government of the day, and by them carried through Parliament on the responsibility of the Cabinet. The heads of all the spending departments, as they are called, are in the Lower House, and must, of necessity, introduce their measures there, the popular branch in Canada, as in all British countries, controlling the purse-strings and dealing with the details of financial measures. The Senate may afterwards reject such bills, but cannot amend them. It is plain, therefore, that the functions of the Senate are largely restricted to revising the work of the Commons and checking hasty legislation. These are the circumstances which prevent the Upper House from attracting such public attention, as the other branch of Parliament receives.

My first acquaintance with the Senate was, I think, in 1869. I was in Ottawa as a representative of a Toronto paper. Prior to that time I had heard of the Senate as I had heard of the Catacombs, but never felt any inclination to explore it or make the acquaintance of its inmates. That session was a lively one. The Honourable William Macdougall, who had been a member of Sir John Macdonald's first Government, was then on the cross-benches, distrustful of and distrusted by both parties. On some subject—I forget now what it was—Senator Miller had made a vigorous attack upon him in the Senate. In the House of Commons the following day Mr. Macdougall rose to a question of privilege, read the published report of the Senator's remarks, and called upon the Government to protect the rights and privileges of the House and one of its members. The leader of the Government replied that he did not feel called upon to take any action, whereupon Mr. Macdougall announced his intention to take action on his own account, and demand that Mr. Miller be expelled from the galleries of the House of Commons if he should make his appearance there. The very next day, as Mr. Macdougall was on his feet addressing the House on some measures then before it, Senator Miller entered the gallery set apart for members of the Upper House, leaned over the rail and looked directly down upon Mr. Macdougall. It

was regarded as an unmistakable challenge, and in Mr. Macdougall's opinion the time for action had come. He paused in his speech, and, looking at Senator Miller, said: "Mr. Speaker, I see a stranger in the gallery." There is, or was at that time, a parliamentary fiction that none but members and officials of the House should be present at any of its meetings. Even when the galleries were thronged with people, the members were supposed to be ignorant of the fact unless the Speaker's attention was called to their presence. The galleries were full at the time when Mr. Macdougall detected the presence of a stranger, but every member understood the identity of the "stranger." The business of the House was suspended and Mr. Macdonald, who was Sergeant-at-Arms at that time, was instructed to expel the intruder. The doors of the galleries were thrown open, and the bewildered public were ordered to retire. Not one in a hundred of them knew the cause of the expulsion, and they poured out into the lobbies and down the stairs asking each other what had happened. In the galleries of the House of Commons a Senator is no better than any ordinary mortal, and Senator Miller had to leave with the rest.

The press gallery at that time was not the convenient and commodious place that has since been provided for the representatives of the newspapers, above the Speaker's chair. The architects who had planned the building gave little thought to the newspapers and provided no accommodation for the press. At the outset, for the first two or three sessions after Confederation, space was given to them in the general gallery immediately above the Speaker's chair, but this was found unsuitable. Frequently the speeches could not be heard and were unreported or misapprehended. Then a small gallery was suspended midway between the general gallery and the top of the dais behind the Speaker's chair. It was narrow, flimsy, inconvenient, and difficult of access, but with all its defects an improvement on the old arrangement. From its shape and position, suspended midway between the main gallery and the floor of the Chamber, it was known to the pressmen as Mahomet's coffin. To enter or leave it one had to use a narrow step-ladder, with only a brass railing, such as is employed to hang window curtains upon, to protect the reporters from falling into the Speaker's lap. It was in this gallery that the pressmen sat, writing for dear life a description of the remarkable scene in the House. It never occurred to them that they were "strangers" until the Sergeant-at-Arms appeared in the gallery above them, waving his sword and ordering them out. Up to this time the members had sat silent spectators of the scene, but when the pressmen began to file up the ladder there was a storm of applause and laughter, which became simply uproarious when an old reporter, familiarly known in the gallery as Cock Roger, began the ascent. He could not have weighed less than fifteen stone, and as he climbed up the fragile-looking ladder, he resembled an elephant walking a tight-rope. The representatives of the press retired to the press-room, held an indignation meeting, and decided to let the House stew in its own gravy. They proceeded to the *Russell House* without delay, and when the galleries were thrown open again there was but one representative of the press to put in an appearance in Mahomet's Coffin. Five minutes later the House adjourned.

My next experience of the Senate was the reporting of the famous Campbell divorce case, one of the most dramatic episodes in the history of divorce in Canada. It is not my purpose to enter into the details of the case, though many a popular novel has been based upon a less exciting plot. I shall only state my own con-

nection with it as a reporter for the purpose of showing the spirit in which such cases are dealt with by the Senate. Most Canadians are no doubt familiar with the procedure for obtaining a divorce in Canada. In all the Provinces, excepting Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and British Columbia, divorces are only to be had by Act of Parliament. A petition is presented in the Senate and referred to the Divorce Committee of that body. Witnesses are called and examined and the printed report of the evidence and the recommendation of the Committee are submitted to both Houses. As a rule the recommendation of the Committee is acted upon; if they recommend that the prayer of the petitioner be granted, the Bill becomes law. In the Campbell case the evidence was voluminous, and four reporters were employed to take the testimony. I was at the time a member of the first Hansard staff of the House of Commons. If my recollection of the Campbell divorce case is correct, only the evidence for the plaintiff could be taken that year, and I remember that the four reporters were unanimous in believing Mrs. Campbell to be the victim of a conspiracy. The following session the case came up again, and the evidence on both sides was taken. The Committee, convinced that the respondent was innocent, amended the Bill, and recommended that she be granted a separation from her husband on the ground of cruelty and neglect, and that alimony and the custody of her children be allowed. It was a complete reversal of the case, and led to a most exciting and stubbornly-contested battle in the Senate. Sir Alexander Campbell, at that time leader of the Upper House and Minister of Justice, opposed the recommendation of the Committee and exerted himself without avail to defeat the Bill on the ground that Parliament had no jurisdiction to grant alimony. The House stood by the Committee and refused to follow its brilliant and deservedly popular leader.

The Senate is an exceedingly dignified body, free from the unseemly altercations which mark the proceedings of some elective chambers. There was a time, however, when the debates and proceedings of the Upper House were more interesting than dignified; that was in the days of Senator Alexander, an old Scotchman, who, with some polish of manner and a good deal of ability, was also the possessor of a vitriolic tongue. He was so violent and implacable in his personal antipathies that he became the most disliked member of the Senate. He was constantly either stretching the rules of the House to the breaking point, or the principal actor in the scenes which it was his delight to create. Among the objects of his personal hatred were three leading Senators, Sir Alexander Campbell, Minister of Justice; Sir David Macpherson, Speaker, and Mr. Allen, who subsequently filled the Speaker's chair. Senator Alexander was a man with a grievance. He claimed that he had lost heavily through the failure of the Bank of Upper Canada, and that his loss was directly attributable to these three Senators who had been connected with the management of the bank. He never wearied of airing his grievance and making it unpleasant for his three distinguished colleagues as far as the rules would permit. Under all these personal assaults, the knightly courtesy of Sir Alexander Campbell and the gentle dignity of Senator Allen never failed them. Speaker Sir David Macpherson was, of course, powerless to reply, and Mr. Alexander became bolder and more daring in his attacks. At length even the self-restraint of Sir Alexander Campbell gave way. At the close of an unusually virulent speech of the Senator from Woodstock the House rose for recess; the air was charged with electricity, and there was a general expectation that there would be

a commotion in the Upper Chamber when the debate was resumed. There was an unusually large attendance of strangers and members of the House of Commons when the Speaker took his seat. Then Sir Alexander Campbell rose and replied to the Senator from Woodstock in such vigorous style that even his thick cuticle was pierced. There was open and undisguised satisfaction as Senator Alexander squirmed under the flaying. The rebuke was sharp and effective, and for two years the Senator from Woodstock was a silent member of the Senate. When he did eventually address the House again it was in such mild and inoffensive terms that everyone pronounced the cure as radical as the remedy had been drastic.

One other incident in connection with the Senator from Woodstock is worth mentioning. All who visit the Parliament Building are attracted by the portraits of the Speakers, which hang in the corridors. Every Speaker during his term has his portrait painted, and it is added to the long row of portraits in the corridors. Sir David Macpherson, instead of following the custom of the House and providing the conventional portrait showing the head and shoulders, supplied at his own expense a full-length portrait of himself in his robes of office. He was a very large and well-proportioned man, as anyone can see if he will stand before the life-size portrait of his stately figure in the front corridor of the Senate. Mr. Alexander seized upon this departure from the custom of the Senate as an opportunity to worry his enemy. He rose to a question of privilege and called attention to the innovation, charging the former Speaker with having been influenced by vanity and a desire to make himself unduly conspicuous. He wound up by demanding that the portrait be cut in two and only one-half of it retained. It didn't matter which half, he said, but if his own judgment would be accepted, he would prefer the lower half, because the portrait showed well-developed calves, and he thought on the whole they were the best part of Sir David's make-up. Newspapers hostile to the Senate took up the question, and the fame of the portrait was spread abroad, with the result that you could always find a knot of curious visitors gazing upon it when the Senate was open to tourists. Mr. Alexander retired from the Senate soon after the incident, and Sir David Macpherson did not long survive him, but even to this day the famous canvas is an object of interest to sight-seers who remember the hot time it created in the Senate long years ago.

Another Senator who at times broke through the customs and traditions of the Red Chamber was the Honourable T. R. McInnes, afterwards appointed Governor of British Columbia. I can recall two incidents in which he was the central figure. He was one of those who regard the dual language as an expensive nuisance. On one occasion he claimed that Gaelic was a language, to say the least, as vigorous and expressive as French and with as many claims to be considered an official language as either French or English. To emphasise his views and put them on record, he moved that Gaelic be made an official language in Canada. To give some idea of its musical and expressive character, he addressed the House in the language of the Highlanders. Did we try to report that speech? As well try to report the fusillade of a package of fire-crackers. The Senators looked on amused, while the reporters sat there helplessly listening to the unintelligible stream of oratory. Then Mr. McInnes addressed the House in English. The feelings of his French colleagues can be more readily imagined than described, as he wound up with the declaration that, as Britain had generously granted the use of their language to the conquered race, at least the same right should be conceded to their conquerors. The writ-

ten Gaelic speech was handed in to the reporters and duly incorporated in the debates, where anyone of an inquiring mind can find it.

On another occasion, when the eccentricities of Senator Alexander had led to unpleasant scenes and acrimonious discussions, Senator McInnes rose to a question of privilege and called attention to the fact that the Chaplain had omitted, for some time, the prayer for peace and harmony in their deliberations, and attributed the unseemly and almost disorderly scenes which had so pained the House to this serious omission. Then with great unction he read the omitted prayer himself, and was afterwards thanked by the Speaker for having directed attention to so serious a matter. The prayer has never since been omitted, but it was some time before there was any noticeable improvement in the tones of the speeches of which the Senate complained.

A few years before the death of the late Dean Lauder, an attempt was made to raise his salary as Chaplain of the Senate from four hundred dollars to five hundred dollars a session. In Committee the proposed increase was vigorously opposed by Senator McInnes and others. They figured out the rate of remuneration for the Chaplain's services at so many dollars per minute for merely reading the same prayers every day at the opening of the House. Mr. McInnes claimed that a great saving might be effected and the function better discharged by using a phonograph and he actually proposed that one should be purchased. Needless to say, the radical suggestion was not adopted. The Dean continued to be Chaplain of the Senate, but his salary was not increased on that occasion, and when he died the office of Chaplain was abolished. The Speaker of the Senate now reads the prayers without any perceptible ill effect on the temper of the Senators.

The speaking in the Senate is generally of a conversational character. There is no thought of talking to the public. As a rule, the Senate galleries are as deserted as the halls of Tara. Most of the Senators are veteran politicians, and have the fluency of speech which comes with long practice and familiarity with public questions, but among them there have been some uncommonly bad talkers from the reporters' point of view. To make a readable report of their remarks was little short of a work of art. One of these men was the late Senator Kaulbach. He was of German descent, and his intellect was of the familiar German type. He had good ideas, but seldom was able to express them so as to be thoroughly understood by the Senate. His utterance was thick and almost lost in a heavy beard. His sentences were involved and frequently unfinished. Time and again I have been asked how in the world we managed to understand and report Mr. Kaulbach. I did not care to give away the secret, but, as Mr. Kaulbach has passed over to the majority and left no successor whose oratory is of the Kaulbachian character, I may say that the only way to make an intelligible report of his speeches was to disregard the shorthand notes almost completely—just glance over a page of notes, shut the book and dictate. The reporter having a general knowledge of what the Senator from Lunenburg wanted to say, the honourable gentleman's views were fairly expressed in the report.

Mr. Kaulbach's end was one of the tragedies of the Senate. It occurred during the session of 1896, when an attempt, which proved successful, was being made to talk out the seventh Parliament.

There was a great deal of excitement, and the corridors of the House of Commons were thronged with people anxiously awaiting the opening of the doors to secure front seats in the galleries. Mr. Kaulbach walked up the stairs, came to the door of the reporters' office and looked in. Find-

ing them very busy, he started to walk towards the Senators' Gallery of the House of Commons. An instant afterwards we heard a heavy fall, and someone called to us, "Senator Kaulbach is dying." We found him in his last agony on the floor of the corridor. Before a doctor could be summoned he was dead. The fact was known at once throughout the building, yet so great was the excitement over the approaching termination of the Parliament that not one of the hundreds who were waiting a few yards away for the opening of the doors of the Commons galleries came to see or help the dying Senator.

The remark has often been made that within three or four years after a change of government in all probability the two political parties will be evenly balanced in the Senate. That depends, however, on circumstances. You cannot always be sure of a Senator. There have been cases of conversion in the Red Chamber, not always the result of persuasive argument. One such instance was that of the late Mr. Wilmot, who was subsequently appointed Governor of New Brunswick. He was a Liberal at the time of his appointment to the Senate. He left it a staunch Conservative, and the change of heart is said to have occurred in this wise. He was the owner of a fertile island in the Saint John River, at a place known as the Oromocto Shoals. In an evil day for his party Premier Mackenzie undertook to improve the navigation of the river at that point. The dam at the shoals was so constructed that it turned the current directly against the head of the Senator's island, and began to wash it away. Each season saw the island growing smaller and beautifully less. Mr. Wilmot expostulated with the engineer, then complained to the Department, and finally brought the matter up in the Senate, but without avail. The Department stood by its engineer, and Mr. Wilmot's vote ceased to be counted on the Liberal side. What has happened once may happen again; history has a way of repeating itself.

It is surprising how reputations made in the local legislatures fade away in the larger arena of the Dominion Parliament. It does not follow that because a man is a Triton in the provincial pool he will be anything more formidable than a sardine in the Dominion sea. Several instances in point could be mentioned, but one will serve as an illustration: Prior to 1896 Sir Oliver Mowat, as Premier of Ontario, was the most conspicuous personality in his Province. His popularity was great, his influence far-reaching, and his judgment was regarded as well-nigh infallible. The brilliant success of the Liberal party in the election of 1896 was no doubt largely due to the use of Sir Oliver's name in connection with that of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. After the change of Government Sir Oliver became Minister of Justice, and was appointed to the Senate, of which he became the leader. I think it will be admitted that a more conscientious and capable head of a department could not be found, but Sir Oliver was never in his element in the Upper House, and as its leader he was a conspicuous failure. For nearly a quarter of a century he had led a majority in the local legislature. His party had unbounded confidence in his judgment and obeyed his every wish. In the Senate he found himself at the head of the minority, with men thoroughly versed in federal affairs and with large experience of Dominion legislation opposing him, and he never succeeded in adapting himself to his new environment. His prestige rapidly waned, and ere long the Opposition in the Senate treated him with a sort of good-natured tolerance that was more fatal to his reputation and influence than the fiercest criticism. He introduced on one occasion a Bill to amend the Criminal Code; it was riddled by the Opposition and finally withdrawn for repairs. When

again presented, the Opposition proceeded to amuse themselves at the expense of the veteran leader. The Bill contained a clause directed against prize-fighting, and the legislation was advocated on the ground that such exhibitions were demoralising and brutalising in their effects. An Opposition member suggested that kinetoscope and vitascope pictures of prize fights were hardly less demoralising than actual prize-fighting and urged that the clause be amended to prohibit such exhibitions also. The suggestion was adopted and the Bill was amended accordingly. Then another Opposition member, with a suspicious readiness to help on the legislation, suggested that newspaper reports of prize fights were also demoralising and should be prohibited. With some hesitancy the suggestion was accepted, and the amendment made. Then an ardent patriot contended that it would be an unjust discrimination to prohibit Canadian newspapers from publishing details of prize fights, while United States papers containing such reports were permitted to circulate freely in the country. Suggestions were offered and amendments made until the leader became hopelessly mixed and the Bill itself a laughing-stock. It was finally withdrawn for the session, but while it was under discussion it was a source of amusement for the potent, grave, and reverend seigniors and of anxiety and embarrassment for the Minister of Justice.

The Senate has at times proved to be a useful check on hasty or ill-advised legislation. It may have allowed some measures to pass which in the judgment of a majority of the people should have been defeated. That charge is sometimes made against the Upper House. On the other hand, no one can tell the amount of improper legislation it has prevented by its mere existence. We can judge of what might have been done had there been no Senate by the character of some of the measures it has rejected. One noteworthy case of the kind was the Marine Electric Telegraphs Bill. During the Mackenzie regime the Government enacted a law to prevent monopoly in cables connecting Canada with Europe. Sir John Macdonald's Government, which followed the Mackenzie Administration, on a plausible proposition made by some powerful cable company, introduced a Bill to repeal the Act. The practical effect of such legislation would have been to give the company a monopoly of the cable business for a long term of years. The Bill passed through the Commons and was introduced in the Senate and promoted by Sir Alexander Campbell. Notwithstanding a good deal of opposition, it was allowed to pass the three readings without a division. After the third reading the Speaker rose and put the usual question, "Shall this Bill pass?" a question which till then had always been regarded as purely formal, and has never since been answered in the negative. Senator Miller, who sat near Senator Scott, turned to him, and in a sarcastic tone asked if he had "no word to say in defence of his own legislation." Stung to the quick, Mr. (now Sir Richard) Scott rose and in an impassioned speech implored the Senate to save the country from the grasp of a threatened monopoly. He wound up his speech by demanding a vote. The members were called in, a vote was taken, and the Bill was rejected. Had it passed, Canada could not have given wireless telegraphy a trial on the Atlantic coast for trans-Atlantic messages. I think nobody will say to-day that the Senate made a mistake on that occasion.

Another important measure which the Senate rejected was the Bill to give Mackenzie and Mann some four million acres in the gold fields of the Yukon for the construction of a railway from Stickeen River to Teslin Lake. There was also the Bill to confirm the first agreement with the

Drummond County Railway for the extension of the Intercolonial Railway to Montreal. It is unnecessary to enter into the details of these two measures. The judgment of the majority has been questioned by one party and extolled by the other in both instances, but whether the Senate exercised a wise discretion in rejecting either or both Bills or not, one measure was never reintroduced, and the other, when introduced a second time, was so modified that the Opposition claimed the country was saved a million dollars by the defeat of the first Bill.

At one time there was a good deal of talk about abolishing the Senate; that was in the early days of Confederation, when some able editors and not a few public men were ignorant of the strength and power of the Senate under the Constitution. They were for the most part writers and speakers in Ontario, with a few scattered through the other Provinces who ignored the fact that any serious attempt to destroy or to weaken the influence of the Upper House would rally to its support the smaller Provinces, for the protection of whose rights the Senate was intended at Confederation. A small minority in the House of Commons, backed by some labour unions, still clings to the idea that the Senate must go, but in the Upper House their clamour is treated as a joke. At the same time there is a feeling amongst the Senators themselves that the present mode of constituting the Senate could be improved upon. They feel that the appointing of Senators for life is open to criticism. At one time, so large a proportion of the Senators had passed the three score years and ten that irreverent people spoke of the Upper Chamber as the "Old Men's Home," "the Asylum for Imbeciles," the "House of Obstructives," and hurled other terms of opprobium at the dignified Chamber. Sometimes it happened that the Senate enjoyed a quiet revenge. The Honourable David Mills, when an Opposition member in the House of Commons, frequently spoke in scathing terms of the Senate, describing it as a political Magdalen Asylum for politicians debauched by the Government of the Day. In this onslaught on the Upper House he was ably seconded by the *Toronto Globe*, then controlled by the late Honourable George Brown. Shortly afterwards Mr. Brown was defeated in South Ontario, and was appointed by the Mackenzie Government to the Senate, where he was at once hailed as the "new Magdalen." Years afterwards Mr. Mills himself, when defeated in Bothwell, was appointed to the Senate and made its leader, to the great advantage of the Upper Chamber and the whole Dominion. The man who not many years before had denounced the Senate as a political Magdalen Asylum made a public retraction and admitted the necessity of a second chamber, notwithstanding the fact that he had never since receiving his appointment had a majority of the Upper Chamber at his back.

From the Liberal point of view the reformation of the Senate, which was one of the planks in the party's platform, has made steady progress since the change of Government in 1896. Old faces have disappeared from year to year, and new faces have succeeded them. The former Conservative majority has become a minority, which grows weaker each succeeding session, and may entirely disappear should the present Government remain much longer in power. This feature of the present system is viewed with disquietude by Senators on both sides of the House, and many suggestions have been made to improve the present mode of constituting the Upper Chamber and increase its usefulness. None, however, has met with the approval of a majority.

E. WYLY GRIER

HIS WORK AND SOME IDEALS: AN APPRECIATION

BY ERIC BROWN

DIRECTOR OF THE CANADIAN NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

BROADLY speaking, there seems to be a tendency in articles of this kind to make comparison the vehicle of conveying to the public the writer's discernment of the merits or demerits of an artist's work. It is laid on the slab, side by side with that of some usually and happily defunct brother brush and there dissected by the knife of minute comparative criticism. In all their pitiful nakedness the minutiæ of differences of temperament, technique and ideals are laid bare, and from the deplorable harvest is woven a dissertation which, from the inevitable differences of human viewpoints, is rarely more valuable than as mere opinion. Art is so vast and a man's art, which is his whole outlook on heaven and earth, is not to be judged completely or unerringly by a fellow-mortal in the scope of anything less than a biographical resumé of a completed life's work. So, surely it is wiser to approach the subject in all humility, to appreciate where approving, to be silent where disapproving (or, more commonly, not understanding), lest our outpourings be received as recently a great churchman described the reception of Mr. Lloyd George's "revival" denunciations of the Lords' existence: "The orators spoke they knew not what; the people were wooed, they knew not why."

Upon Canadian art of the present day Mr. Grier brings to bear two strong influences, his personality and his work. The key-note of both is the same. It is improvement. The improvement of artistic conditions, aims and ideals in the sphere in which he works and wooes; and coexisting, that continued exercise, endeavour, study and experiment, which is the constant improvement of his own work, and

MR. E. WYLY GRIER

indirectly that of the community. It is the troubled waters that are pure, even those stirred by dissatisfaction. It is only self-complacency which is stagnant and unprogressive.

scheine, called "The Secrets of the Old Masters," and, since it is his nature never to rest content where advancement is possible, so now he is endeavouring by experiment along the

BEREFT (SALON, GOLD MEDAL)

To take the personal influence first, it may be said, I think, that in Canadian art of to-day Mr. Grier stands for unity, for that harmony of aim which is strength and the finest impulse of worty effort. It is as though he says, Let all rivalry be healthy; let it tend towards individual improvement, and so towards collective improvement, and our end is gained. Mr. Grier has many views upon his art, its technique, his own methods and experiments, and it is delightful and a liberal education to spend an afternoon in his studio in the rôle of listener and gain some insight into those aims and ideals, which are the impulse of his artistic life. Lately he has become greatly interested in the theories propounded in a book published in 1906, by Albert Abrud-

lines laid down by the author to determine the secret of that wonderful treasure chest: Their probable method of underpainting on an absolutely white ground in cool colours, free from all bituminous browns, which compass the slow death of all lovely colour laid upon them; their practical completion of their work in this manner and the final superimposition of their glazes of correct and resilient colour, and, lastly, what is the key-note and great discovery of the whole treatise, "the sun bath," which dried out the medicine and preserved indestructible the glory of their pictures, which, after hundreds of years, are fresher and purer than many from the hands of the masters of the last decade. It is a great theme and since, as the author pa-

PORTRAIT OF MRS. J. H. ORMSBY

thetically remarks, he has devoted twenty-five years and destroyed his own art in gleaning the information he sets forth, it is surely worthy of much consideration.

Facts are cold, even hard; but perhaps used sparingly and as a foundation which is hidden when its work is done, they may help us to understand the trend and development of Mr. Grier's art, which has placed him in the position of being one of Canada's foremost portrait painters, President of the Ontario Society of Artists, and a man invariably respected and loved throughout the community that knows him.

Mr. Grier may be said to be a Canadian. Since 1891 he has been closely identified with its art and interests, and it is interesting to remember that even a portion of his school days were passed at Upper Canada College. But it is his artistic education which has been so particularly interesting, with its varied influences and companionships, from each of which in turn something has been taken, some want supplied; until at last individuality has been found and grown strong enough to take from its own view of things its method of expression. This education began at the Slade School of Art, under

Legros, and within a fortnight of admission and at the age of seventeen he won the prize for composition, open to the whole school. It was while at the Slade School that Mr. G. F. Watts's family tradition, for on the distaff side of his ancestry no less than three Monros held the chair of anatomy at Edinburgh University, a great record, and in the third there first ap-

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST'S WIFE

friendship led to many visits to Holland Park and to that study of anatomy, which to every artist is the curse of the day which has to endure it, but the blessing of all future ones which profit by it. And, while on the subject of anatomy, it is interesting to remember that in studying it, the student was surely following out the peared that artistic perception, which was to be the impulse of the lives of two of the present generation of his descendents. From the Slade Mr. Grier went by way of the Free School of Art in Rome to Italians studying under Bougereau and Tony Fleury. Here he again distinguished himself in composition, being placed sixth in

PORTRAIT OF THE HONOURABLE SIR GLENHOLME FALCONBRIDGE

a competition in which more than three hundred participated, and had the honour of having a drawing from the nude selected as the best in the whole school. Tony Fleury's harangue upon its excellencies cost the author a sum for subsequent refreshment whose amount is lost in tradition's exaggerations, but it was large, in proportion to the honour.

Then for a time the Newlyn Brotherhood claimed him. It was in the heyday of the "wet cat" school and her self-approving puns were beginning to resound abroad. I think it may be fairly said now that she was both an evil and a good intelligence. Evil, in that she fostered a tiresome similarity of technique and even of artistic vision, which died hard; but altogether good, in that she banded together in common interest, unhampered and impatient of contemporary academic restraint, such men as Frank Brangwyn, Andres Zone, Edward Simmons, Stanhope Forbes, Arnesby Brown, Adrian Stokes, Frank Bramley, Alfred East, and many others. Now they are scattered abroad, each having found himself in

a greater or less degree by the strength of his personality, and each pursuing ideals, upon whose face the "wet cat" memories have left fainter or deeper lines.

almost be styled a physiognomical history of her modern times, for in his gallery of her great men there are as few distinguished names absent as there are inferior pieces of work.

MRS. EDWARD BLAKE

It was while at Saint Ives that Mr. Grier painted the fine landscape called "Bereft," which we reproduce. It had a distinguished career, being well hung at the academy, receiving a Salon gold medal, and being invited for exhibition at Berlin, Munich, and Düsseldorf.

Then comes Canada and the portrait work from Mr. Grier's brush during the last eighteen years might

Portrait painting is rarely the most cherished expression of the true artist's soul, and in many ways it may be compared to the "greatness" of Shakespeare's immortal words, and surely the majority are those of its last degree and have had portrait painting "thrust upon them." Though he may have all the facility, the technique, even that intuition of the sitter's individuality, which alone

can give absolute success to his interpretation, though he may be in all respects a master of his trade, yet how often one has the feeling when looking at some particular picture, in which the sympathy between painter and sitter has been unusually great, that the very soul of the artist is mirrored in the eyes he has painted and that its desire is to fling the whole paraphernalia aside, to pack up, lock the studio door, and away to the great motherland of nature, there to interpret his own longing with all the freedom and force of a life set free.

And so it seems to me that the keynote of the harmony of Mr. Grier's work (and it is harmonious to an extraordinary degree) is sympathy. The sympathy that selects all that is purest, simplest and best and eliminates all that is discordant and unworthy, and in this he reveals himself as closely following the finest characteristics of our national school of art. Raphael's work had no strongly marked individuality, rather it was typical of the age in which he lived. And what an age! And to aid him he had the most receptive, artistic nature that ever existed. And so I would like to say of Mr. Grier's work that there is no obtrusive individuality of technique, no particular mannerism of method, but, rather, the subject is treated with such intense sympathy that all impression of the medium is forgotten in the intimacy one feels with the real personality portrayed.

Such an instance is perhaps perfect in the picture called "The Dreamer," [See frontispiece.] in which the child sits with a fiddle across his knees, rapt in thought, as though listening to the command of the goddess of the arts.

To make his song the loom of life's intent,
To weave from out the sunlight of his soul
A golden gift to God.

Was it Whistler who said that art is to conceal art? Here the saying is finely typified. The whole impression received is of what the child is thinking. There is a technique, a colour scheme, and composition, but they are so finely subordinated to the spirit of the impression conveyed, that of a wanderer in a childish wonderland, that they are forgotten, nonexistent. This is great art, indeed, for it has concealed art and shown us only the truth.

The accompanying reproductions have been chosen very much at haphazard, the intention being to give an idea of the range rather than the quality of Mr. Grier's work. But to me each one exemplifies the dominant note of sympathy and the immensity of the distance which lies between the original and the *outré*. Mr. Grier's work is original in the best sense of the word, it is individual, and its individuality is as simple and unobtrusive as it is distinctive and convincing.

JOHN GALT, NOVELIST AND EMPIRE-BUILDER

BY WILLIAM T. ALLISON

PROFESSOR OF ENGLISH LITERATURE AT WESLEYAN COLLEGE, WINNIPEG

JOHN GALT, dramatist, biographer, novelist, empire-builder, now darkly fallen into oblivion these sixty years, is deserving of a better fate. A contemporary of Sir Walter Scott, Susan Ferrier, Christopher North, and Lockhart, he belonged to the band of Scotch magazine writers who did so much for English literature in the early days of *Blackwood's* and *The Edinburgh Review*. So great was the success of "The Annals of the Parish" that the circulation of *Blackwood's*, in which it ran as a serial, was "prodigiously increased," and, as soon as it came out in book form, four hundred copies were sold in Edinburgh and five hundred in London in three or four days, leading William Blackwood to remark, "I have seldom published a more popular or valuable book." One of his later works, "The Entail," had the honour of being read thrice by no less exalted personages than Sir Walter Scott and Lord Byron. In his enthusiasm Byron declared that the heroine of this novel, *Leddy Grippy*, was one of the greatest characters in literature outside the pages of Shakespeare. Praise almost as glowing came from the pen of the long-silent Henry Mackenzie, the Nestor of Edinburgh men of letters, who, without knowing the name of the genius, placed his "Annals" alongside "The Vicar of Wakefield." Crowning eulogism of all, the great and terrible Lord Jeffrey hailed him as the first good Scottish representative of the humours of lowly life.

JOHN GALT
FROM A DRAWING IN "FRASER'S MAGAZINE

Galt's chief claim to remembrance lies in the newness and excellence of his work in "The Annals of the

Parish" and its successors, wherein he portrayed the character and manner of the middling and lower orders of Scotland. In this field he was a pioneer. Although Sir Walter Scott closely followed him, the author of the Waverleys must take second place in this regard. Because of his power of observation, his attention to details and trick of resemblance, John Galt has been aptly called the Scottish Defoe. And not only in point of literary style is the correspondence true. Like the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, Galt's lasting reputation lies between the covers of one book, "The Annals of the Parish." Both Defoe and Galt were bustling business men, who were interested in all kinds of projects, and who, while possessing abundance of push and sagacity, were in the main unfortunate. Both failed in business and took to writing as a secondary pursuit. If he could revisit the earth, Defoe would probably be very much surprised that scarcely anyone remembers his busy and adventurous life, his connection with King William of Orange, his diplomatic mission to Scotland, and his restless labours as a political journalist. What he considered as intensely important has been forgotten by the mass of mankind; what he considered to be a mere tale, a literary amusement of his old age, has immortalised his name. Now Galt's ambition in life was to do things in the big world of men; actions were more to him than books, and it was only because bad fortune attended his public efforts as a business man in Greece, in London, and in his connection with the Canada Company that he settled down to earn his living as a sober, serious, hard-working, professional man of letters. He believed that he would be remembered for his deeds rather than for his written words. In his "Literary Life," written at the close of his career, when he was a helpless paralytic, he makes the following prophecy: "But when my numerous books are forgotten, I shall be remembered. I contrived the Canada Company and will hereafter be spoken of among the eras of a nation destined to greatness." The prophecy has in one respect been amply fulfilled; Guelph, Goderich, and Galt, three flourishing communities in Ontario, Canada, perpetuate his passion for deeds, but to-day it is questionable whether a hundred people in this Province, which owes so much to his endeavours, know even the barest details of his life. It is also true that only the curious student reads his novels to-day, for Galt wrote no desert island romance for boys, but we believe that such books as "The Annals," "The Provost," and "The Entail" will yet be resurrected and widely read. The Scottish Defoe has almost as worthy a claim on the remembrances of posterity as his English namesake.

John Galt was born at Irvine, in Ayrshire, May 2, 1779. His father was captain of a vessel that traded with the West Indies, and the family, after Galt's tenth year, took up their permanent residence in the port of Greenock. Galt was a delicate child and therefore did not get much regular schooling as a boy. He became an inveterate reader, however, and was never tired listening to the old wives' tales of the neighbour women. He picked up not only strange idioms from Irvine and Greenock women, but also an abundant stock of peculiar metaphors and humours from his mother, who possessed a rich gift as conversationist, especially in character-sketching and mimicry. No doubt Galt inherited all his power of observation and skill in language from his mother. His mildness and benignity of disposition he seems to have owed to his easy, good-natured, sea-captain father. As a youth he was entered in the mercantile office of Messrs. James Miller and Company, of Greenock, where he gained

the requisite information not only to enable him some years later to start up as a West India commission merchant in London, but to draw the many business characters of his novels. Business, however, did not absorb all his time. In his leisure hours he took part in the debates and essay-reading of a literary club, and went on pedestrian tours with two or three companions into the Highlands, through the Border country to Edinburgh, and even as far south as Durham, England. He read omnivourously and from his early years wrote verses and essays. His departure for London and unfortunate copartnery there with a Mr. McLachlan are recounted with more or less faithfulness in "Bogie Corbet." Following another unsuccessful business attempt, with his brother Thomas as aid, he started on his travels to the Levant, which extended over several years and which were taken ostensibly to study the prospects for English trade in that quarter. Galt was a fellow-passenger with Byron and Hobhouse on one voyage and saw a good deal of the noble poet while they were living in Athens. The intimacy thus formed was of service to Galt in later years when he came to write his "Life of Byron." Nothing profitable in a business way seems to have come out of Galt's residence and journeyings in the Levant, in Spain, and in France, but he embodied his observations in two books, "Voyages and Travels" and "Letters from the Levant." Both works were kindly mentioned by the reviews and achieved a tolerable success. About this time also he published "The Life and Administration of Wolsey," the fruit of study undertaken after his first business failure.

Following his marriage to the daughter of Dr. Tilloch, editor of the *Philosophical Magazine* and proprietor of the *Star* newspaper of London. Galt settled down to earn his living by his pen. After spending several years in hack work, brightened by the publication of his life of his friend, the painter Benjamin West, Galt was tempted to enter the commercial arena once more. Taking a position as agent for London shippers to Jamaica he removed, in 1818, with his family to Finnart, near Greenock. Time hung heavy on his hands, however, and the change from London was regretted. Two years later he eagerly accepted an offer made to him to proceed to London to act as lobbyist and promoter of a parliamentary bill relating to the Union Canal Company. By astute engineering Galt succeeded in accomplishing his object and was handsomely paid by the corporation which employed him. Again in the London atmosphere, he betook himself to letters and entered upon his career as a novelist. Like many other literary men, he passed to the novel by way of the drama. During his travel years he wrote several plays, which appeared in the *New British Theatre*, published by Colburn. Only one of these efforts, "The Witness," rechristened "The Appeal," managed to win its way to the stage and was produced in Edinburgh. His first novels, "The Majolo" (1816), dealing with Sicilian superstition, and "The Earthquake" (1820), a story of the Messina earthquake of 1783, were stagey and melodramatic, were ridiculed by the critics, and fell stillborn from the press.

But with his next publication, Galt stepped into the very forefront of Scottish novelists. William Blackwood was his sponsor and introduced his new find to the world through the pages of his magazine. The novel by which Galt made his first strike for honest fame was "The Ayrshire Legatees." In this story the *Reverend Zechariah Pringle*, who has fallen heir to a fortune, and who, with his wife, son and daughter, has left, for the time being, the Scotch village of Garnock and his interesting congregation for the devious legal pro-

cesses, the charitable societies, and strange sights of London, writes many a quaint letter home telling the story of his adventures. The book is made up of characteristic letters written by these exiles, and abounds in rich humour. Addison availed himself of much the same idea in bringing *Sir Roger de Coverley* to London, but it was something delightfully new to gather the impressions of the dignified Scotch dominie, his economical wife, his feather-headed daughter, and literary son in London. The book also gives a reflex view of the characters in the home village, and for the first time the public was introduced to the intimate life, the elders, and spinsters of a small Lowland Scotch parish.

Blackwood, who had an instinctive feeling for what would hit the popular taste, was delighted with the *Pringle* humours and urged Galt to follow up his first success with something in the same line. Whereupon the Scottish Defoe brought forth a manuscript, which, like "Waverley," had reposed for some thirteen years in a drawer as being of little value, for Constable had refused it, and for ten or twelve years Galt, who was always uncertain as to the value of his own work, did not have courage enough to offer it to another publisher. When revised and published in *Blackwood's Magazine*, "The Annals of the Parish" met with a very warm welcome from the reading public. "The Annals," supposed to be written by the *Reverend Micah Balwhidder*, picture the humours, tragedies, and changes in the parish of Dalmailing, with all the fidelity and verisimilitude which Defoe managed to impart to "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Memoirs of a Cavalier." It is the hardest thing in the world to believe that this sober narrative is a fiction and that *Micah Balwhidder* and his three wives are as unsubstantial as a vision. When Christopher North read "The Annals" he exclaimed, "It is not a book, but a fact." Pitt, we are informed, supposed that the "Memoirs of a Cavalier" was *bona fide* history, and, in like manner, Buonaparte's agent in Edinburgh took Galt's book as a record of credible events. Blackwood's mother read the "Annals" with great delight and thought *Micah* an honest and upright minister of the Gospel. One of her grandsons, however, deemed it advisable to tell her that she had been reading a piece of fiction. The old lady was dreadfully disappointed. At once the book lost all its charm and she was very angry because she had been lured into reading what was not true. Yet, notwithstanding the fact that the book was an invention, the social development in the village life in Scotland in the period preceding and following the French Revolution, the rise of modern manufactures, and the changes in morals and manners are faithfully portrayed and lend to the book real historical value.

The instant popularity of the "Annals" led Blackwood to continue to call upon Galt for more products of this rich, new vein which he had been so fortunate as to discover. The third story of the kind was "The Provost," a chronicle of the municipal humours of the Scotch borough of Gudetown, the supposed writer being *Mr. Pawky*, Provost several times, and Baillie times without number. In this work Galt follows the same line which he adopted in the "Annals." He makes his leading character tell the story of his career, noting all the changes of method in municipal government and giving at the same time a delightfully humourous account of the leading social changes and events in the Lowland Scotch borough in the transitional or revolutionary period. Although the critics of that day declared that the "Annals" represented Galt's best work, the present writer enjoyed the "Provost" even better than the *Bal-*

whidder story, because of the greater variety of incident. The humour, pathos, and strong feeling of the natural are, however, equally pronounced in both works, which must be regarded as Galt's masterpieces. He never excelled them in compression of style or in whimsical charm.

Galt, encouraged by the fame which had come to him through the "Annals" in 1821, managed to write three books during the next year. His industry and rapidity of production almost equalled that of Scott himself. In 1822 appeared along with "The Provost," "The Steamboat" and "Sir Andrew Wylie." "The Steamboat" is a miserably designed book, and is valuable only for those chapters in which the author, with roaring humour, describes the coronation of George IV. "Sir Andrew Wylie" describes the rise and progress of a Scotchman in the world of London. There is a faithful portraiture of English life and manners in this novel which achieved for it more popularity in England than any other of Galt's narratives.

In 1823 Galt's amazing assiduity and fertility of invention were shown in the publication of no less than three novels, each of them, in the fashion of the time, filling three volumes. The mere manual labour of penning nine volumes in one year must have required indomitable willpower and cruel application. These works were "The Entail," "Ringhan Gilhaize," and "The Spaewife." "The Entail," although very defective in plot, was a great character novel, and it is particularly interesting because it is the last of Galt's efforts in his own peculiar field, the depiction of the life of the Scotch middle classes. It is his most ambitious attempt and the eulogies of Scott and Byron, as we have already noted, testified to the interest which it evoked. As far as psychological insight into character is concerned, we believe that it is superior to anything of the period, not excepting the novels of the Wizard of the North. It is a curious commentary on the fortunes of authors that "The Entail" should have been so well received, while "Ringhan Gilhaize" should have fallen almost unnoticed by the wayside. "The Entail" is the last of Galt's real successes. Although he received for "Ringhan Gilhaize" the comfortable sum of £300, the public would have none of it. It was an historical novel, a story of the days of the Covenanters, and was intended to be an antidote, or, at least, a corrective to Scott's "Old Mortality." Galt considered that Scott had done an injustice to the Presbyterian ministers and the rank and file of the opponents of prelacy. In plot and conception, "The Spaewife," although the title is almost as uninviting as "Ringhan Gilhaize"—Galt had no skill in devising pleasing titles—was more successful, at least, in point of theme and execution. It is an historical novel, bearing on the time of James I. of Scotland, and, although very prolix, drew a high encomium from Maria Edgworth.

In 1824 Galt was obliged to huddle up the conclusion of another historical novel, "Rothelan," in order that he might set sail for America as one of five commissioners appointed by the British Government to institute inquiries regarding the resources of the Province of Upper Canada. While engaged in this business, Galt conceived the idea that an English company should buy up extensive lands from the Crown and undertake the work of colonisation, opening up new districts and selling farms to the settlers. Galt's proposal took shape and resulted in the formation of the Canada Company, of which he was appointed secretary. For the next five years most of his time was spent in Upper Canada in superintending the work of settlement, in making voyages of discovery on Lake Huron,

in building roads through the forest primeval, in founding hamlets which were to become in future years large cities, and in trying to satisfy jealous and unreasonable directors in England, who knew nothing about the difficulties of life in the wilderness. At the end of five years, after he had done an immense amount of work of a practical character, and had not only laid the fortunes of the Canada Company, but had established his claim to the future regard of Canadians as an empire-builder, Galt was forced to resign his lucrative position amid the most humiliating circumstances. He was certainly the victim of rank injustice and never recovered from the blow to his credit and fortune during the remainder of his life.

Owing to his preoccupation with colonising affairs, only two novels came from his pen during this period, "The Omen," in 1825, and "The Last of the Lairds," in 1826. During a busy year, in which, among other activities, he founded three settlements, Guelph, Goderich, and Meldrum, Galt wrote to Blackwood, "What would you think of a series to be called 'The Settlers' or 'Tales of Guelph?' The idea has come often across my mind, and the materials are both novel and abundant." But, as Mrs. Oliphant remarks, "In his first leisure time he began to write not of a new empire in the woods, but on the hackneyed theme, 'My Landlady and Her Lodgers,' a story of old London." The fact of the matter was that Galt was too joyful in his new sphere of activity, wherein he stood next to the Governor of the Province in importance, to paint the *gaucheries* of the new civilisation in the wilderness. It was easier for him to hark back to old-world lodging-houses than to record his own bewildering impressions of the eventful career of a coloniser.

But when the fine rapture of doing things was over, when he had had his last fling as an actor instead of a recorder of events, he settled down to his old life of a literary hack in London. And, as with broken spirits and broken health, he took up his pen once more, he instinctively began to write a story of emigration and life in the woods. "Lawrie Todd" is founded on the story of the life of Mr. Grant Thorburn, a seed-merchant of New York, whom Galt met in America. Mr. Thorburn held a strong belief in special providences and had that peculiar individualism which characterises a self-made man in a new-world community. Galt was very successful in painting not only *Todd* and characters of various types met with in the woods, but the romance, if such it can be called, of land settlement in the wilderness. "Lawrie Todd," in 1830, and "Bogle Corbett," in 1831, are emigration stories and opened up a new world of description and adventure for old-world readers. Both novels are marred by a didactic and peevish tone, due to Galt's disappointment and sense of injustice done to him by the Canada Company and to the desertion of his friends. Between the publication of his emigration stories Galt wrote "Southennan," an inconsequential presentment of the customs and manners of Scotland in the reign of Queen Mary. He called this novel a drama, with explanatory notes interwoven, "The construction of which," he says, "was as simple as the Iliad itself."

Having written his biography of Byron and his "Lives of the Players," this marvellously prolific author, who stuck doggedly to his work in spite of misfortunes and ill-health, which would have crushed any other man, turned out no less than three novels in the year 1832, "The Member," "The Radical," and "Stanley Buxton." The two first named represent his skill in the field of the political novel. They give striking pictures of English politics in the days of rotten boroughs and the agitation which attended the passing of the

first Reform Bill. Galt repeated in "The Member" a Defoe-like and highly amusing piece of fiction, the style and manner of "The Provost." Neither of these works, however, achieved any sale in England; they were translated into French and succeeded better on the Continent, where they were valued as faithful transcripts of English political life. Except for several short stories, two novels, "Stanley Buxton" and "Eben Erskine," published in 1833, are Galt's last attempts in the realm of fiction. Both were unequal in performance and fell dead upon the market.

Galt's literary work was now nearly at an end. A nervous affection, supposed to have been some form of paralysis, no doubt a breaking down of the nervous system, caused by relentless brain work, was gradually taking possession of him. He was really five years in dying. From 1834 to 1839 he suffered great physical pain. Unable to walk, he still sat at his desk and wrote articles and stories and his autobiography; when confined to his bed he dictated his "Literary Life," which was dedicated to William IV., and for which he received the sum of £200 from that generous monarch, which helped him to tide over the last three years of his life without appealing to his friends for financial help. Galt died in Greenock at the home of his sister, Mrs. Macfie, on April 11th, 1839.

The best tribute we have to the character of Galt is from the pen of an anonymous friend in the *Leisure Hour*. He is praised for mildness of disposition and unfailing cheerfulness and patience in the midst of great trials. The writer had never witnessed nor heard of any human being surviving so many severe and quickly repeated shocks. Suffering more than ten or eleven attacks of paralysis, he was resigned with Christian humility to his melancholy lot. In all his sickness he displayed a wonderful equanimity of temper. He was modest, unaffected, and not in the last opinionated. In view of the fact that his work had been so ill-requited and that he was a defeated man, his friends wondered greatly at his sweetness of disposition. We are informed by a writer in *Fraser's Magazine*, from which publication we have taken the pen and ink sketch of Galt which illustrates this article, that Galt stood six feet, three, and had a stoop in his shoulders. The writer comments facetiously on "the Dutchman-like liberality in the article of trowsers worn by the celebrated novelist. It seemed as if they had been made by an axe or by the saw of a Canadian backwoodsman." Our picture of Galt comes from that greatest of all portrait-painters of the XIXth century, Thomas Carlyle. Here is the graphic sketch from his journal, which resulted from a meeting of the two famous Scotchmen at a dinner party given by the proprietor of *Fraser's Magazine* in 1832:

"Galt looks old, is deafish, has the air of a sedate Greenock burgher, mouth indicating sly humour and self-satisfaction; the eyes, old and without lashes, gave me a sort of wae interest in him. He wears specs and is hard of hearing; a very large man, and eats and drinks with a certain west-country gusto and research. Said little, but that little peaceable, clear and gutmuthig. Wish to see him again."

Later Carlyle speaks of him as "a broad gawsie Greenock man, old, growing, lovable with pity."

It has been estimated that Galt published in all about sixty works (seven or eight in three volumes), ranging from the epic through history, drama (farce, comedy and tragedy), biography, novel, travel, and pamphlet. At least a score of his publications are in the form of the novel, and of this number we would recommend eleven as worthy examples of Galt's art as a maker of fiction. These eleven novels might be classified more or less arbitrarily as follows:

1. Those in which he depicts Scottish peasant and town life, "The Ayrshire Legatees," "Annals of the Parish," "The Steamboat." "The Provost," and "The Entail."

2. Historical novels after the fashion which Sir Walter Scott had made popular, "The Spaewife" and "Rothelan."

3. Two narratives, in which he combines pictures of Scotch and English mercantile life with the romance of emigration, novels which might be called guide-books for intending settlers in the United States and Canada, "Lawrie Todd' and "Bogle Corbet."

4. Political novels or novels of social reform, "The Member" and "The Radical."

As we have already indicated, Galt is at his best in the novels of the first class. He is most original and most entertaining in his depiction of the life and humours of the Scotch parish or borough. But it cannot be said that he has failed in his attempts in historical fiction. Although marred by serious faults, both "The Spaewife" and "Rothelan" are interesting and convincing. The third class of novels, the emigrant books, are in part a record of his own experiences, results of his own observations in the world of commerce and in the grotesque sphere of American backwoods life; in their painful fidelity to the actual these novels might well have been wholesome correctives to Fennimore Cooper's fascinating but unreal romances of the forest. "Lawrie Todd" and "Bogle Corbet" are valuable works, not only because they opened up a new path in fiction, but because they have had so few successors. There is abundant material in settler's reminiscences in Canada for healthy and absorbing fiction bearing on the hardships and perils of the immigrants of the first half of the XIXth century, but very few novelists have followed in the path blazed by John Galt.

In the fourth field which this restless romancer entered, the sphere of politics and social reform, the encouragement meted out to him by the public was nil, and yet his two short novels, "The Member" and "The Radical," give an excellent idea of the jobbery which prevailed in English parliamentary circles in the 'thirties, and the seething radicalism which for a time threatened England with a revolution. "The Radical" was intended to be a burlesque, covering the agitators of the day with ridicule, for Galt was a professed Tory. And yet, as he writes, he is charmed by the arguments which he puts into the mouths of the would-be reformers, and the reader feels that the Tory author at heart must have been converted by his own eloquence In these short works near the close of his career, Galt seems to have regained something of the terse and vivid power of "The Annals" and "The Provost." He had given himself free range in various fields, and it cannot be said that he failed in any one of them; it is true that he failed dismally to win popularity after the publication of "The Entail," but we believe that all of these latter works, which we have just mentioned, might well stand the test of republication for twentieth century readers in respect to style, variety of incident, graphic power of description, and humorous delineation of character.

Galt's crowning merit as a stylist is his clearness. Although he is not elegant, he is never obscure, and is usually forceful. Much of the forcefulness of his style is due to the fact that he knows how to adapt his language to the particular character with great skill. Both "The Annals" and "The Provost" are written in charac ter. *The Reverend Micah Balwhidder* has a whimsical, precise, and yet picturesque style, with just the requisite tincture of theological phrases and metaphors culled from the Bible, a style which would persuade the very

elect that none but a Scotch minister could possibly have produced such a work.

Of all Galt's numerous characters we prefer *The Reverend Micah Balwhidder*, Scotch minister of Dalmailing. "The Annals" was in Galt's own day compared to "The Vicar of Wakefield." The author had Goldsmith's idyllic story in mind when he wrote his description of the Scotch parish. There is the same pastoral simplicity in both novels, but in Galt's work we find no unnatural or affected finery, no uncommon or romantic incidents. There is a convincing air of reality in Galt's work which we look for in vain in Goldsmith's idealised and highly improbable story. Like the *Vicar*, *Micah* is the historian of the events in his village. He is not a visionary monogamist like *Doctor Primrose*, but abounds in illuminating remarks on the virtues and peculiarities of each of his three wives. It may be that a reader cannot love *The Reverend Micah*, for in spite of his charity there is a touch of dryness and severity of Presbyterianism about him, as he can welcome to his heart the *Vicar of Wakefield*. But we must confess that we find *Balwhidder* more interesting than *Parson Adams* or *Doctor Primrose*, or any of Scott's ministers, because he is loquacious only when in the pulpit. It is true that he preached sixteen times from the text, "Render unto Cæsar the Things that are Cæsar's," in order that he might discourage smuggling, but outside of the pulpit he is not given to much disputation. He is not always tiring us with a parade of his learning or engaging in habits of speculation, which become so trying in *Parson Adams* and the *Vicar of Wakefield*. He is not witty, but he abounds in a whimsical humour all his own; he is indolent and loves gossip in his own reverend way and delights to set down intimate details with the keenness of a good man who has an eye for the ridiculous. He is too shrewd to be fooled like the simple-hearted *Vicar*, and yet there is a great deal of disingenuousness about him. Once in a while his sly sense of humour breaks its bounds, as on the Sabbath when he came out of the kirk after service and saw *Jenny Gaffaw* and her daft daughter, *Meg*, spreading themselves in the gay mantles. When he saw "the two antics linking like ladies," he says, "I was really overcome, and could not keep my gravity, but laughed loud out among the graves, and in the face of all my people." This outburst he ascribes to the work of his enemy, the devil, but surely we love him all the better for it. *The Reverend Micah* can be very severe on smuggling, on the immoderate use of liquor, on neglect of sacred duties, on heady and ignorant discussions of politics, or irreverence for legal and wholesome authority, and on idle places of resort, but he displays great toleration when a new sect establishes itself in the village and has the grace to forgive personal wrongs. In spite of his somewhat dour Presbyterian exterior he has a tender heart. Quick to see the humorous side of character, he is as sensitive to the distresses of his parishioners, his allusions to *Mrs. Malcolm*, the widow, in her trials and sorrows, are beautiful expressions of his own sympathy of soul. Just as Galt never dwells upon ludicrous incidents with any tediousness, nor gives way to burlesque or caricature, so in his recital of the annals of poverty, suffering, and death he cuts short his pathos with a sparing and judicious hand. Goldsmith luxuriates in sentimentalism and heaps on the pathetic touches; not so the creator of *The Reverend Micah*. There is no whine of sentiment in these Defoe-like annals, no artificial shadows; the sorrows of his poor are real, but they are not overdone. Galt has given us one of the finest portraits that has ever been drawn of the average Scotch minister, a man

who is thoroughly good, whose heart is filled with kindness, although he avoids the very appearance of sentiment, who loves a joke and yet wears an air of professional gravity, is conservative, yet welcomes changes which will improve the social tone of the community, who has not much poetry or delicacy in his make-up, but who is a model of good faith, of high ideals of conduct, and of practical helpfulness and sagacity.

What shall we say in conclusion as a final estimate of the fiction of John Galt? We must recognise that his novels are marred by grave defects. Slovenliness of style, looseness of structure, lapses into bad taste, these are some of his faults. His great excellence lies in the fact that he painted the life of his time, of a Scotland that was rapidly passing away, with great fidelity to actual conditions. Dalmailing, Gudetown, and Garnock are not idealised communities, like Thrums and Drumtochty, but the colour of nature done in nature's paint. Galt has been discounted because he lacks glow and exaltation, because he aspired not to the world of soaring imagination. Susan Ferrier, who owed many hints to Galt, sets forth the orthodox literary doctrine of her day in one of her letters to Lady Charlotte Bury. "We see quite enough of real life without sitting down to the perusal of a dull account of the commonplace course and events of existence. The writer who imitates life like a Dutch painter, who chooses for his subject turnips, *fraus*, and tables, is only the copyist of inferior objects; whereas the mind that can create a sweet and beautiful though visionary romance, soars above such vulgar topics and leads the mind of readers to elevated thoughts."

Nowadays we have become more tolerant. We still enjoy the air of high romance, even Miss Ferrier's airy, fairy heroines; we remain loyal to that other great contemporary of Galt, Sir Walter Scott, but if John Galt were writing to-day he would find himself among friends who love exceedingly "the writer who imitates life like a Dutch painter," who can never get enough of the unvarnished but clean details of real life, who can appreciate in them not only opulent humour but touching reminders of the sweetness and sadness of the simple annals of the poor, and who can hear an echo of "the still, sad music of humanity" in the chronicles of *The Reverend Micah Balwhiddër* and *Provost Pawky*, and in the moral and physical tragedies of "The Entail."

THE CHRISTENING AT CARTER'S

BY H. O. N. BELFORD

THE child was born in October, on a day when a lambent sun made filmy lattice work of the bare poplar branches. Little chipmunks slid up and down, prophesying by their hurry and scurry the deep white winter. Down the waggon track in the woods a partridge drummed a welcome. But no undue excitement prevailed. It was an old story in Tom's family, an old story in the parish, an old story to the world—old as Cain.

Soon Tom mentioned the christening. Far from being so irreligious as to ignore it, he yet wiped his mouth viciously when he thought of appearing publicly before the congregation. But he sugared the pill in the good old way, by inviting all his friends and neighbours, and holding high festival after the ceremony. As the community was remote from any consecrated church, the whole ritual was performed in the house. This over, the long table was spread with beef, venison, turkey, white buns, crimson beets, snowy corn-starch, and palsied jellies. The jokes were offered humbly, and the laughter rang wild and high.

The old parson had been transferred to another parish, hence the delay in the christening. Sunday after Sunday the mission had been filled from the college in Winnipeg, till finally, in Advent, the new parson arrived. He was young, barely old enough to take the Holy Orders, but with a wisdom unaccountable in one of his age, he decided simply to follow in the steps of his predecessor. Among the wild fishermen of Netley, with pipe and story, he sat all night at the dances, safe-guarding by his presence the temperance and sobriety of his weak children. He shared old Scampy's bannock and tea, clothed in the same humility as when he lunched with the Archbishop. Night after night he sat up with poor sick wretches that were dwindling away into eternity.

The parson had made his sacrifice. With the coming of manhood he had heard the call of the professions, the call of finance, even the call of the wild, but over and above all, he had heard an imperative command that had reverberated through all his being: "Go work to-day in my vineyard!" And to him it meant sacrifice. If his vision of duty had been narrow, it had been all the brighter and more distinct for being so focused. So it came that he had mentally resolved, as a preliminary to a more binding vow, to follow St. Paul rather than St. Peter, and without judging others to live the life of a celibate, to be the father of his people. The priest's cassock, he averred, should be the armour that would turn aside all the darts of Cupid.

Tom Carter and his wife consulted the almanack, noted the moon at its full, took all probable contingencies into consideration, and finally selected January 19th for the christening. On two successive Sundays after service

in the little school-house everyone was notified accordingly.

But One interfered, One whom Tom and his wife could not subject to any calculation, for poor old Maria, away down in Bakfield, nearly blind and nearly deaf, had her ears and eyes opened at last to phenomena celestial, and the funeral was the same day.

The long, slow journey to the old cemetery at St. Andrew's, where the pioneers slept under their gray, weather-beaten stones, the service in the ancient church, the luncheon prepared in the neighbouring house, and the long, cold return must unavoidably make the parson late. The rest gathered at the appointed time.

That was the essence of a winter's evening. Twenty below, and whichever way you turned, not a breath of air. A gigantic pillar of smoke rested on each chimney, like a huge slab of granite reared into the heavens, threatening to crush the frail structure beneath it into dust. Through all the settlement sound was carried with startling clearness, piercing the isolation of the dwellers. The McMahon boys shouting at the cattle; Sinclair chopping and splitting wood; Benny Gram, who had been for the mail, talking at Corkle's gate. Later on light broke over the dark woods of Netley, and the disc of the moon appeared. Soon the sounds began to concentrate at Carter's, the jingle of bells, the light-hearted shout of coming guests. Spencer and his wife, half a mile away, were heard to close the door, bid the dog remain at home, and crunch on steadily in the frozen snow.

Ike Martin was Mrs. Carter's brother and uncle of the candidate for baptism. He had driven over from his farm across the bog to be present at the christening. Now that the parson must inevitably be late, he decided to return without witnessing the ceremony.

"Why, what in Sam Hill is your hurry, Ike?" said Tom, when Ike announced his decision.

"I want to get back to dress the gray mare's leg," he answered. "She got a pretty bad cut with the wire yesterday."

"Well, gee wilikins! Won't old Marshal do that for you?" protested Tom.

"Old Marshal nothing," grumbled Ike. "He'd ford Niagara Falls with a team of wild bulls, but you can't get him to touch a horse."

"Well, if the devil drives," roared Tom, "you may as well pull on the bit."

"I put a jar of cream in the basket on the bed, by your coat, Ike," said his sister. "Be sure you don't let it freeze, and break the jar."

Ike and old Marshal "batched it" together, on a farm across the bog, and this gift of cream was something they jealously guarded, whenever Ike came to Carter's.

Little Bedelia, the eldest girl of the Carter family, was staid and womanlike, from having the constant care of the younger children. To-night she had the charge of the baby in all its christening finery, lest with infantile predilections it should reach the ash-pan or haply the swill bucket behind the stove.

But, oh, Bedelia was sleepy! Since six o'clock in the morning she had been up and doing. How her eyelids drooped and raised in sympathy with the quietude or restlessness of the baby! She was lying on the bed, curtained off from the living-room downstairs. In the hurry of the evening it was a receptacle for many things, and there when partially aroused by some gyrations of the baby, she espied Ike's basket, and in it the jar of cream. With a precocious ingeniousness, she put the jar under a faded wrap that lay there, and the baby in the basket, where it was held quietly and securely. Bedelia dropped off in deep, un-

ruffled sleep, and soon the baby sister slumbered in peace in the basket by her side.

Ike Martin's horses and jumper were at the door, and he, with a cheery good-night to all, buttoned his huge, curly, fur coat about him, and secured it with a long, red sash.

"Don't forget your cream, Ike," said Tom.

"Devil the fear," said Ike.

He brought a heavy plaid that usually hung over the back of the jumper, and in the curtained gloom wrapped it carefully around the basket. At the door, with it under his arm, he said good-night again; "Good-night, and don't let anyone steal the baby."

He placed the parcel carefully between his feet, a hot brick on either side. Drawing the robe about him, the horses leaped into the track, and he passed over the chequered shadows of the gaunt poplars, far out on to the lonely bog that glittered like a silver sea.

As he sped along, the frost nipped his face, and found the time-worn crevices in his coat, but he tucked the robe closer about him, and was thankful for the hot bricks. As he neared the farther side of the bog, he promised himself a hot cup of tea, softened with the cream lying at his feet. Soon he drew up at the shanty, where old Marshal awaited him with the lantern. He placed the basket on the foot of the bed, near where the fire was crackling and the kettle simmering, while he and Marshal put out the horses and finished the chores.

As they came back, and just as they passed the well, a wild cry rang out on the frosty air.

"What in heaven's name is that?" said Ike, in a hushed voice, as they halted.

Marshal said nothing, but listened. Soon it came again, a long, piercing cry that seemed half weeping, half wild anger.

"Hush," said Marshal, "it's a wild-cat. They always cry like that."

"And what's he doing in the shanty, then?" asked Ike.

"You left the door open a little, and he smelt the meat," whispered Marshal huskily.

True enough, there was a quarter of beef in the corner.

"Take a peep through the window, Marshal."

"All frosted up, might as well try to look through your hat."

"He'll slit our faces off if we open the door on him," said Ike.

"They're very savage when feeding," said Marshal, with the air of a naturalist.

Ike glanced nervously about him, as another cry was emitted, and by good fortune his eye rested on an old stable door he had discarded in the Fall.

"Let us carry this before us, Marshal," he said, "we can see through the cracks, and open the door, and maybe reach the gun from the wall."

Marshal consented, and they marched upon the shanty, like twin soldiers, with one shield.

When at the door, Ike adroitly slipped his hand about, and pushed it open, both men peering through the cracks, ready for an onslaught. Their eyes blinked at the light, and winked and blinked again. All they saw was a tumbling, overturned basket on the bed, and from underneath came distinctly now the weeping of a child.

"T'aint no wild-cat," said Ike. Nevertheless, he raised the basket with an awkward awe.

Marshal gave one look, and retreated into the corner by the door. Ike gazed open-mouthed on the crimson, indignant face of his infant niece. He might have doubted the relationship as far as physiognomy went, but not the elaborate dress he had been compelled to admire scarcely two hours before.

"Who is it?" said Marshal, in a weak voice.

"Who is it!" repeated Ike, defiant-

ly. "Why, my sister's child that was to be christened to-night, but how she got here or where my cream is, Lord only knows. Here, you hold her," he added, "till I drink a cup of tea, and I'm off across the bog again."

"Won't my whiskers scare her?" protested Marshal limply.

"Whiskers—no," growled Ike; they're not much worse than her father's."

Marshal approached the bed like a disjointed clothes-rack, and shoved one hard, brown hand under the head and shoulders of the child. Strange to say, the baby nestled sideways, and her weeping ceased.

Ike, stuffing his mouth with bread and ham and swallowing huge gulps of tea, began to gurgle, then to laugh, at the situation he had created. Old Marshal was strangely silent.

Ike warmed the bricks that had done such good service before, dressed again for the journey, and took his lantern to harness up.

Marshal was left alone with the baby, the old clock ticking off the hours of night. The minutes passed away. It was evident there was a mighty struggle in his mind, as he pulled at his grizzly whiskers and moustache, watching the baby slumbering on his hand. The bells sounded; Ike was driving toward the house. Old Marshal, in the last minute, took a great resolve, and, leaning down, he kissed the sleeping babe upon her parted lips.

With a guilty start, he heard Ike at the door. The wrapping process was repeated, the precious freight loaded, and soon the bells were heard again out on the silent, shimmering bog.

Old Marshal closed the door and began to make the shavings for the morning fire. In a low, hoarse, rumbling voice that had not essayed music in years, he was singing, singing a song that fell across the night like a ghost of his childhood:

"Loving Shepherd of Thy Sheep,
Keep Thy lambs, in safety keep."

At Carter's the lantern glinted and glanced among the trees, leading horses one way, guests another. Not long after eight they all had arrived, and now they must await the parson.

John Corkle volunteered a song, which received questionable applause.

"How soundly the baby sleeps!" thought Mrs. Carter.

Enthusiasm was hardly won. All minds were fixed upon the great event of the evening, the christening. With that function performed, they would swing back to the old sociability and heart be opened to heart.

The parson arrived earlier than they had expected. He had stopped only long enough at his boarding-place to borrow another team before pushing on again over the creaking, protesting road.

As he drew up at Carter's house, many hands rushed to his aid. His team was taken, and he himself pressed into the house, close by the open oven door. In vain refreshments were offered to him, the sandwich, the hot whisky, the hot tea. He would neither eat nor drink till the sacrament had been administered.

On the return of all from the stable, he put on his surplice and stole, and stood by the white-covered table, on which was a little silver font, holding the baptismal water. John Corkle, with his great prayer-book open before him, took his place as godfather, clearing his throat repeatedly, as if about to begin the service himself.

Mrs. Corkle and the school-ma'am stood at the parson's other hand as the two godmothers. Tom, the hollows in his cheeks trembling on either side, hovered near with the mother.

Around the bed a solid phalanx sat or stood, in whatever position was most convenient for observation. Hindmost of all, and farthest in the gloom, was Sinclair, the man from Kansas. Church services of any kind were an unusual thing with him, and

he always took a backward position, in order to see what the rest did before he committed himself to any ritual.

Tom surveyed the network of feet and legs between himself and the bed.

"Sinclair," he said, in a husky, cracking voice, meant to be modulated for the occasion, "hand out the baby."

Sinclair, in spite of all his precaution, thus flashed in the limelight, twisted with alacrity toward the bed.

"The baby, the baby, you say," he was heard to ruminate aloud, after what seemed an unusual amount of groping about.

"Yes, the baby," assured Tom from without. "Do you think we want the cat? The baby there, beside Bedelia."

"Well, Bedelia is here asleep," he drawled, "and the cat is here, but no baby, neither hide nor hair of a baby," he concluded emphatically. "Come and see for yourself."

Tom crowded to the bed, they all crowded there, and then looked at one another in speechless inquiry.

"Perhaps the cat," began young Foster, but at an awful look from Tom he faded into silence.

"Wake Bedelia," said Mrs. Carter, "she must know."

The tired child was shaken, and given time to collect her senses, but in vain all questions; she could remember nothing but lying on the bed with the baby on her arm.

Mrs. Carter, with a quick-drawn breath, began a hurried search.

On the bed, under the bed, coats were lifted, even shaken out, till, last of all someone raised the old, faded wrap in the corner and disclosed the jar of cream, which all believed Ike had carefully taken home. As they drew it forth, the cog slipped into place in Bedelia's memory.

"O, mammy, mammy," she wailed, "I put her in the basket."

The case was clear. Sympathy mingled with reproach for poor Bedelia. Amusement with apprehension for the safety of the baby, and in every breast there was non-reasoning resentment for Ike Martin.

"Let us have the fastest team in the crowd, in three jerks of a dead lamb's tail," roared Tom, as he pulled a huge fur cap over his head.

No one stopped to argue the merits of the horses. It was expeditiously and tacitly admitted that George McLain's bronchos were wanted, and they hastened to hitch them to the jumper. With a blowing of bits, a snapping of reins, a twisting of buckles, they were ready, and away in the moonlight sped George and Tom after the predatory Ike.

In the house the mother sat silently by the table, her seamed fingers twitching her snowy apron. Alex. Tate had taken up the fiddle, and was hugging it close to his long, dark face. He twisted here and there in a tone so plaintive and low that it seemed he and it were whispering together the secrets of many years. The parson stood again by the stove, where the cracks threw a flickering light over the tall figure, round which the long, black cassock fell, drawn in by its silken girdle. The clear-cut, youthful face began to show signs of weariness after the long day's journey. He still refused the sandwich, the whisky, and the tea. O cautious man, temptation lay not there tonight! Gazing abstractedly on the floor, his eye caught the vibration of a dainty slipper, tied by a satin bow. Now it trembled to the spirit of the music, as it scurried through some wild country dance, now lay still as the fiddle crooned some old song, remembered only in the hearts of God's humbler people.

The parson raised his eyes to the face above. It was Edie McMahon, old Dave's daughter, who, with the girls, some younger, some older, sat together by the sewing machine, a hush upon their usual frivolity. In

another corner were a half-dozen young men each intent on impressing the others that he cared nothing for the maidens across the room, but each joke was in a high key for the benefit of the adored one at the sewing machine.

The parson's eyes dwelt upon the face of the girl. He noticed the brown curls that fell across the blue-veined temples; he noticed the parted lips and a strange light in her eyes as the music seemed to wander far out in the woods, where the moonlight fell in small diamond points, under the dark fir branches. He noticed again the softened sympathy as her eyes rested on the dejection of Mrs. Carter.

"She is young," he thought, "she is good, and," there was something strange with his breath, "she is beautiful."

Was it the crooning violin, or was his imagination playing tricks? He seemed to hear beating through his brain that old chorus from the "Trovatore":

"Not to a shadow link thee, not to the joys that fade,
Turn unto visions fairer where hope is ne'er betrayed."

He crossed the room, and sat beside Mrs. Carter, giving her every assurance of the baby's safety. He even put forward the questionable argument that the child was much safer and more comfortable with Ike, under the supposition of sweet cream, than were its real presence known. So an hour passed.

John Corkle and Spencer came into the house.

"They're coming, I guess," said John, "there's a dog barking away down the road."

Everyone was alert. The young men rushed outside. Yes, already they could hear the faint, faint tinkle of bells, and old Scampy's dog had joined in the chorus.

At the next out-look, voices could be heard, which were soon distinguished as the strident tones of Tom and the answering drawl of Ike. Now they were seen to cross the meadow by Eli Carter's house and enter the shadow of the poplars by Corkle's. They must have met midway in the bog. In a minute, with much snorting and creaking, they were at the door. Out of the cloud of steam that rose from the horses Tom appeared with the basket. He rushed blowing into the house, and with a hoarse "Gee Wilikins," in lieu of a victorious shout, laid it on the table. Mrs. Carter quickly unwound the plaid, raised the lid, and the babe looked up and smiled.

No time was lost now. The parson was still in surplice and stole. Prayer-books were passed around, and an old hymn rang out through the night:

"In token that thou shalt not fear,
Christ crucified to own."

Reverently they knelt in prayer, firmly the vows were taken, in a solemn hush the young priest blessed the water, baptised, received, and kissed the child, placing her in the arms of her mother. The infant itself raised a loud and ineffectual protest as the water was poured upon its head, but this was received by all present as a joyful omen of its future worldly felicity. Now, like a roll of thunder, from these rough voices came the Lord's Prayer, followed by the subdued tones of the priest in the concluding collect. Then, with the searching words of exhortation to godparents and parents, the holy rite was done.

The cramped restraint was broken, voices grew loud and natural, and Long Tom passed round from man to man a large bottle with three stars near the neck, accompanied by a glass tumbler. Edie McMahon and the other girls, with flowing aprons that rivalled the glimmering snow outside, fluttered here and there, with smoking meat and steaming tea. A semi-subdued roar from Tom was an invita-

tion to fall in, and soon reanimation glowed in every countenance.

Soon Spencer, in an audible soliloquy, said it was time to go home. Soon there was a general rising, and search for overcoats, caps and overshoes.

One after another the jumpers came and sped away. The parson's was the last to come.

"Why, where is my rig?" said Edie McMahon.

Mrs. Carter had made arrangements for Ike Martin to drive her home, and she had been waiting in the glow and shadow of the fire.

"Where is Ike?" asked Mrs. Carter, as Tom came in. "He was going to drive Edie home."

"Why, I don't know," Tom replied. "He hain't been at the stable. What in blazes will that rattle-pate do next?"

As if in answer to the inquiry, a loud snore came from behind the stove, and there beside the swill bucket, his back against the wall, his head wobbling on his shoulder, his mouth wide agape, they found him fast asleep.

The contrast in his uncouthness and the grace and spirit of the girl so filled the parson's mind that he humbly asked to drive her home. Soon they were out alone in the wondrous, white night, where the snow sparkled wave upon wave, great and still as a graven sea.

The moon was at its full; it seemed to stand still in the very centre of the sky, pouring down its dripping light. A fog had run along the snow, enamelled all things in pearl, and then had fled away suddenly as it had come. Like the tracings on a frosty pane stood out the great woods of Netley, the dead prairie weeds that looked through the snow were like the waxen flowers that sometimes deck a bridal cake. As he arranged the robes about them, her skirts pressed against him, and he felt that wild, trembling in his breath. Was it the rhythm of the bells or was he deceived again, as he heard once more the "Trovatore":

"Turn unto visions fairer,
Where hope is ne'er betrayed."

"Great God!" he thought, "is there anything fairer, purer than this great white midnight and the breathing, laughing girl by my side?"

They passed the fringe of wild willows that circled like a coral reef around McMahon's house. A great hound bayed at the door, but at the sound of Edie's laughter it sank into slumber again.

The parson took the girl's hand as she slipped from the cutter, and pressed it very lightly. She did not take it away. They said good-night, and he lingered to arrange his gloves and gauntlets.

On the step before the door one little foot was playing, which, though cased in slipper and overshoe again, seemed such a toy. The curls that wandered over her forehead were gemmed with frost, and a frosty jewel trembled on each eyelid. Then came a silence, a silence so tense that it seemed as if they two were spirits in the great, white spirit world alone. And, O shades of land! the parson stooped and kissed her. The wild blood came pulsing through their veins, their eyes met in a wild, startled look, and she—she knew not why—stepped to the door. Without a word they parted.

But Edie, up in her little room, sat long before she slept, and ever singing in her brain was the one tumultuous thought: "He kissed me! oh, oh, he kissed me!" And the parson—his tired body and his wakened soul seemed in a maze. By the little iron stove, in his study, he stood, and the ever-recurring memory thrilled and startled him again: "I kissed her; oh, ah, God! I kissed her!"

And around him the long, black cassack fell, drawn in by its silken girdle.

THE RETURN

BY BEATRICE REDPATH

UNTRODDEN is the grass befo e the door,
Where green reeds gather whispering each to each
Of thee and how thou shalt come here no more,
Nor thy pale hands the raining blossoms reach,
So like a sigh the breeze now seems to be,
Or dost thou whisper softly unto me?

Where shadows falling seek to closely shade
All things that were full dear to thee and me,
The echoes of my footsteps slowly fade,
Like slow vibrations of a soulless sea;
Or is it that thy feet do follow mine
And echoes sounding are the beat of thine?

So soft, so slow the summer rains descend
Upon the flowering spaces of the ground,
Where seems the languid, Lenten lilies bend,
As swayed by one who passes without sound;
The grasses tremble 'neath the drops they bear—
Are they thy tears just fallen lightly there?

So wanly now the white moths, stirring, rise,
Their silver wings as frail as were thy hands,
Which at the last caressed my face, my eyes,
'Ere thou went forth to seek for hidden lands.
Oh, art thou here, or where then mayst thou be?
Thou seemest far and yet so close to me.

The WAY of LETTERS

THE London *Outlook* regards "Canada and the Empire," a book written recently by a well-known financier, W. R. Lawson, as "an expert view of Canadian problems." Maybe it is, but sometimes even experts make miscalculations. In the first place, Mr. Lawson is an ardent Imperialist, and he considers Canada after having first considered the Empire. He doesn't give Canada the consideration that she should have in view of the title. With him, it is not a question of what is best for Canada, but what is best for the Empire. He upbraids the British Parliament, the British press and the British pulpit, not for their neglect of the interests of Canada, but for their neglect of the interests of the Empire. He says:

"When the Canadians talk as if they and they alone had made their country what it is to-day, it is permissible to remind them of a few things they seem to have forgotten in the past forty years of their history. When they flatter themselves that they are going ahead of the Old Country and working out a grand destiny for themselves, let them stop a moment and consider what would happen to the Northwest if wheat fell back to sixty cents a bushel and other cereals proportionately. Where would the twenty dollars per acre farm-lands, and the thousand dollars a foot home-lots be then? Two events are not inconceivable which would upset the whole fabric of land values in the Northwest. One is that new virgin wheat-fields may be developed, and the other that the output of existing fields may be greatly increased. A third contingency is worth mentioning, that the domestic food production of Great Britain may be immensely increased in the near future."

Mr. Lawson goes on to say that what Canada needs now from abroad is brute force, as she has enough brains of her own, and he adds that the time is fast approaching when Canada will need neither skilled nor unskilled labour from the Old Country. (London: William Blackwood. 6s net).

*

MR. THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS, who was abroad during the last two years, has returned to his home at Fredericton, New Brunswick. His latest volume, "Comrades of the Trail," was published recently, and he reports that since his return he has received orders for a series of short stories, as well as several novels. "Goodridge" is a recent addition to his name. On his return from Europe he discovered that some piratical writer had been trading on his name, hence the addition. "Comrades of the Trail" is a fine volume of adventure in the north woods, an account of the attempt of a young Englishman to realise his ambition to explore in Northern Canada. It is told with this author's descriptive power and knowledge of wild life. The illustrations are by Charles Livingston Bull. (Boston: L. C. Page & Company. Cloth, $1.50).

A VOLUME entitled "Britishers in Britain" has been published, giving a complete account of the visit last summer of Manitoba school-teachers to Great Britain. It was issued under the editorship of the Honourary Organising Secretary, Mr. Fred J. Ney. It is a large volume, profusely illustrated, and is composed of contributions from several members of the party and a full account of all that took place from the outset of the tour at Winnipeg until the return to that city nine weeks afterwards. The trip was so great a success that Mr. Ney has been induced to organise another to be taken this summer.

*

"THE Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls," by Jessie Lynch Williams, will be welcomed as "something different"; not that it is really different, but that it is well in the front of that increasing class of fiction which peeps through the door of marriage. There is no "lived happy ever after" in this fiction. For it, marriage is no longer an end, but a beginning. One might almost call it the starting point of an obstacle race. With the *Frederick Carrolls* it is the wife who leaps all the obstacles—in our opinion, this gentleman has an unfairly easy time of it. He falls into boredom, his wife pulls him out; he falls in love, his wife pulls him out; he falls in debt, his brother and wife give a long pull and a strong pull and his aunt dies, all to pull him out. One closes the book wondering what further vicissitudes are in store for him.

The story is an interesting one and is well and wittily told. Without going very deeply into things, it touches on and illuminates many of the problems of married life. True, the illumination is rather of the flashlight variety—spotty and vivid and brief, but any illumination of a possible pitfall is better than none at all. Or is it? Perhaps sometimes if one did not see the hole one might pass by, balanced serenely upon the edge, unknowing. It is an open question as to whether this continued talk about the problems of married life is a good thing or bad. People who look for trouble usually get it. One is glad that in the case of the *Carrolls* no one gets seriously hurt and one is grateful for the amusement which some of their dangerous places afford. For instance, *Molly Carroll*, having been to a woman's lecture, decides on conscientious grounds that she must leave her husband, since he no longer loves her as he did. So she goes to his studio to tell him so. Arriving at the studio, she finds that gentleman having tea with—the woman lecturer! That settled the matter. She no longer dreams of leaving him. He is hers, and what she has she shall hold, regardless of consequences. This is very human and—amusing. In fact, the book is a triumph of the "light-touch" style of the problem novel. One takes one's medicine, as it were, without knowing it, sugarcoated, and with a laugh! (Toronto: McLeod & Allen).

*

IT is a trick of some writers to make the setting of a story so indefinite that it protects them from sins of anachronism. "Joyce of the North Woods," by Harriett Comstock, is an instance. In this book the "North Woods" means nothing. The writer had never seen such a place, and therefore she did not know where to place it. At first, because the name of the lumber camp or village is St. Angé, it seems to smack of Northern Quebec, but a little farther on there is a deceptive clue in the assertion that it is located some distance from the Canadian border. However, the importance of non-location in a case of this kind is that the author is thereby enabled to give the characters any dialect with which he happens to be familiar, or to even invent one, and to add primitive and picturesque touches, whether they

would apply in actuality or not. It makes it easy for the writer, but it does not convince the careful reader. "Joyce of the North Woods" is therefore a novel that does not present a clear background; but the character of *Joyce* is pretty well drawn. *Joyce* is the daughter of a lumberman, and she has never been "South," beyond the hills that divide her world from the great world beyond. She marries a man of St. Angé, and for a time leads the sordid life of a woman of St. Angé—sordid, except for the part that *Gaston,* a young man, seeking health and forgetting his past, has to play in it. The development of her character, along the lines that her womanly instinct sets, is the best part of the story. In her case, good seems to come out of evil, or, at least, to follow evil. She is abandoned by her husband. Then she goes to *Gaston,* and in defiance even of the social demands of St. Angé, lives with him until the obstacles to their marriage are removed. (Toronto: The Musson Book Company. Cloth, $1.25).

*

ONE of the saddest features of a war is that it is followed by a deluge of fiction, in which its campaigns play a more-or-less important part. The Civil War in the United States is burning yet in novels, where a hero of the Blue weds a heroine of the Gray, after years of vicissitude. The Boer War has afforded an excuse for South African romance, which is hardly realised as yet. In the story, "Forged in Strong Fires," the writer, John Ironside, tells a decidedly readable tale of the stormy days in that part of the British Empire. The first scene of almost pastoral peace, where the better class of English and Dutch settlers enjoy picnic and dance, is in vivid contrast to the horrors which follow. Two women—or, rather, girls—appear to dominate the story and one hardly knows whom to admire the more—*Mamie,* the practical and matter-of-fact, who proves such a tower of strength to her mother, and the helpless ones who have been sent to England—or *Joyce,* with her wonderful insight and loyalty, who remains to face the storm in South Africa. While there is nothing remarkable about the writer's style, the uncanny touch in *Joyce's* comprehension and control of the African nature lends an unusualness which makes the narrative more memorable than the average war story. The spirit shown in treatment of Boer and British characteristics is admirable in its fairness and freedom from partiality. (Boston: Little, Brown & Company).

*

WITH wise foresight, the publishers of "The Golden Silence," the newest book of C. N. and A. M. Williamson, enclosed in it a notice: "This story is utterly different from anything the Williamsons have hitherto done." In these days of automobileless distinction such an announcement predisposes one to see what the Williamsons can write that is a departure from their rather tiresome motor stories. But after one has struggled through more than five hundred pages on the strength of that notice there is considerable doubt of the wisdom of such a move on the part of the authors. One thing that could be said of the motor stories was that they had some value as travel sketches; but the most that can be said of "The Golden Silence" is that it is clean. From the title, it is evidently intended as a desert tale, but compared with the atmosphere of Hichens this story might have been written in a kitchen window. It is to be hoped, for the sake of good literature, that Hichens is right. "The Golden Silence" starts with a disagreeable impression, and there is no reason for reconstructing this feeling to the end. A United States girl goes into the desert to find her sister. That is the theme. And when the

climax of the plot is reached there ensues a hundred pages or more of a triumph of weakness in tiresome, inconsequential, dialogue, weird emotions and their expression, and most unnatural mental evolution. The Williamsons, however moderate a position they have taken in literature, are capable of something better than this, their latest. Books cannot be written from maps, unless the author possesses more convincing imagination than the Williamsons. To believe that the latter may have actually covered the ground described would be to deprive the book even of what merit it does possess. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

ARNOLD BENNETT has given so much in "The Old Wives' Tale," "Paris Nights," and other books that one takes up with much expectation a recent volume of his, entitled "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day." And one is not disappointed. From the title, it is inferred that the book is humorous. So it is. But it is more serious than humorous and more entertaining as a piece of writing than serious. It is really a literary tonic, or, rather, a mental tonic served in literary form. There are twelve chapters and each chapter is a dose. The trouble is that the tonic will be but rarely taken in parts, for the reader will want his tonic in one big dose. Even so, it is a short book, and can be read at a sitting. But something should be said about what is inside it. That is hard to do, except to say that the author points out that every person receives every day twenty-four hours of time. That time is his to do what he can with it. No one can take it from him or add to it. And with that as a start the author proceeds to make some excellent suggestions about the disposition of oneself during that time. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company. Stiff paper, 50 cents).

THE *Studio* for April contains a sumptuous account of the "Wigner Werkstatte," Vienna, in which there are twenty-seven reproductions of photographs of representative handicrafts. There are also an article on Arthur Wardle's paintings and drawings of animals (Fourteen illustrations), an appreciation of the art of Sir Ernest A. Waterlow (Fifteen illustration), "some recent designs in domestic architecture" (Nine illustrations), and an article on the Italian sculptor, Leonardo Bistolfi (Nine illustrations). There are six colour supplements. (London: The Studio).

*

A REALLY invaluable dictionary of Canadian history has been issued in the form of an "Index and Dictionary" to the "Makers of Canada" series. It is the joint work of L. J. Burpee, Librarian of the Carnegie Library, Ottawa, and Arthur G. Doughty, Dominion Archivist, which fact is in itself enough assurance of its merit. The person who first thought of this additional volume conceived a brilliant idea, and it is by far the most important of the series. Indeed, as a work of reference, it should have a prominent "every-day" place in the library. Almost every event of any account in Canadian history is briefly outlined, and, besides indicating where further treatment may be found in the series, it supplies a bibliography of the publications touching on the event under consideration. For instance, should a person wish to know something about the Rebellion of 1837, all he has to do is to refer to this dictionary, where a brief account of that uprising will be found. Besides that, he will be told where to look in the series for fuller accounts, and be referred to the books that have been published on the subject. (Toronto: Morang & Company).

A Robber

"Were you ever confronted by a robber?"

"Sure."

"And did you pay the part of a hero."

"No, indeed; you can't throttle a gas-meter."—Houston *Post*.

*

Trouble

"Do you have much trouble with your automobile?"

"Trouble! Say, I couldn't have more if I was married to the blamed machine."—*Detroit Free Press.*

First Farmer—"What be they comin' two to gether for?"

Second Farmer—"Likely because it's getting late and they want to finish." —*Punch*

Poor Fish

Prospective Customer—"What fish is that?"

English Fishmonger—"That's 'ake, sir."

Prospective Customer — "Oh, indeed! Toothache or headache?"

Fishmonger—"Neither, sir; it's 'ake all over, sir."—*Sacred Heart Review.*

*

Well Recommended

Two negro men came up to the outskirts of a crowd where Senator Bailey was making a campaign speech. After listening to the speech for about ten minutes, one of them turned to his companion and asked:

"Who am dat man, Sambo?"

"Ah don't know what his name am," Sambo replied, "but he certainly do recommen' hisself mos' highly."—*Success.*

*

Strong Character

Client—"I don't mind what wages I pay so long as she is capable."

Registrar—"I can assure you, madam, she's capable of anything."—*London Opinion.*

*

Against Orders

"If you refuse me, Miss Gladys, I shall get a rope and commit suicide."

"No, Colonel, you must not do that. Papa said distinctly he would not have you hanging about here."—*M. A. P.*

Candour in The Home

"Your sister's a long time about making her appearance," suggested the caller. "Well," said the little brother, "she'd be a sight if she came down without making it."—Cleveland *Leader.*

*

The Custom of this Country, or What We Are Coming to

Soon shall returning passengers
Each don a convict suit
The while their own are ripped apart
In search of hidden loot.

Their heads shall doubtless all be shaved
That nothing there may hide,
And X-ray pictures shall betray
What they conceal inside.

The cabins shall be bare and plain
That goods may not go wrong,
And keepers shall remain on guard
Throughout the voyage long.

And when at last they shall have sped
Across the briny foam
Adown the gangplank, lockstep marched,
The sovereigns shall come home.
—*Brooklyn Life.*

*

Directions Wanted

In a time of distressing drought a harassed amateur agriculturist stepped into a shop to buy a barometer. The shopman was giving a few stereotyped instructions about indications and pressures, when the purchaser impatiently interrupted him.

"Yes, yes," said he, "that's all right, but what I want to know is, how do you set the thing when you want it to rain?"—*Yorkshire Post.*

*

Tell Wellman

"So you have a new idea for a dirigible ballon?"

"Yes. Make the equilibrator larger, put a motor into it, and let it pull the balloon."—Washington *Star.*

The evolution of the Harem Skirt—*Jugend* (Berlin

Real Modesty

The story is told of the Rev. James Paterson, of Philadelphia, that he once said, in a circle of his brethren, that he thought ministers ought to be humble and poor, like their Master. "I have often prayed," said he, "that I might be kept humble; I never prayed that I might be poor—I could trust my church for that!" —*Argonaut.*

*

Causes of Things

Reverend Gentleman: Do you know, my friend, that half the cases of cancer are caused by people smoking those foul, dirty, short, black clay pipes?

Son of Toil: And do you know, Guv'nor, that 'alf of the black eyes are caused by folks not mindin' their own business?—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Reassuring

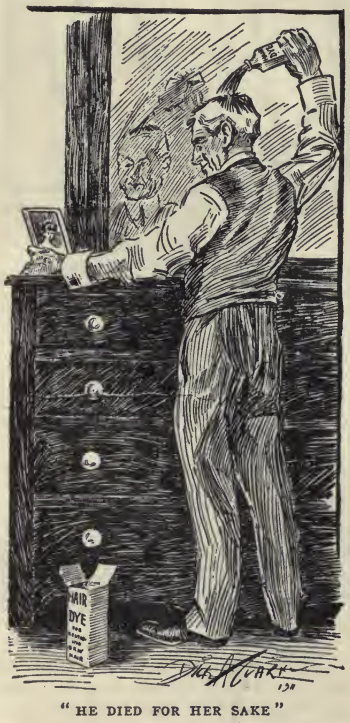
Nervous Party—"The train seems to be travelling at a fearful pace, ma'am."

Elderly Female—"Yus; ain't it? My Bill's a-drivin' of the ingin, an' 'e can make 'er go when 'e's got a drop o' drink in 'im."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

Fowls of the Air

"When I order poultry from you again," said the man who quarrels with his grocer, "I don't want you to send me any of those aeroplane chickens." "What kind do you mean?" "The sort that are all wings and machinery and no meat."—*Good Housekeeping.*



"HE DIED FOR HER SAKE"
—*Life.*

And Cost Double

"What do you think of the idea of an extra session of Congress?"

"Well," replied Farmer Corntossel, "some extry sessions is like some extry newspapers. They ain't enough in 'em to justify the hollerin'."—Washington *Star.*

*

He Kept Quiet

"Is your mother painting any still life now?"

"Yes; father's portrait."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

*

A Lesson in Banking

The leading negroes of a Georgia town started a bank and invited persons of their race to become customers. One day a darkey, with shoes run down at the heels, a gallus over one shoulder, and a cotton shirt, showed up at the bank.

"See here," he said, "I want mah ten dollahs."

"Who is yuh?" asked the cashier.

"Mah name's Jim Johnson, an' I wants dat ten dollahs."

"Yoh ain't go' no money in dis here bank," said the cashier, after looking over the books.

"Yes, I has," insisted the visitor, "I put ten dollahs in here six months er go."

"Why, man. yuh shure is foolish. De intrist done et dat up long er go."—Chicago *Daily Sketch.*

*

"Just think, dear heart!" exclaimed the young woman. "You proposed to me but twenty-four hours ago!"

"Yes, sweetheart," came in thrilling tones from the fortunate man, and it seems as though it were but yesterday!"—*Lippincott's.*

*

The Lexicon of Sport

"Pa, what is a football coach?"

"The ambulance, I suppose."—Pittsburg *Observer.*

WOMAN WITH BOOK

From the Painting by the Princess Louise, in the Canadian National Gallery

THE

CANADIAN MAGAZINE

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THE EDUCATION OF OUR SAILOR KING

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

KING EDWARD, it is said, deplored the narrowness of his own education, not with regard to books and book-learning, in which respect it was ample enough, but with reference to the fact that in youth he had no opportunities of mixing on natural terms with other young men. This was perhaps the chief reason why he decided that his sons should know something at first hand of the real, actual workaday world. With this end in view, he had them both begin their training in the Royal Navy, though it was not intended that the education of Prince Albert Victor, the heir to the throne, should be wholly that of a naval officer.

In the case of Prince George, for whom no such high destiny was forecast, and who from the first took particularly kindly to life aboard ship, there seemed no objection to allowing him to continue his education as it had begun. Consequently, from first to last his training has been that of a naval officer. Eighteen months younger than his brother, he began his life afloat proportionately earlier—as early, in fact, as it was possible—and persevered in it with "strenuous diligence" until, when his brother's death cut short his naval career, he had attained the rank of post-captain. Admittedly, his promotion was always well earned. As a student—and naval officers nowadays are men of high education—he constantly won an honourable place in the class-lists, and when the command of a vessel devolved upon him he obtained equally high commendation from his superiors for the way in which he handled his ship and maintained discipline amongst the men. Thus, he has as good a right to the proud title of Sailor King as had his great grand-uncle, William IV.

Incidentally, too, his naval training has given him a peculiarly good claim to that other title, which, like his father before him, he bears with special satisfaction, "King . . . of the British Dominions beyond the Seas," for he was only a little impressionable boy when he first made acquaintance with some of the outlying portions of the Empire, and now he knows it all, from actual personal observation, as no preceding English sovereign has known his

vast realm since Greater Britain began to be.

After two years on the training-ship *Britannia*, in Dartmouth Harbour, the princes became cadets and, later, midshipmen on the cruiser *Bacchante*. On board this vessel they voyaged for three years, by steam-power and sail, over fifty-four thousand miles in all. They sailed, not all round the world, as had been planned, but round a great part of it. They visited South America, South Africa, Australia, and Asia.

The princes received instruction in seamanship, mathematics, and so forth, from the officers, who taught their associates, but with them, as their "governor in charge," sailed the Reverend John N. Dalton, who also acted as chaplain. He directed the princes' miscellaneous reading, and under his guidance they kept daily journals and ample notes. From these and the letters the boys wrote home, Mr. Dalton afterwards compiled a full account of the cruise. From it may be gleaned something of the impressions made on the princes by the sights they saw and the people they met. To a great extent the story is told in their own words, but, in addition, the two thick volumes descriptive of the journey contain a mine of information on the countries visited, added by Mr. Dalton himself and marked off by brackets from the work of the princes.

Perhaps the chief interest of the book lies in the light it casts on the characters of the princes, still, even in these democratic days, a matter of moment to the lands over which one of them was to rule, if not to the world at large, on which they might be expected to wield special influence. It is a little disappointing, however, that it is often not made clear which of the two brothers did or said a certain thing, though it has been asserted that most of the naïve remarks and bits of lively comment were culled from the diary of our present King. At any rate, from a number of passages where his name does occur, one gains the impression that the younger prince was the more eager and energetic of the two, the more ready to try experiments and to engage in the sports of his fellow-midshipmen, such as cricket and rowing. On the other hand, both lads appear to have been unassuming and readily pleased; and both, from first to last, show keen delight in every token of the Empire's greatness, and every evidence of the loyalty of the overseas dominions to the little mother-isle and to the great Queen, during whose reign "the colonies" had come to their own as never before.

For us, dwellers in Greater Britain, for whom the Crown is the golden symbol of those "ties, light as air, but strong as iron bands," which link the Empire together, there is much interest in tracing the influences which led our King in boyhood to love and value the dominions over seas. He avoids the use, by the way, of the words colonies and colonists, knowing that some citizens of the daughter-nations think these terms invidious. In fact, he is singularly free from that ungracious insularity of mind and speech, which assumes superiority merely on the ground of birth or nurture in England, and which had perhaps as much to do as trade grievances with the wreck suffered by the British Empire in the eighteenth century.

The princes' first experience of "colonial" life was in the West Indies (the few days they spent at the purely military station of Gibraltar can hardly count in this connection), and the demonstrative loyalty of the coloured folk, brought out by the presence amongst them of "Queen Victoria's Piccaninnies," was a thing to wonder at and enjoy, though there were elements in it that could not be taken seriously. On the instant of their arrival in Barbados, "swarms of shore-boats, with

grinning, laughing negro-washerwomen, at once surrounded us," wrote the boys. "Jane Anne Smith was the only one (she stands over six feet) that sat in solemn dignity in the stern sheets of her boat, the *prima donna* of the occasion, having already washed for Prince Albert on more than one occasion, and fully intending to do so for other princes yet. The other negresses gesticulated, each from her own boat, and saluted the officers on the poop with many endearing terms, claiming also former acquaintance with the elder and sedate, and of all things in the world flourishing cotton, Manchester-made pocket-handkerchiefs, flag-fashion, with likenesses of us both woven in colours on them, and one or two of them triumphantly produced framed photographs of us, taken at Dartmouth, which they waved about, bobbing and kissing their hands, all one huge grin of delight." But the question rose, "Are these gaily decked ebony forms merely thus showing the simple silliness of good-natured animals or the joy of the fluttering bird about to swoop upon what it regards as its easy prey?" And, perhaps for the only time in their travels, the princes doubted whether behind this remarkable exhibition of loyalty there were not motives of self-interest.

Ordinarily, they accepted all demonstrations gladly at their face-value, not as personal compliments to themselves, whose work was all to do, but as a tribute of love to Queen and Empire. In Trinidad, for instance, when they lunched in the very room where eighty years before had been signed the capitulation of the island (by which it was agreed that henceforth the capitulators and their sons, whether Spanish or French, should be counted Englishmen), they record with great satisfaction the remark of their Spanish host: "I am an Englishman, and proud to be so!" "It is curious," they add," to observe how both the French and Spanish here have become such out-and-out Englishmen; they dread nothing so much as the withdrawal of British rule."

And, again, when on the scene of Rodney's victory over the French, off Dominica, in 1782, and the air, "even in clearest blaze of sunshine," seemed full of "ghosts of gallant sailors and soldiers," they protested with energy against those who, disheartened by past neglect of the islands or present ignorance of their needs, are minded "to throw them away again," to "give them up no matter much to whom. But was it for this that these islands were taken and retaken till every gully and every foot of the ocean bed holds the skeleton of an Englishman?" No, no, to these young midshipmen the policy of the "Little Englander," then somewhat in the ascendant, was distinctly unattractive.

It was the year of the first Boer War. They had reached the Falkland Islands on their long cruise and were joyously anticipating passing through the Straits of Magellan, seeing the Andes and perhaps in the spring making their way far enough north to visit Vancouver Island and British Columbia, when orders came that the squadron, of which the *Bacchante* was a member, was to turn eastward, instead of westward, in order to make a "demonstration" at the Cape. Boylike, the princes found some compensation for the disarrangement of their plans in hopes of adventure, possibly even of distinction in active service. But these hopes too were doomed to disappointment. They were in Cape Town when there arrived the terrible news of the British defeats at Laing's Neck and Majuba. The squadron could easily have landed a thousand men on its first arrival, but orders to land never came, and the ships lay quietly at anchor in Simon's Bay, twenty-one miles from Cape Town, "well out of sight of the

Dutch," who scarcely knew of their existence. The demonstration, in fact, according to the diary, was "a very hollow, make-belief affair," and, whatever people in England might think, the squadron had "been no use in any way . . . to anybody but the beef contractor."

It was no wonder under these circumstances that they were glad, after seven weary weeks, to bid farewell to South Africa and to turn their faces towards Australia. On the way thither they had their worst experience of rough weather; but, through it all, when it was impossible to read or write, to sit or stand comfortably, when nothing would "remain anyhow on the table," when crockery was smashed wholesale, and when an officer broke his ribs while trying to walk the rolling deck, morning school went on "like clockwork."

During the tempest the *Bacchante* was separated from the other ships of the squadron. One of her boats was washed away, her sails were split to ribbons, and finally she was rendered all but helpless by an accident to her rudder. This occurred on a wild night, when the moonbeams, struggling through clouds of inky blackness, showed the sea as "one mass of white foam, boiling and hissing beneath the gale," and "for a few seconds . . . it was doubtful what would happen." For hours the vessel drifted helplessly towards the South Pole, but when the wind moderated her anxious officers succeeded in getting her head round. So with trouble and toil they shaped their course for Australia, and at length made the port of Albany.

The princes had expected only to see something of the two Australian colonies of Victoria and New South Wales, but this accident gave them the pleasure of visiting West and South Australia as well.

In the former colony they spent two delightful days at a shanty near a farm-house in a clearing in the bush, where they made themselves happily at home in the farm-house kitchen, enjoying the simple dainties of fresh eggs and new milk served to their company in great pails, and joining on the Sunday morning in the simple patriarchal service of praise and prayer, led, as in "The Cotter's Saturday Night," by the kind, God-fearing old Scot, who was head of the house.

The princes were at Albany on the Queen's birthday, and were delighted to find it "the great gala-day throughout the whole of Australasia."

It was the same in South Australia. "The people all seemed as glad to see us," they said, "as we were to see them. Everything seemed like home, but there was none of that squalor we see in the outskirts of Liverpool or Manchester and no poverty anywhere apparent." Apropos of the volunteers, who had offered their services in the Transvaal, they observed "South Australia evidently considers itself a real and living portion of the British Empire and is quite willing to share the burdens of citizenship with the mother country." In the same way, but with rare modesty in youths of their years, they interpreted the joyous welcome given to themselves. "The enthusiasm of the people (which means, of course, their attachment to Great Britain, not to us personally) is most hearty and thorough," and "it is touching to see strong, hearty men, as well as women, really affected by remembrances of the old country, which our coming seems to awaken in their breasts; for, of course, we know well enough that all this is not got up for us, but is merely a sign of their warm attachment to England over the seas and of all that name awakens and recalls in every British breast." They spent a quarter of a year in Australia, finding everybody "so very kind," but behind their simple boyish enjoyment of things done to

give them pleasure loomed ever larger the inspiring vision of the British Empire as one great whole beneath its manifold diversities, and, mere lads as they were, they had it in them to rejoice that their representative character and not their personality was the dominant thought in the welcome accorded them.

They responded eagerly to the great idea of unity. "Are not Australia and England," they asked, "both part and parcel of one dear country?" And with added experience, Prince George at least soon learned to apply this master-idea to the other overseas dominions also. "What is ours is theirs, and what is theirs is ours. As our past history is theirs"—no truly insular Englishman can admit this, and it was worth the long journey that our future King should learn this lesson before the responsibilities of royalty began—"so may their future be bound up with ours from generation to generation. . . Our Australian fellow-subjects consist of the stoutest and staunchest English, Welsh, Scotch and Irishmen, who are showing at the present time an amount of energy and activity in . . . everything that makes a people great, which has never before been surpassed in the whole course of English history."

In those happy, youthful days all was a little *couleur de rose* perhaps, but was it not an excellent foundation of ideas for the future King—of the dominions overseas? If George III. could have been trained in any such sentiments towards his overseas empire, instead of in that weary, worse than futile maxim, "George, be a King!" who can believe that the history of our great neighbour to the south would have been what it is? To our later George and his brother it seemed a necessity that the peoples of Greater Britain must continue "equal members of one family and one State . . . if England is to keep the place that she has hitherto held amongst nations, not only in name, but in reality, of one united Kingdom."

It is a truism that travellers often never see that in which they are not interested, though it may be everywhere around them. Nimrods have not the best eye for native Christians, nor missionaries for tigers. It is therefore a happy augury for the future relations of the different portions of the Empire that these travellers had vision everywhere to see that hardy plant loyalty. For them it bloomed in every British land beneath the sun. In varying forms they found it in homelike Australia, in little sea-girt, lately-cannibal Fiji, and in rich, tropical Ceylon. The honours heaped upon them were "very jolly," whether the cheers of stalwart sheep-farmers in their own English tongue, or the South Sea Islanders' quaint, ceremonial presentation of a whale's tooth to each, or the spontaneous tribute of the hearty, strong, young planters of Ceylon, who took the horses out of their carriage and drew it themselves, loudly cheering.

It was not only from the subjects of the Queen, indeed, that they received welcome and kindness during their long cruise. In Japan, China, Egypt and Palestine, they spent most interesting holidays, gaining a knowledge of the peoples and rulers of these (and other) countries likely to prove valuable to the future monarch of a great world-power. But still they carried everywhere thoughts of their own land. For instance, in Palestine, it pleased them that the first of the many "holy places" they visited chanced to be the shrine of St. George, the patron saint of England.

Taking it all in all, surely the best result of their cruise—from our point of view at least—was that it taught them to think largely of the Empire. Even as they sighted again the English land set in its "gray

seas,'' memories of Greater Britain thronged back upon their minds and Tennyson's lines, on the day of national thanksgiving for the recovery of their father from his dangerous illness in 1872, seemed to echo ''in the wash of the waves beneath the *Bacchante's* keel.'' Long ago they had learned them by heart, but their recently acquired knowledge of the overseas dominions filled with new meaning the familiar words, describing the unity of feeling, which in deep joy or sorrow throbs from the great heart of the Empire to its farthest extremities,

The silent cry,
''The prayer of many a race, and creed, and clime—
Thunderless lightnings striking under sea
From sunset and sunrise of all the realm,
And that true North, whereof we lately heard
A strain to shame us! 'Keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! Friends, your love
Is but a burthen; loose the bond and go.'
Is this the tone of Empire? Here the faith
That made us rulers? . . .
. . . The loyal to their crown
Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
Our ocean-empire, with her boundless homes,
For ever-broadening England.''

On this voyage, as I have already mentioned, the brothers were disappointed in their hopes of visiting the Dominion of Canada, but Prince George had not long to wait before seeing something of this country. As a young naval officer, he served several times on the North American and West Indian stations, and so spent many summer months at Halifax. But he has also journeyed more than once across Canada from sea to sea. Thus long before he came to the throne he had gained as thorough a knowledge of our land as he had of Australia, and he has no sympathy with those who would put the Britons who chance to live beyond the seas in a different class from those of the little mother-islands.

As he made clear in his first statesmanlike address to his ''People beyond the Seas,'' his conception of the Empire is as a unity, and he knows it, we may repeat, as few other men can know it. ''As a sailor,'' he says, ''I have been brought into constant touch with the oversea dominions of the Crown, and have personally realised the affectionate loyalty which has held together many lands of diverse peoples in one glorious fellowship.'' Nor is this all. Content as he is to be the head of what in boyhood he learned to think of as our ''crowned Republic''—''the great democracy of the earth,'' as an American professor has recently called it—he declares, ''It will be my earnest endeavour to uphold in all their fulness the safeguards of a constitutional government and the liberties which are now enjoyed throughout my dominions, and under the good guidance of the Ruler of all men, I will maintain upon the foundation of freedom, justice and peace the great heritage of a united British Empire.''

ATHENS

BY ALBERT R. CARMAN

THE approach to Athens from the East is over "the Violet Sea," past the island of Euboea, past the Temple of Poseidon with the light shining through its columns on the top of Cape Sunion, through the Gulf of Aegina with the Straits of Salamis in sight, and then into the harbour of Pireaus. You will take a carriage at Pireaus—if you are wise—and drive the rest of the way. There is a very good electric tram which covers the five odd miles to Athens; but the delight of approaching this almost dramatically situated city in an open carriage, by a road which for a time follows the old Long Walls that anciently connected Athens with its port, is something not to be missed.

Once out of Piraeus and away from the seaside beauty of Phaleron, the road runs straight and level inland toward Athens. In the fertile fields the peasants are likely to be at work, and they hail you with joyous welcome if you stop to photograph them —as we did. But presently, from behind a low hill, the Acropolis creeps into sight, and then you forget all else. There it stands, a sheer rock lifted above the Attic plain, and on it the immortal grandeur of the Parthenon. I do not know how it will appeal to you when you come to make this journey toward the most sublime altar of classic beauty in the world; but nothing has ever thrilled me as did this first view of the Temple of Phidias and Pericles.

Then the wealth of Athens in classic monuments is borne in upon you. Not only does the Parthenon crown its height, but there stands the Theseion—an almost perfect temple—at its base; near it rises the monument of Philopappus; and soon we will be passing the golden columns of the Olympeion. Yet this is only a taste. The Parthenon does not stand alone on the Acropolis. Three other buildings worthy to share its throne rise near it, while the Theseion looks down over a section of ancient Athens sown thick with reminders of that elder time. Before the Olympeion rises the Arch of Hadrian, and presently the white marble of the Stadium will be glimpsed through the trees of the Zappeion.

There are three dizzy pinnacles of rock in Athens which are ever catching the eye from the streets of the city—the Acropolis, the hill of Philopappos, and Lykabettos. In the softer lights, which filter over the mountains of Megara toward evening, these lofty heights float above one like dream-pictures moulded in the unsubstantial clouds, and give to Athens a unique beauty which is not even approached by any other city. The streets about you are real and modern enough. An electric car clangs by; shops which might be in Paris present their attractive windows at your elbow; a gay people, dressed in the latest fashion, saunter along the sidewalks toward their favourite cafés; a military band is playing just around the corner. But look up! There floats the columned porch of the Erechtheion in mid-air, with the rock

of the Acropolis falling sheer away below it. Surely it is a vision! But turn round! There rises Lykabettos into the golden haze of evening, with the picturesque chapel of St. George for a crown.

Then, perhaps, you will stroll across the Place de la Constitution, with its café-filled promenade and its gardens of fountains, flowers and orange trees, and up the broad stairway to the boulevard opposite the white marble palace of the King. Down this boulevard by the side of the luxuriant royal gardens, the stream of evening promenaders will carry you till you come to an open space looking toward the great rampart of honey-bearing Hymettos, which bounds the Attic plain on the east. This is the public garden of the Zappeion—a characteristic Athenian institution, the Zappeion being a fine building for the exhibition of Greek industrial products erected by two brothers and presented to the State. A broad promenade runs through the flowered gardens and in front of this building, at the end of which is to be found an open-air café with an orchestra enthroned in its midst. This is the favourite Athenian promenade from six to eight in the evening, when the exceptionally handsome men, women and children of this capital of a handsome race walk to and fro or sit at the café tables and listen to the music.

The view from here is, possibly, the one that will live longest in the memory of the visitor. To the left, the ancient Stadium—now all refitted with marble at the expense of a Greek living in Alexandria—snuggles down between its two embracing hills. Over it, purple, blue and green, shoulders Hymettos. To the south sweeps the deep blue of the Aeginetan Gulf, bounded by the misty island of Aegina itself with the sharp peak of the Oros rising out of it. Beyond are tumbled the mountains of the Peloponnesus. In the immediate foreground rise the tall columns of the Olympeion from amongst the trees of the nearer garden, and the blue of the sea shines through their marvellously graceful shafts. Farther to the right appears the monument of Philopappus, and then the glory of the Acropolis. From here we see the east front of the Parthenon and the most inaccessible side of the great rock on which it stands.

Of course, the most famous views are those from the heights. That from the platform of the Temple of Nike on the Acropolis, has been immortalised by Byron; but, personally, I never get as much out of a wide view from a lofty outlook as from a view of an impressive height from a well-placed point below it. When on the Acropolis, you are at all events deprived of the finest feature in any Athenian picture—that is, the Acropolis itself. A better view is that from Lykabettos. We were in Athens on St. George's Day when all the city climbs up to the chapel of St. George on its peak. The winding paths up the steep side of this mountain were alive with people, and it almost made one dizzy to watch the human ants filing in and out, twisting backwards and forwards, on their tortuous journeys up and down.

We joined the climbers as the cooler airs of evening blew, and soon were mounting higher and higher above the city at our feet. The view from here toward the blue sea and the fainter blue of the Peloponnesus mountain ranges includes the abrupt hill of the Acropolis and commands not only the incomparable Parthenon, but the Erechtheion, the Nike, and the Propylaea as well. Up the paths on the hillside that day there were many of the signs of a small fair. Refreshment booths appeared at frequent intervals; the sellers of cakes so universal on Athenian streets were, of course, there; flower vendors abounded; and then there were the religious stalls where one bought candles for the chapel and fitting religious devices.

THE ACROPOLIS AT ATHENS

SHOWING THE PARTHENON ON THE SUMMIT

The lower hills about the Acropolis are all worth climbing, quite irrespective of the view. The nearest is Mar's Hill, where Paul was—probably erroneously—supposed to deliver his famous sermon to the men of Athens. Mar's Hill is the Areopagus of the Greeks, where the court of the Areopagus met above the spring of the Eumenides. This phraseology casts a delightful side-light on the character of the ancient Greeks. The Areopagus was the court of life and death, and the "Eumenides" were really the furies who were supposed to carry out the dread sentence. But they were called the Eumenides—"the benevolent." The Greek would never permit himself to think of the grimness of death; and, apart from the whip of the Hereafter, what do we gain by dwelling on the grisly features of the Last Conqueror? Up in the museum are plenty of sarcophagi with Bacchanalian scenes engraven upon their sides. The Greek was merry—if he could manage it—at the graveside. At all events, he deliberately tried to make himself so.

Below the Areopagus is the King's Stoa, which was the business place of the Areopagites in the market-place, and it is now thought more likely that Paul preached to the Areopagites here. Across what is to-day a modern road from the Areopagus is the hill of the Pnyx, where the Athenians held their political meetings in the earliest times before there were seats for them in the Theatre of Dionysos. There still stands the great terrace on which they assembled, partly resting on the natural rock and partly supported by an artificial semi-circular wall composed of huge blocks of stone. In front of it the rock has been cut down and the end of the open space is marked by a perpendicular wall of the native rock of the hill, where the cutting ceased. In the middle of this is a great cube of rock, hewn out of the solid mass, resting upon three steps. Sockets in its front still show where the orator's platform was supported, and there are steps, where the Prytanes sat.

You must go very far back, however, to find the Pnyx in use. Even in the time of Themistocles, the platform of the orators "faced the sea," and there is a ruined altar on the top of the hill beyond the cube of rock, which may mark the spot of that stage. If Demosthenes spoke on this hill at all, it would likely have been from the latter platform, while Lycourgos gathered his audience in the Theatre of Dionysos, which he provided with stone seats.

Beyond the Pnyx is the hill of the Nymphs, now occupied by the Observatory. It owes its name to an ancient inscription, which seems to indicate that there was a shrine of the Nymphs here at one time. The highest of the hills of this group, however, is that which bears the monument of Philopappos, who was a Roman that came to Athens about the beginning of the second century, A.D., and won the people by his liberality. His monument is a tall semi-circular structure of Pentelic marble, with a statue of himself as Roman consul in the centre. Below the hill there are three chambers cut in the rock, which are shown as the Prison of Socrates—quite arbitrarily—but may have been a tomb or a "treasure."

THE OLYMPEION, WITH THE ACROPOLIS IN THE BACKGROUND

The first overwhelming desire of the visitor to Athens is to make a nearer acquaintance of the Acropolis. That, after all, is the kernel of the nut. The hill looks so difficult to "carry" that we first attempted it—and not through laziness—in a carriage. The driving road leads you up by the Theatre of Dionysos and under the tall, gray walls of the Odeion of Herodes Atticus, and finally lands you at the entrance to the Propylaea. But you still have the sharpest part of the hill to climb on foot.

You enter by the Beule Gate, so called from the French explorer who discovered it in 1852 under the Turk-

ish bastions, and mount what is left of a great marble stairway leading up to the magnificent Propylaea, which was the ancient entrance to the plateau of the Acropolis. This gate and seeing the marvellous beauty of these great buildings clothed in that forgiving light which covers all the scars and summons the imagination of the dullest to re-people the scene

THE THESEION, ATHENS

stairway probably date back to the second century, A.D., the old Greek gate possibly lying a little below it. The Greeks mounted the steep by a road, but modern critics do not believe that the horses and chariots of the Panathenaean procession could actually have made the ascent. They must have been left at the gateway below.

I must resist a temptation to take you from monument to monument of the past which crown this height and work out—as I did, my text-books in hand—their general plan, their relation to the religious services and civic life of the Athenians of old, and their architectural beauties, either still to be seen or restored by the imagination. This sort of thing can only be enjoyed on the spot or by a class of earnest Greek scholars. We spent days at it under the brilliant sun of Attica, cooled by fresh breezes from the sea or the mountains of Hymettos and Pentelikon, and finished by climbing up one cool, still night under the white radiance of the full moon and as it was when Pericles reigned in Athens and Phidias dreamed his dreams in Pentelic marble.

It cannot fail to interest you, however, to know that the Acropolis was once the citadel of Athens, and that the Pelasgians, who are so far back that they are almost mythical, levelled its top and surrounded it with walls, fragments of which still remain. They are rude walls made of rough stones cleverly fitted to each other, and must have constituted very effective fortifications in the days of the bow-and-arrow. Here the early kings of Athens lived, and the tyrant Peisistratos fixed his residence. Finally, however, everything was banished from the Acropolis but religion and its temples; and in the days of Pericles, Athenian art at its best did its best work in crowning this superb height with offerings to the gods—now myths, but then vivid realities.

There are four chief buildings still standing there—the Temple of Nike, (the Greek Victory) the Propylaea or entrance, the Parthenon and the

Erechtheion on the site of the ancient Temple of Erechtheus, who looms out of the mists of the mythical past before Theseus. The Temple of the Victory is a dainty little structure of Pentelic marble, standing out on one of the bastions in front of the Propylaea, delicate as a decoration for your mantel, and originally surrounded by reliefs, the very fragments of which are among the loveliest remnants of Greek art.

THE ERECHTHEION, ATHENS

The Propylaea—literally the foregates—take the form of a splendid Pentelic marble structure just at the edge of the plateau through which the Athenians gained access to its sacred area. They date from the fifth century, B.C., and rival the Parthenon itself in majestic beauty. Two noble wings advance on either side, while the Pylon proper was a great wall, with five openings screened from the front by a glorious colonnade. It is the columns which today constitute the chief beauty of the edifice, and, seen from below, as you toil up the marble stairway, they tower over you against the blue of the Attic sky like veteran sentinels set to guard the approach to this Holy of Holies. The name "Propylaea" is taken from these columns, and means literally "before the gates."

A curious experience meets you after you pass through the gates. First you stand and gaze at the west front of the Parthenon—the best preserved—which is uncovered by the passage of the Propylaea; and then, when you move on, you are conscious that you are ascending an uneven inclined plane of native rock, and that your footing is made the more secure by grooves cut in its face. This is the veritable old pathway from the entrance past the north side of the temple and around to its chief portal on the east, and these grooves were cut in the rock by the ancient Athenians to prevent their sandals from slipping. The modern tourist, accustomed to our lavish way of covering everything with a veneer, always finds it hard to credit that the Greeks, amidst so much magnificence, left their pathway so roughly hewn. But the Greeks were a busy and rugged people, and never wasted what time they had to spare for the decorative side of life. This pathway served, and that was enough. When they

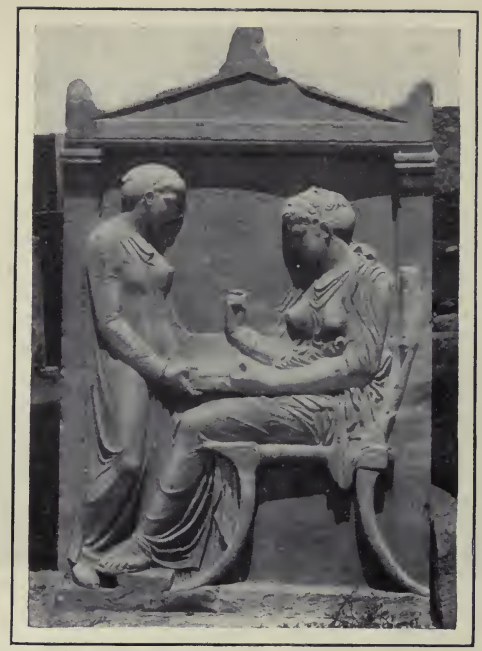
shaped marble it was to enclose a Parthenon in immortal columns or to carve a frieze for a Nike, and not to cover a pathway with an ostentatious display of magnificence. That would have been more like a Persian trick, of the pathway, for instance, there is a wide, level platform cut in the solid rock, where probably stood the colossal statue of Athena Promachos, done by Phidias in bronze out of the spoils of Marathon.

TEMPLE OF NIKE APTEROS, ON THE ACROPLIS

where fabulous wealth was the measure of greatness—not the simple achievements of genius.

The walk up this ridged pathway, with the channels in it yet to carry off the water, was something I never could do in a hurry. Every foot about you is holy ground. The rock has been cut down at this point to make the pathway, and in the face of the original stone left uncut on the right, there have been hewn nine steps leading up to a platform on which was the sanctuary of Artemis Brauronia, where Athenian maids and matrons worshipped in great numbers. Near it stood a bronze copy of the Trojan Horse. Does not that carry you back to the sounding lines of Homer? But all about you are spaces where worship was offered in the open air and where rose the statues of heroes. On the other side

But now the Parthenon soars over you. With this you are familiar. You know that it was erected to the virgin goddess by Phidias, that it contained a colossal statue of her in ivory and gold by that supreme artist, that it has been used since as a Christian church, as a Turkish mosque, as a fortification, and as a gunpowder magazine. The latter abuse was fatal, for the powder was ignited and the peerless temple blown into the air. To-day but little of the interior walls stand, the columns on both sides are thrown down—though it seemed to me that it would not cost much to set them up again—and you are left chiefly to admire the columns and pediments of the two ends. Some of the frieze on the wall of the Cella is still in place, but it is most difficult to see it. The best conception of the sculptures of the Parthenon is



A TYPICAL GREEK TOMB. LADY AT HER TOILET

now to be got in London by studying the Elgin marbles.

Below the Parthenon on the north edge of the Acropolis stands the Erechtheion, and the average visitor will be chiefly interested in this for its famous portico of the Caryatides and the fact that it marks the spot of the titanic contest between Athena and Poseidon for the possession of Athens. You remember that Poseidon sought to establish his claim to the city by creating a salt spring on the heights of the Acropolis—and they show you still the very clefts in the rock where his puissant trident struck. Athena answered successfully by creating the olive tree—a much more useful possession—and the gnarled olive tree itself was enclosed on the west side of the temple. Incidentally, all the porticos are very lovely, that on the north side being frequently copied in modern buildings.

Just before we left Athens the full moon approached, and our "portier" got us special permission to visit the hilltop at night. There were five of us in the party, but it was an eerie experience walking up under the shadows of the Odeion and out into the white shine of the moon below the Propylaea. I think, perhaps, that the moon gave more to the Propylaea than to any of the other buildings. It hid all the stains of the centuries, covered the marks of the cannon on the walls and columns, and turned the entire pile into dazzling white marble again as it rose over us at the crest of the hill.

The little Nike on the outsretched

paw of the Propylaea looked more fragile than ever, and the landscape seen from its platform was misty and uncertain. Over yonder to the west, the Sacred Way climbed the mountains on its road to Eleusis, where the Eleusinian Mysteries were performed in the spring and the autumn of each year. One could almost see again the long torchlight procession, which went at night from the old Dipylon gate of Athens along this road to join in the celebration. The Mysteries are to-day a true mystery, for no one knows what they were. But the Dipylon has been discovered; the road still winds up the mountainside, and the Temples of Eleusis lie in ruins opposite the island of Salamis.

The best view of the Parthenon that night was from the southern or moonlit side, and from there its soaring columns were very impressive. But the wreck of time was more evident than in the Propylaea, and it was far harder to see it whole. The porch of the Caryatides below on the Erechtheion was in full moonlight and lovelier by far than I ever saw it in daylight, and the drums of columns, the sculptured fragments of entablature and ceiling, the divorced capitals which strew the ground,

THEATRE OF DIONYSOS, ATHENS

seemed to mean more. It is not only "fair Melrose" which looks best under the "pale moonlight," though the golden marble of the Acropolis stands the "beams of garish day" better than the dull gray of the Scottish Abbey.

Under the shadow of the Acropolis are many days' work for the student. There is the Theatre of Dionysos, where the splendid creations of Sophocles, Euripides, Aeschylus, and Aristophanes first delighted their critical audiences. Like most ancient theatres, this is backed up against a hillside naturally of an amphitheatrical form, so that the builders had little to do but cut terraces in the soil and turn them into benches or seats. Later, in this case, they were made of stone, with marble facings. The decorated front of the stage still stands, with lavish reliefs illustrat-

ing the life of Dionysos, and you can trace out behind it the plan of stage, with its actors' exits, the entrances for the chorus, the proscenium wall, and all the rest of it. The lower seats were of marble, and that reserved for the priest of Dionysos was a fine arm chair ornamented with Bacchic reliefs. In later times public meetings of various kinds were also held here.

We are here on the very soil of ancient Athens. Near is the Dipylon —the old gateway—with the street outside lined with decorated tombs, as was the fashion all over the ancient world. Below the slight eminence on which we stand lay the markets—the fora—of Athens, where they bought and sold and did business. Just beyond them to-day is the Bazaar, the last remnant of mediæval Athens, and near the Bazaar is the prison, which seems to be about the most cheerfully free-and-easy institution of its kind I ever saw. Passing by it, we saw prisoners in the court purchasing things from peddlers; and just around the corner another prisoner leaned out of a window, called to a small boy passing on the pavement and tossed him a coin with a request that he go and buy something with it at the corner grocery. The lad was not at all surprised, but went and made the purchase as a matter of course. We wondered how the prisoners got their money, but soon the mystery was solved. From out of the grated windows of the lower storey were now thrust a number of spoons tied to long wooden handles, and the men who held them begged us to put a small coin into the bowls. Apparently they beg their money from passers-by and then spend it at the gate or by "window-post."

Then after seeing all this you go home to dinner. Apparently, the Greek never goes home to dinner when he can do anything else. We were staying at a purely Greek hotel in Athens—all the other guests being Greeks—and it staggered us a little when they said that they did not dine until eight o'clock. But it staggered us more when we discovered that "eight" was a movable date, and that we were in luck if the dining-room was lighted up half an hour later. At first, we kicked against the pricks. We protested to the head "garcon" —who always seems to run an European hotel—and he finally agreed to try for a quarter of eight. That night we waited for the bell, but it did not ring. At eight we marched in, and one of the sub-garcons flew ahead of us to turn on the electric lights. The soup came at about the usual time.

So we surrendered and did not go in after that until the room at least was lighted. But even then we usually dined almost alone. The first of the Greeks would appear about when we had reached the vegetable midway between the fish and the joint, and they might all be in by the time we had eaten our desert. Nine o'clock would have been a better hour for that company. And in that climate they are right. They lunch a little after twelve and then go to sleep. Shops and offices commonly close from twelve to two or even three. The streets brisk up a bit after three, and at six all business ceases and the entire population—father, mother, son and daughter, and the babies—go to the parks or squares, or even the streets, and patronise the cafés. They get an ice-cream or a cup of coffee or a glass of wine and a bit of cake, and that carries them along until dark quite puts an end to the most delightful time of the day. Then, when they can no longer see and the countless orchestras cease playing in the cafés, they reluctantly, but placidly, saunter home to dine. We learned the trick after a while, but we got to like it immensely.

CANADA'S PROPOSED COPYRIGHT LEGISLATION

BY W. ARNOT CRAICK

THE subject of copyright, especially in a young country like Canada, where, as it will be shown, the issue is clouded by a number of diverse influences, is one which should always be approached with considerable humility of spirit. While on the surface and to the casual observer, it is one of the simplest of questions, the more it is studied the more complicated and involved does it become, until even the men who are presumed to be authorities on the subject confess that its intricacies puzzle them. In the end it will usually be found that those who profess to know most about copyright are the very ones whose acquaintance with it is of the slightest. With a due apology therefore for his presumption in approaching so formidable a problem with any show of superior knowledge, the writer begs leave to introduce a few reflections on the present situation of copyright in Canada.

Up to the present time, owing largely to the fact that Canada has never been permitted entire independence in copyright legislation by the mother country, the subject has not been one of direct interest. Now, however, an Act has been introduced at Ottawa, with the sanction of the Imperial authorities, embodying radical changes in copyright regulations and placing Canada on an independent footing among the nations of the world, so far as the question of copyright is concerned. This forward step, as some are ready to designate it, is one which brings copyright into a greater prominence than ever before and makes its consideration not only timely but necessary.

In its elementary form copyright offers no serious obstacles to easy comprehension. It is simply the law's recognition of an author's right to the fruits of his genius. Legislation from time to time has extended the benefits, and it is quite natural to expect that the State should require the applicant for a copyright to conform to certain prescribed regulations. The ideal copyright law is the one which will make it as easy as possible for him to secure that protection, to which all fair-minded people will agree that he is entitled.

But other considerations begin to creep in at this point to complicate the matter. Chief of these is the international relationship, which is especially pronounced in the case of countries speaking the same language. Where copyright regulations differ in different countries it is easy to see that before a basis of reciprocal copyright can be agreed upon there must be some intricate negotiations. A second powerful influence is the commercial one, which seeks oftentimes to place an author's work under the control of some industry. In the case of Canada copyright becomes all the more involved because

of the fewness of her own authors and her comparatively large consumption of books of foreign authorship.

It has been the tendency of practically all the nations of the earth, with the principal exception of the United States, to come together on the subject of copyright and to endeavour to enact uniform laws which will give authors the widest possible protection and make it as easy to secure copyright in one country as in another. The culmination of this movement came in 1908, when at Berlin, Germany, a convention was drawn up by representatives of nearly all the civilised countries assembled for the purpose of formulating such a measure. Known as the Berlin Convention, it marks a step in advance of the Berne Convention, which for many years marked the furthest progress in the direction of international copyright. Great Britain was represented at Berlin, and, with other nations, agreed to introduce a new copyright law, which would enable her to join the Copyright Union there created.

From all these negotiations the United States was absent. Holding an independent position, she requires any author desiring to copyright his work at Washington to have his work set up, printed on American paper and on American presses in a United States printing office before granting him the desired protection. It is openly admitted that this policy was forced on the United States Government by the Typographical Union, with the expectation that it would be of material benefit to the printing industry by increasing the manufacture of books in the United States.

In the spring of last year an Imperial Conference was held in London, at which representatives of the self-governing portions of the Empire were present, to discuss what action should be taken regarding the Berlin Convention. Canada was represented by the Honourable Sydney Fisher, in whose department copyright matters are attended to, and he came to the Conference with the avowed intention of securing Canada's right to legislate for herself on copyright.

In view of the fact that the tendency, as already indicated, is for all the nations of the earth to come closer together on the subject of copyright legislation, it would appear as if Canada were taking a retrograde step in demanding and securing the right to independent legislation. To understand her reason for doing this one must make a short study of her situation to-day as a book-producing and book-consuming country. A visit to any book store will disclose shelves filled with volumes, not by native authors, but by British and American authors. The showing of books by Canadian authors is comparatively meagre and of these only a small proportion are made in Canada. In fact, the number of made-in-Canada books in a Canadian book store is almost a negligible quantity. Viewing the situation, the paper-makers and the printers begin to ask the question, Why should not a larger proportion of these books be made with our paper and in our printing offices? And from asking each other the question they pass on to agitate for legislation which will make it compulsory for any American author to have his book printed in Canada before securing copyright here. It is a perfectly natural contention on their part for it aims to increase their business and help to roll up larger profits.

Uniting together as the Canadian Copyright Association, they brought business principles to bear on the situation. The great obstacle to be overcome was to secure from Great Britain recognition of Canada's claim to legislate for herself on copyright. Hitherto, if an American author wished to secure protection for his book, not only in Canada, but throughout the British Empire, all he

had to do was to place copies on sale in any part of the Empire and register the title at Stationers' Hall, in London. There was no need of printing in the Empire. British copyright secured him against pirating in every portion of it. Controlled by this Imperial law, Canada was powerless to prevent American books from entering the country and securing protection on the easiest terms.

Having secured the desired independence at the Imperial Conference the Honourable Sydney Fisher proceeded to draft the new Canadian Act. Embodying in it the main features of the British Act, which has been drawn up to conform with the requirements of the Berlin Convention, it deviates from it on the important point of requiring an author to print his book in Canada to entitle him to copyright. It provides for reciprocity in copyright between the different portions of the Empire and makes it possible for the Governor-General in Council to enter into arrangements with foreign countries for a recognition of international copyright.

There are three classes of people directly interested in this new Copyright Bill, which at the present time is ready for the committee stage at the Capital. These are the printers, including in the term the various allied industries, to whom reference has already been made as strong agitators for independent legislation; the publishers and the authors. It seems almost ironical that the last-mentioned, who should by rights be the first considered, because, after all, copyright should be devised in their interests solely, have been almost completely ignored in the negotiations. Never noted for their business acumen, the poor authors have been placed on the operating table, while the shrewder printers have consulted together as to how best to carve them up. Even the Minister of Agriculture admits that he has received his inspiration from the printing interests, adding, with a smile, that he believes the Society of Authors is defunct.

Apart from the fact that on principle copyright should be adjusted in the best interests of the authors, there are other reasons why the present measure is not calculated to benefit the writers of Canada. As the matter concerns almost entirely the relations between Canada and the United States, it may serve to elucidate things from this standpoint if some brief explanation is offered of the situation as it at present subsists between the two countries. Separated by an imaginary line geographically and united by kindred language and customs, it has been a natural tendency that authors should sell their wares in the larger market. Genius is not to be confined by artificial bounds. New York, because of its size, has become the publishing centre of North America, and it is the place to which Canadian authors naturally look for recognition. The United States has provided a ready and appreciative circle of readers for the more distinguished of them; in fact, it has made it possible for men like Stringer, O'Higgins, Duncan, Carman, Roberts, Thompson-Seton, and a score of other authors to live by their pen, and has given Ralph Connor, L. M. Montgomery, R. E. Knowles, Nellie L. McClung, and other stay-at-home authors ninety per cent. of their fame and almost as much of their literary income. Indeed, no Canadian author, unless his field be peculiarly national, like a writer of history or biography, is deemed a success until his work is published in the United States, and certainly no Canadian author makes a living to-day out of the home market.

Consider the case of Miss Montgomery, of Prince Edward Island, an author who has made a considerable name for herself of recent years. When this young writer produced her first novel, "Anne of Green

Gables," she sent it to a Toronto publisher, who declined to print it because he did not think it would sell. She then sent it to a Boston publisher, who appreciated its merit and undertook to publish it. In due course it was brought out and gradually caught on. It was, of course, copyrighted in the United States and also in Canada. Its sale in both Canada and the United States to date has been very large. Now conceive the same situation under the proposed law. A new author's book is published in the United States, either because no Canadian publisher has the courage to try it or because the United States market offers the best advantage. It is copyrighted in the States, but because it has not been printed within fourteen days in Canada it is not copyrighted in Canada. If it turns out a success, like "Anne of Green Gables," there is nothing to prevent a pirate publisher in Canada from bringing it out. The situation is absurd. Here is a Canadian Copyright Act enacted ostensibly to protect the work of Canadian authors actually permitting a pirate to prey on them in home waters.

Such examples as this might be multiplied. Until such time as Canada is big enough to make it advantageous for an author to print here, he cannot be blamed for sending his work to the larger market. Of course, when once his reputation is made then printing in both countries would be no great hardship.

On the other hand, Canadians, who are reputedly the greatest *per capita* buyers of books in the world, draw their principal supply of new books, meaning thereby contemporary literary works, from the United States. It is the novels of Winston Churchill, R. W. Chambers, G. B. McCutcheon, Harold McGrath, Louis Joseph Vance, Meredith Nicholson, and such writers that have the largest call in Canadian book stores, apart from the work of a very few native authors. During 1910 there were approximately one hundred and ten novels by American authors imported into Canada in imprinted editions and sold by the Canadian publishers, as against five or six Canadian novels which were published in the United States. And this does not take account of all the American novels which were imported by jobbers in the original editions and which, because of their small prospective sale, were not deemed worthy of being taken up by Canadian publishers. Of the novels sent over in imprinted editions, the average sale in Canada would be about five hundred copies each, much too small to admit of their being profitably printed here.

The new Act would have little effect on the marketing of most of these books. The American publisher would sell editions to the Canadian publishers just as at present, and, while the books would not be copyrighted in Canada, still their sale would be so comparatively small as to make piracy out of the question, except by publishers of periodicals. But an awkward situation would be created in a few cases. Take for example a book like "The Rosary," which, while it is of British authorship, nevertheless will serve to illustrate the point. When this book first appeared no one could have prophesied that it would have the phenomenal sale it has since enjoyed. The Canadian publisher to whom the rights for this country were offered would only venture an edition of five hundred copies. But the book was one of those inexplicable sellers, and edition after edition was called for. Under the new Act this book would have to be printed in Canada within fourteen days of its publication in the United States to entitle it to copyright. Its popularity was not recognised until too late to protect the copyright and any pirate could produce it. And it must not be forgotten that it is an easier

matter for a pirate to print a book than it is for a legitimate publisher, for the reason that the latter must pay a royalty to the author, an expense of which the pirate is relieved by the nature of his operations. It will, indeed, be a cause of national shame if Canada is going to tolerate a condition which will place not only her own authors but also those of the United States at the mercy of book pirates.

There are those who probably say that Canada is treating the United States as the United States is treating her, and that for this reason her course is justified. But, while two wrongs never yet made a right, there is an excuse for the United States which should not be overlooked. Owing to the extent of her population it has become necessary, apart from all copyright considerations, for authors to print their books within the country. Such a justification cannot be urged in Canada's behalf until her population is four or five times what it is to-day. At that time, when the requirements of the market actually bring it about that a book can be printed and sold profitably in the country, the printing clause would not work so much hardship.

From yet another standpoint the Canadian author is destined to suffer unless some steps are taken to safeguard his interests. Not only will American books come into Canada unprotected, but magazines and other periodicals as well. Most of these are now copyrighted here, but under the new Act they would not enjoy any protection. Their contents would be legalised prey for any unprincipled magazine or newspaper publisher. When it is considered that a really remarkable proportion of the contents of these magazines is contributed by writers of Canadian birth, and that many Canadian writers are selling contributions to them because they are able to pay so much better prices than the less-circulated Canadian periodicals, it is apparent that their contributions will be as open to piracy in their native land as any of the work of the American writers. Furthermore, the opportunities offered Canadian publishers to help themselves free to the best in the American magazines will cause a falling-off in the growing demand for contributions from Canadian writers.

Some Canadian printers are inclined to believe that the Act will actually effect what it has evidently been designed to effect—the printing of more books in Canada. It is quite in order for the printers to claim this, even if they do not believe that the increase will be very marked at first, and it is certainly to be expected that as the country grows more and more books will be made in Canada. But the point is debatable as to whether this advance would not come along itself without this kind of legislative interference. At present publishers are granted the privilege of importing plates from the United States free of duty whenever they wish to print a book in Canada. To bring in the bound book they must pay a duty of ten per cent. It is obvious that there must be a point in book production when it would be more to their advantage to print in Canada from duty-free plates than to import ready-made books, on which they must pay a duty of ten per cent. With the average American book only selling up to five hundred copies it is hardly likely that many more books will be printed in Canada until the population is big enough to make the sale of much larger editions possible, and that at that time they will be printed here irrespective of copyright requirements.

Much of the Act as at present made public is rendered difficult of interpretation because of the frequent mention of orders in Council which may alter its meaning. To this extent any comment on the Act

is largely speculative. It may even transpire that eventually Canada and the United States may come together, and that, acting under the provisions of Section 35, Canada may be able to arrange some reciprocal machinery which will remove the more drastic requirement of printing. But, judging from the remarks of the Honourable Mr. Fisher, this seems hardly likely. The very evident intention of the measure is to try to secure the printing of more books in Canada, and if a reciprocal arrangement is entered into with the United States this result would be lost.

It is to be expected that by introducing the printing clause into the Act Canada will be unable to conform with the requirements of the Berlin Convention and will place herself in the same class as the United States, outside the pale of the civilised nations. It is much to be regretted that such a course has been deemed necessary by the Government. Contributing little as she does to the literature of the day and deriving most of her literary wares from the United States and Great Britain, it seems eminently unfair that she should turn round and make it so difficult for foreign authors to safeguard their work in the Dominion.

It has only been possible within the limits of this article to treat this one phase of the subject. There are many admirable provisions in the Act, which make it a notable piece of legislation; but, undoubtedly, the insertion of the printing clause is a blemish, at least, from the author's standpoint, which more than counteracts all the other good points. Here will lie the future ground of conflict, and it is not inconceivable that such pressure will be brought to bear on the Government as will induce them to lessen the severity of this clause of the Act.

THE CORONATION

By ROBERT BLAKE

SLOW by the stately avenue they drive,
Announced by twinkling foam of fluttering flags,
As of long billow breaking on the shore
With roar of welcome. Through the serried ranks
The thronging multitudes, the heroic forms
Fixed in still stone, the incense waving trees—
We grow race-conscious as we watch them pass,
And know in them our Empire and ourselves.
That time of life is England's, when strong sons
And daughters round the Mighty Father stand.
The image of his strength. One grown to manhood
Keeps his own house apart. The rest remain
Sheltered awhile. Bound are they all by ties
Of language, laws, and letters, and by blood,

And by deep reverence for the sacred home,
Where the great brood was reared. And at his side,
Loveliest of lands, the mother sits, whose blood,
Mingled with his, flows in their veins like fire.

The long procession stops. They pass within
The ancient temple. Glitter of steel and throb
Of martial music, panoply of power,
Dress of Man's wilful youth, they leave behind.
They are in presence of the King of Kings
And of his peace. The future is disclosed
Before our eyes. Theirs to complete His work
Who led the way, to make perpetual peace,
First in the home, then with the eldest born,
After for all mankind. 'Tis a solemn hour.
And they are more than merely King and Queen:
Our unity embodied—Symbols they,
Amid their children, of these wedded isles
And of the lands beyond—One symbol they
Of the Unseen, the Life within the State,
The Will that keeps us one, though separate.
They kneel. The heads are bowed that shine so high
In sight of all mankind. So be they blessed!
Secure alike from weakness and from pride,
Rendering ungrudging service to their King,
As we to them. God bless them and their children.
May they be loved and trusted, as were those
Who went before them. May their royal powers
Grow with our growth, be by our progress fed,
Mingled with mercy. May their path be spread
With blessings of their people, as with flowers.

Crowned, they arise. The organ peals a strain
Prophetic of their dazzling destiny.
We have solved Man's problem: taught our Kings to join
In stately order nations great and free.
Dark problem set ere history began,
With death their penalty, who tried—to fail;
Eternal life for those whose powers prevail.
For nations have their lives, like men; and they
Perish who will not tread the narrow way.
Our triumph is incarnate in the fair,
Fresh, comely youth of that Imperial Pair.
It is the Birthday of the Peace of Man.

TWO
CANADIAN PEACE ADVOCATES

BY M. O. HAMMOND

IT is something to live in an age which undertakes the solution of a great world-problem in the interest of humanity. We look back on the stirring times when prison reform and the abolition of slavery were great issues in England, and sometimes think we have fallen on days of mental and moral torpor.

Such a conclusion does not take into account the momentous strides being made towards international peace. This may not seem evident when one thinks of the *Dreadnoughts* and *super-Dreadnoughts* that almost monthly roll off the ways into the deep, draining the best nations of treasure and of men. But these engines of destruction find decreasing use, and the economists and tax-payers will soon tire of the fruitless competition in armament.

The probability of concluding a general treaty of arbitration between Great Britain and the United States, the most advanced in history, makes the subject a live one the world over. Only the other night a banquet in Washington of the American Society of International Law turned spontaneously, as it were, into a contemplation of world peace, with representatives present of Great Britain, Japan, Belgium, Canada, and other nations, as well as the President of the United States and the ablest jurists of the country.

Behind this movement for international peace, and particularly that affecting the Anglo-American relations, are, among others, two Canadian-born leaders of thought, whom it is proposed to discuss in this article. They are Dr. James Brown Scott, Secretary of the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace, and Dr. James A. Macdonald, Editor of the Toronto *Globe* and a Director of the World Peace Foundation, established by Edward Ginn, of Boston. Dr. Scott has been for years Solicitor of the State Department at Washington, and as such has had much contact with international affairs. He has been closely in touch with the steps leading to the pending Anglo-American treaty, and even since assuming his present post in April he has retained an intimate relation to the State Department. Dr. Macdonald is credited with having advocated the idea of the arbitration treaty in high international circles at its very inception as a fitting recognition of the century of peace between the two countries, to be celebrated in 1914.

It is fitting, then, that Canada, the newest great country in the world, should give two men who as opportunity presents will urge the solution of a problem so acute in the old world, and one for which to the new world there seems little or no excuse. Each will work in his own way through love of a cause that daily wins recruits. It is not through lack of the fighting spirit that either will labour to abolish war. Each is of

DR. JAMES A. MACDONALD, A DIRECTOR OF THE WORLD PEACE FOUNDATION

Scottish ancestry, with traditions of warring clans and services on the battle-field. Dr. Macdonald comes of a long race of soldiers and inherits their spirit. But he will seek to divert the energy of war along the paths of peace, for he believes the warfare to be waged for civilisation under modern conditions requires as much courage, strength and self-sacrifice as does any field of battle, while its application to paths of peace is incomparably better for mankind.

The two men are in some ways the antithesis each of the other. Dr. Scott is a lawyer; he is steeped in an atmosphere of international law. For him the public platform has small appeal; he is happiest in a place of seclusion, poring over books by day and by night, or mayhap conversing with a kindred spirit, for he is full of the milk of human kindness. He is a dynamo of energy, never stops working, and from the solitary incursions with books and documents there comes forth now and again a volume on peace or international law; perhaps not attractive to many people, but it will be read where it will do the most good.

Dr. Macdonald exults in a different environment. He will contribute his efforts for the world's peace in the public places. He loves the platform as Dr. Scott loves the library. He is

not a "mixer" in the same sense as Dr. Scott, but on the rostrum he sways vast audiences by powerful voice, appealing phrase, flashing eye and magnetic personality.

It will be news to many people that Dr. Scott is a native of Canada. His parents were Scottish and settled in the United States. Later they lived for a time in Canada and James Brown Scott was born at Tiverton, Bruce County, Ontario, forty-five years ago. He received his early schooling in that district before his parents returned to the United States, where he has made his home, save for foreign college terms, and has been, indeed, a faithful and distinguished American citizen. The years spent at Heidelburg and in French universities laid a foundation of knowledge of foreign affairs, together with a command of several foreign languages that has ever been useful. Later we find him practising law in Los Angeles, California, where he founded a law school and was dean for some years; again, he lectured in law in the University of Chicago and Columbia University, and to this day he lectures in international law in Johns Hopkins University at Baltimore.

In between whiles, Dr. Scott, after returning east, became associated with the State Department as Solicitor, and last year had charge of the United States fisheries case with Canada at The Hague. This, however, was not his first experience at The Hague, for he had represented the United States at the second International Peace Conference in 1907, was in charge of the project for the establishment of an International Court of Justice, and saw it successfully carried through.

It will thus be seen that Dr. Scott's long experience has logically led to his present appointment with the Carnegie peace movement, which is but one of the humanitarian projects of the little Scottish iron-master, who, having accumulated more than a man with a conscience and facing a needful world can keep, has set out to distribute it to the best advantage. Dr. Scott's office is in the building of the Carnegie Insitution of Washington, whose great pillared entrance and silent halls might fittingly become the home of peace.

One might well ask, Why does James Brown Scott devote his life to peace? Let his answer be given in his own terms.

Dr. Scott is deeply interested in the peace movement because force does not necessarily decide the right or wrong of the question and is rarely the handmaid of justice, settling questions by strength rather than as matters of right. The enormous loss of life, the economic waste, and the misuse of energy make it essential, in his opinion, to devise other methods than those hitherto in use to decide controversies between nations if civilisation is to be maintained and progress made.

He believes that the peace movement must be evolutionary, not revolutionary; that is to say, that nations must develop in the future largely as they have developed in the past, and that those municipal institutions which have been created to meet municipal needs, which have done justice between individuals and maintained law and order within national lines, should be internationalised with such changes and modifications as experience should show to be necessary; that industry, commerce, and rapid communication have practically broken down national lines, which remain as geographical and artificial rather than natural expressions, and that the solidarity of interest is a fact, not a theory, that independence has practically given way to interdependence of the nations, and that nations must, while retaining their nationality and their sovereignty, yield something of their initiative, not to any one nation, but to the

DR. JAMES BROWN SCOTT, SECRETARY OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF THE CARNEGIE PEACE FUND

community of nations in the common interest.

Dr. Scott believes in arbitration as at present the best means of settling international disputes, but is in favour of extending it by treaty to all questions susceptible of arbitration, and that it would be desirable to omit from future treaties the reservations of independence, vital interests and questions of honour. He does not, however, consider the present machinery adequate, because legal questions should be decided by a permanent tribunal composed of Judges acting under a sense of judicial responsibility just as national courts act. Questions of a political nature, or in which the legal element is slight in comparison with the questions of policy or expediency involved might as well be submitted to a mixed commission or to the so-called Permanent Court at The Hague, which is composed of Judges chosen by the parties in controversy and where a compromise is not only expected but desirable. In other words, he is strongly in favour of the Permanent International Court at The Hague for the trial of all legal controversies between nations. He is equally desirous of maintaining the present Permanent Court, in reality a list of Judges

created by the first Hague Conference, as it is admirably fitted for the adjustment of political questions on which diplomacy has failed to settle.

Following a long record of strife in the Highlands of Scotland, the Macdonalds and the Grants, the forebears of Dr. Macdonald, emigrated to Picton County, Nova Scotia, in time to take part in the Revolutionary War. After that their arts were the arts of peace, and we find them conquering the forests of Middlesex County, Ontario, and attacking the problems that pioneer civilisation brings forth. These problems become greater as the years go on, and, though Dr. Macdonald has by turn been a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church, editor of *The Westminster*, a semi-religious weekly, and is still managing editor of the Toronto *Globe*, he is yet reaching out for what he believes to be the betterment of mankind. As a minister of the gospel, he commanded rare audiences in St. Thomas and Toronto for his pulpit ability. As editor of *The Westminster* his editorials were read by hundreds who otherwise would never have studied current topics outside a daily newspaper. As editor of *The Globe* he has directed his comment to high issues and has done much to break down the slavish adherence to party that has marred Canada's political journalism.

Back of these qualities, for his decision to advocate international peace there are abundant reasons in the mind of Dr. Macdonald. They carry conviction by mere statement, but, galvanised by a magnetic platform skill, they should go far with the men whose opinion will count in the settlement of this newest and greatest world-problem.

"The settlement of disputes by arbitration has long been the principle for individuals and for communities within the same nation," declared Dr. Macdonald, when I asked his reasons for taking up the cause. "Civilisation has progressed that far. Now, the one great uncivilised relation to life is the international area, and civilisation cannot stop until it has gone over the surface of life; the international area must be civilised.

"Then there is the burden of armaments, which has come to be simply intolerable on all the nations, and is one of the great obstacles in the way of large social reforms. There is not the money to do for the people the things that ought to be done when a country like Great Britain spends $350,000,000 yearly on her War Budget. The war spirit keeps the sore open all the time. One of the reasons we have had a century of peace on our boundary line is because there have been no armies and no navies to provoke conflict.

"One of the things that has haunted me, especially since I was in Britain last, is the reaction of war on the life of the people. There, just as in Rome under the Cæsars and in France under Napoleon, the standard of manhood has suffered. When I visited Scotland I found they had had to lower the standard three times in the last century to fill up the regiments. During the wars of the past the fittest men were killed off, and those who were left behind to breed were the men who could not pass the examination or who lacked the moral courage that a man must have had in those days to face the gleam of steel.

"Similarly, I have been greatly impressed in studying the situation in the United States of the results of the great Civil War. Why is it that in that country, where democracy has had its chance, politics is at the mercy of organised plunderers? Why is it that the United States is suffering, not from foes from without, but from men born and raised within the Republic? Has it anything to do with the fact that a generation and a half ago 650,000 men of the North

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTION, WASHINGTON — HOME OF THE CARNEGIE PEACE FUND

and 400,000 men of the South, the best they had bred, fell in the Civil War and left no sons behind them? They left behind them men of whom so many of this generation are descendants, the bounty-jumpers, the skedaddlers, the unheroic, the unfit, men who did not love their country enough to go and fight for it, men who fattened at the expense of their country through the commissariat, for which the country paid dearly. They were left behind to breed, and they bred their kind. You cannot breed a hero from a coward!

"The law of evolution, the survival of the fittest, works inversely in war. It is the fittest who do not survive. The unjust land laws of Great Britain that sent so many of her enterprising sons overseas were naturally one factor in the social degeneration so conspicuous in Great Britain. A more important factor was the sending off of the strong, the heroic, the virile to be slain on battlefields.

"As to Canada, we cannot afford the cost of war, not merely of money, but, far more, of men. We need all the men of heroism for our industries and institutions, our industrial and political life. The same qualities of unselfishness and sacrifice that are drawn out and stimulated by war are needed in the modern fight that the nation has to make, not against foes that fight with sword and shot, but against the foes in the commercial and industrial life, the great organised and leagued forces of greed. The very phrase "captains of industry" is taken from the military, and shows that corporations are organised and manned to defeat the interests of the people and to dominate the nations, and it is on these battlefields that the fight of civilisation in this new day will have to be made. It is the modern substitute for war, and that is where we will develop the character that is supposed to be developed by war. Men are needed not to defend their country on the battlefield, but in our daily life against the new enemy of the money power that menaces our parliamentary freedom."

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT,
BROTHER OF KING EDWARD VII.

HE SUCCEEDS EARL GREY AS
GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA

THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT,
WIFE OF THE NEXT GOVERNOR-GENERAL

SHE WILL BE THE FIRST ROYAL CONSORT AT
RIDEAU HALL SINCE THE PRINCESS LOUISE

PRINCESS PATRICIA OF CONNAUGHT

PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT

SENATE REFORM ACCORDING TO THE CONSTITUTION

BY SIR GEORGE W. ROSS

IN 1893 the Liberal party, at a convention held in Ottawa, pledged itself to a reform of the Senate. Although the resolution containing this pledge did not outline any specific method of reform, the deliverences of the press and platform would indicate that the basis of the reform intended was the substitution of an elective Senate, either in whole or in part, for a nominative Senate and a term of years for the life term now existing. Moreover, the resolution rather implied than expressed how this change should be brought about, *viz.*, by action of the party through legislation initiated in the House of Commons.

So far, the Liberal party, now in office since 1896, has not seriously attempted to act on this resolution. There have been sporadic efforts by private members to bring the question before the House, with the apparent result that the House of Commons was not seriously impressed with the necessity of grappling with it, but there has been no concerted party action. When during the present session of Parliament the leader of the Liberal party was charged with the non-fulfilment of the pledge made in 1893, he simply replied that all the other pledges contained in the platform of that year were fulfilled and that this also would in due time be carried out.

Now, it is not the object of this article to censure the Liberal party for a violation of party pledge, nor to discuss the urgency or non-urgency of a reform of the Canadian Senate. This phase of the question has already received a large degree of attention both inside and outside Parliament. The important point to be decided, which the convention apparently overlooked, is the procedure to be adopted in proposing such a change in the Constitution. No doubt the Liberals assembled in Ottawa in 1893 felt that if their ascendency in Parliament was once secured their wishes in all matters of legislation could be gratified on the principle that the majority must rule. But a closer examination of the Constitution will show that it is not a question of majorities, but a question of Constitutional reform to be effected according to Constitutional precedent and limitations. The Parliament of Canada is not a self-constituted body. It is the creation of an Imperial Act, known as "The British North America Act, 1867," and any legislation changing the Constitutional powers, either of the House of Commons or the Senate, must obtain the sanction of the Imperial Parliament.

Let us first inquire how the Senate originated, what purpose it was designed to serve as one of the estates of the realm, and who were the contracting parties to its present Constitution.

The British North America Act is

founded upon certain resolutions adopted in Quebec in 1864 at a meeting of representatives from all the North American Provinces then enjoying responsible government. These resolutions were of the nature of a compromise or treaty for a specific purpose. They did not represent the view of any Province on the terms agreed upon, but, rather, the view on which all were agreed to unite. Every resolution was considered equally binding, those relating to the Senate and the House of Commons (or the Legislative Assembly and Legislative Council, as the two Houses were then designated), as well as those relating to the distribution of powers between the central and the local Governments. The Constitution of the Senate was not an afterthought. It was discussed at the conference at considerable length. Upper Canada (now Ontario) was under an elective Upper Chamber, and so was Prince Edward Island. Lower Canada (Quebec), New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were under a nominative Upper Chamber. Mr. George Brown and Sir John Macdonald, two of the great leaders of the conference, were willing to accept a nominative Upper House or Senate for Canada. Quebec was decidedly in favour of a nominative Senate, and so it was unanimously agreed that "The Parliament of Canada should consist of a Legislative Assembly and a Legislative Council nominated by the Crown." It was also agreed by the delegates, on the conclusion of their labours, that the proposed federation should be submitted to the different Provincial Parliaments for ratification, it being understood that it should be passed in its entirety and without amendment.

When the Quebec resolutions were discussed in the Parliament of Upper and Lower Canada, this view was clearly and firmly expressed by the Premier, Sir E. P. Tache, in the Legislative Council, and by Sir John Macdonald in the Assembly. Sir E. P. Tache said (p. 83, Confederation Debates), "The scheme must be taken as a whole or rejected, since it was not the property of Canada, but of all the other Provinces as well"; and, again (p. 240), "What is now proposed comes before you, not as the act of the Government of Canada, but as the mixed work of all the delegates from the Provinces in the form, as it were, of a Treaty." Sir John Macdonald said (p. 31, Debates), "If any important changes are made every one of the Colonies will feel itself absolved from the implied obligation to deal with it as a Treaty." Now, as far as Upper and Lower Canada are concerned, it was agreed by these resolutions that each should be represented in the Legislative Council by twenty-four members and that agreement was approved by the Parliament of the two Provinces assembled in Ottawa in 1865. These two Provinces are now represented by separate Legislative Assemblies. Should the Constitution of the Senate, of which they approved in 1865, be altered without their consent? Would not such an alteration be a violation of the terms on which they entered the Union?

It is also known that when the Right Honourable John Bright moved in 1868 in the British House of Commons for the withdrawal of Nova Scotia from the Union it was contended that, as she had practically assented to the Union through her delegates at Westminster the year before, she should not be allowed to withdraw from the obligations then assumed, as a Treaty should not be broken without the consent of all parties concerned. But, while Nova Scotia was making an effort to withdraw from Confederation, the Government of Sir John Macdonald was actively endeavouring to reconcile her by offering what was called "better times," which meant an increase of the subsidy contained in the British North America Act. This offer, though wisely intended, was con-

sidered by many of the best constitutional lawyers of the day a distinct violation of the Federal Compact, and this view was expressed by Mr. Blake in a series of resolutions submitted to Parliament in 1869 in the following terms:

> That the British North America Act of 1867 has fixed and settled the mutual liabilities of Canada and each Province in respect of the public debt and the amount payable by Canada to each Province for the support of its Government and Legislature;
>
> That the said Act does not empower the Parliament of Canada to change the basis of union thereby fixed and settled;
>
> That the unauthorised assumption of such power by the Parliament of Canada would imperil the interests of the several Provinces, weaken the bond of union and shake the stability of the Constitution;
>
> That the proposed resolutions on the subject of Nova Scotia involve the assumption of this power;
>
> And that therefore the House, while ready to give its best consideration to any proposals to procure in a constitutional way any needed changes in the basis of union, deems it inexpedient to go into committee on said proposed resolutions.

A resolution stating the constitutional principle involved even more definitely was moved at a later stage by the Honourable L. H. Holton:

> That in the opinion of the House any disturbance of the financial arrangements respecting the several Provinces provided for in the British North America Act, unless assented to by all the Provinces, would be a subversion of the system of government under which the Dominion was constituted and if effected, as proposed by this Bill, in favour of one Province without at the same time providing for a general revision and readjustment of those arrangements, would be manifestly unjust to the other Provinces.

From the tenor of these resolutions the right of all the Provinces to be consulted with regard to any changes of the financial basis of the British North America Act is distinctly asserted—Mr. Holton using the striking words, "Without the assent of the Provinces." That is to say, as the Provinces were parties to the original basis, so that basis could not be changed without their consent. And what is true as to changes of the financial basis (which form but one clause of the British North America Act) must be true also as to any other clause of the Act, for all were assented to by the Provinces before being embodied in the British North America Act.

In further confirmation of this view the dispute with British Columbia in 1874 over the delay in beginning the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway is of interest. By the terms of union with British Columbia and Canada it was stipulated that a railway connecting the Pacific Coast and the railway system of Canada should be commenced within two years and completed in ten. The Mackenzie Government claimed it was impossible to carry out these terms to the letter and suggested a variation of the terms of union; to this British Columbia would not agree, but finally consented to refer the matter to Lord Carnarvan, by whom the British North America Act was submitted to the House of Lords in 1867. In his despatch to the Government of Canada, dated August 16th, 1874, Lord Carnarvan clearly expressed the opinion that the terms with British Columbia could not be lightly treated. He said, "I cannot entertain the least doubt of the intention of the Canadian Government and Parliament . . . . to maintain the good faith of the Dominion in the spirit, if not in the letter, of the original agreement, under circumstances which I admit to be of no ordinary difficulty," etc. Although Lord Carnarvan does not use the word "Treaty" as being the basis of the agreement between Canada and British Columbia, he refers to the binding character of the agreement in "spirit if not in letter." This is practically an admission that Canada was bound by a Treaty to fulfil the conditions of union with British Columbia, and among these conditions was that she should be entitled

to three representatives in the Senate.

Prince Edward Island also entered the Union under an agreement which was approved by Her Majesty in Council, and it needs no argument to establish her right to the literal fulfilment of that agreement unless her consent is first obtained to its variation. One of the articles of this agreement was her right to four representatives in the Senate.

Now, having established that the British North America Act is a compact or treaty between the Provinces, it follows (1) that the number of Senators can neither be increased or reduced without the consent of all the Provinces concerned, and (2) that the mode of their appointment is as binding under the British North America Act as the number. It is true that for the maintenance of proportionate representation between Provinces the number of Senators is more important than the mode of appointment, but both number and mode are fixed by the agreement, and it is for the Provinces who were parties to the compact to say if either should be changed, and it also follows (3) that so far as changing either the number of Senators or their mode of appointment neither the House of Commons nor the Senate or both combined has any constitutional right of interference. The House of Commons has no more authority under the British North America Act to alter the Constitution in any particular than the Senate has to alter the Constitution of the House of Commons. Both are the creation of the conference of Provincial delegates, which assembled at Quebec and drafted the resolutions on which the British North America Act is founded, and neither can legislate beyond its Constitutional powers.

Then, it may be asked, is the Senate incapable of change as at present constituted? Not at all. The process is a very simple one, for which there is a very concrete precedent. For many years the Provinces complained of the inadequate provision made for the public service they were required to perform under the Constitution and accordingly took steps in 1887 to make their complaints known officially to the Dominion Government. Acting on the invitation of the late Honourable H. Mercier, delegates from all the Provinces, with the exception of British Columbia, met in the city of Quebec, and among other resolutions agreed upon a revision of the financial basis contained in the British North America Act, by which their revenue would be substantially increased. The terms of that advance were specifically set out in the deliverance of the conference and the resolutions embodying the work of the conference closed as follows:

"That in the opinion of this conference the several Provinces of the Dominion, through their respective Legislatures, should at the earliest practicable moment take steps with the view to the enactment by the Imperial Parliament of amendments to the British North America Act in accordance with the foregoing resolutions"—the alteration of the financial basis being one of them. Following on this recommendation, the proposed basis was referred to the Provincial Legislatures for approval. As the Dominion Government declined action, subsequent conferences of the Provinces were held, one in 1903 and another in 1906, and in 1907 the House of Commons embodied its assent in a petition to His Majesty for such amendments to the British North America Act as would satisfy the prayer of the petitioners. This prayer was granted in an Act of the Imperial Parliament and assented to by His Majesty in August, 1907.

Now, following this precedent, it is quite apparent that the reform of the Senate should not begin in the Parliament of Canada. Its own authority is derivative. It is the creation

of the Provinces. It was called into being, just as it is, by the Provinces; by what right then can it alter, not a Constitution made by it, but a Constitution made for it? Why not go direct to the source of the Constitution—to the Treaty-makers, secure their consent if deemed desirable, even to the abolition of the Senate, and having obtained that consent, ask for the ratification of the Imperial Parliament.

But it may be said if the Senate and House of Commons, acting without reference to the Provinces, agreed upon a certain plan for the reform of the Senate and applied for Imperial legislation to give it effect, that such application would meet with a favourable response. Not so. The Imperial Parliament would not set aside a Treaty at the request of a body that owed its origin to that Treaty. How could it set aside the vested rights of the Provinces in one clause in that Treaty without extending that right to every other clause of the Treaty? For instance, if the House of Commons petitioned for varying the distribution of power between the Dominion and the Provinces, would the Imperial Parliament consider such a petition? To do so would be to strike a fatal blow at the Federal compact. When the union of Upper and Lower Canada was before the Imperial Government a draft of the proposed Bill was submitted to the Parliament of Upper Canada and one to the Executive Council of Quebec (the Parliament of that Province having been suspended) for approval before final action was taken. Is it to be supposed that the Imperial Parliament of to-day would be less solicitous about Provincial rights than the Parliament of 1840? Indeed, it is evident that this idea of Provincial rights was present to the mind of the Imperial Government in proposing a rearrangement of the financial terms allowed the Provinces under the British North America Act, for one clause of the Imperial Act of 1907 is as follows:—"Nothing herein contained shall supersede or affect the terms specially granted to any particular Province upon which such Province became part of the Dominion of Canada."

Finally, if the Senate was constituted for the purpose of protecting the constitutional rights of the Provinces, surely the Provinces are the parties to move if the Constitution is to be altered in any respect. They may consider their rights more secure under a nominated than under an elected Senate. Who has authority to vary that choice, except themselves. The Dominion Parliament could not if it would alter the terms of the British North America Act and neither could the Imperial Parliament unless it set aside the precedents on which the Colonial Government of the Empire has been conducted for the last seventy-five years.

To those then who desire the reform of the Senate let it be said, "Call a conference of the Provinces, agree upon a policy—secure its adoption by the Provinces that accepted the terms of the British North America Act—transmit it through the proper channel to the Colonial Secretary and get it confirmed by an Act of the Imperial Parliament, and the deed is done." As a matter of constitutional law, the consent of the Parliament of Canada would not be necessary, although no doubt if obtained it would have great weight with the Imperial authorities. In the case of rearranging the financial basis of the Provinces the consent of the Canadian Parliament was obviously necessary, because the increased subsidies became a charge upon the Treasury. The reform of the Senate does not necessarily involve any charge upon the Canadian Treasury, and the assent of the Canadian Parliament of Canada is therefore unnecessary.

THE HOUSE OF SHADOWS

BY NEWMAN FLOWER

THEY were a motley crowd—those five—as they clustered round the big wood fire in the club smoking-room. There was Gannett, of *The Morning Wire,* and the four others were his satellites. They liked to hear him talk and they fought for the scraps of wisdom that fell from his lips, as hungry sparrows quarrel for the crumbs that are thrown from the window by a generous hand. Gannett was the leading dramatic critic in town; he was often severe, yet always just, and if he blamed, the gall of malice never ran from his pen. On the other hand, when he praised, these four satellites from the sub-editor's room knew that the recipients of his favours were earmarked for theatrical renown if they had not already attained it. And Gannett was seldom wrong.

He was a strange individual was Gannett. He always wore his clothes carelessly, and the only speck of pride as regards his dress which he allowed himself was to be found in the glaring red socks. They were of bright scarlet, and he had a habit of lolling back in the biggest armchair in the smoking-room and balancing his feet on the mantelpiece as if to display his weakness to the greatest advantage.

"What I can never understand," Thompson, of *The Morning Oracle,* was saying, "is why did Felicity Manders leave the stage in that extraordinary fashion a few months ago? Here she was at the top of her career—absolutely at the very summit —then presto! she vanished. I have always imagined there was something behind that. Do you remember that first night of 'The Derelict Princess,' Gannett? She was playing lead to a house that was ready to rise and hurl itself at her. The first act went with a bang, and the second was ten times better than the first. Then in the interval, before the curtain went up for the final act, Carson, the manager, came to the lights and announced that she had been called away. Do you remember that?"

"Perfectly," said Gannett with a smile. "Perfectly."

"And she has never appeared since. I heard yesterday that she never intends to play again."

"I don't think she ever will," said Gannett. "In fact, I'm sure she won't."

"But why—in Heaven's name, why? She was the most popular musical comedy actress of our time."

"And the best," said Gannett. He bit the end off a cigar and languidly put up his feet to the mantelpiece, then settled himself down into the armchair and half-closed his eyes. "My dear boys," he said, with the same easy drawl he always assumed, "you may rest assured that Felicity Manders never did anything without a reason. You know what she was—never like the rest. A woman of brilliant talents, who could carry a poor play over rough ice to two or three hundred performances, and a good one to five hundred. No one knew much about her. She would never be

interviewed, she made few friends, the sycophants of the stage-door she rigorously shunned. No one knew where she lived, no one had the slightest clue to her history. For seven years she held the town, and now—well, Thompson, you have written your last criticism of Felicity Manders. She will never act again."

He smoked in silence for awhile, and the others looked at him. They wondered what was passing in his mind.

"I will tell you the story," he went on. "But, mind you, we are behind closed doors. I was present at that first night of 'The Derelict Princess.' It was to be a big night, as you know, and the papers had shouted themselves hoarse for weeks beforehand over the capital part it contained for Felicity Manders. Cosgrave had laid himself out on the music specially for her, and Gunning had written every word of his lyrics with her triumph in view and that alone. It was to be the part of her life, so everybody said, and, Heaven! so it was. I was to go to supper afterwards at the Bruvais's, some way out of town, and I ordered my car to come to the stage-door about ten-thirty and wait, so that I could hop into it and get away as soon as the last curtain was rung down. Bruvais, the iron king, you know, was an old school chum of mine. I used to fag for him, and a terror he was. It was his daughter's coming of age, and there was some sort of house-warming, and I had sworn on oath to be there. That's how it came about. Bruvais, by the way, turned up three million dollars in five years over his electric patents, but the beggar never had an ounce of 'side.'"

Gannett hesitated, puffed fiercely at his Laranaga, then swung himself round a little in his chair.

"For five years I was madly in love with Felicity Manders," he announced.

The effect of his words was electrical. This Gannett—the sphinx, the man with no soul above cold-blooded criticism—Gannett, whom they believed had never known a single emotion. When they had roared themselves hoarse on a successful first night Gannett had sat like a pillar of ice, with never a smile on his face, never a word of enthusiasm. They had imagined him going back to the office and writing his criticism, coldly, forcibly; viewing the play from the standpoint of a man who, seeing things from afar through a telescope, misses nothing of the detail, but feels none of the emotions.

"For five years," he repeated. "Five years is a bit out of a man's life when he knows nothing, cares for nothing but an all-consuming passion. No one had any idea of my secret, and Felicity Manders, though we were the best of friends, never guessed it. There were times when I had to attack her in print—two only, and I feel now that I would have dealt more leniently with her but for my love. The knowledge of my own feelings, and the sense of duty I felt for my paper, made me perhaps more critical than I need have been. And when I met her afterwards I could see the slight flicker of annoyance that passed over her face, as if what I said had hurt, but, before God, the written words hurt no one as they hurt me.

"On the night 'The Derelict Princess' was produced I met her in the wings just before she went on. I had attended several dress rehearsals, so knew the play backward, and decided I would see it from behind tonight. I had just left Carson half dead with excitement, and I ran into her as I left his room. She was full of spirits, bubbling over with sheer merriment. She told me that she believed it would be the greatest night she had ever known, and I was surprised at her confessing so much. She was always so reserved, so silent, though the public had not the re-

motest idea of it. They believed her to be the most excitable creature that ever walked the earth. I shook her hand and wished her good luck. I felt it was all I could do. Then—well, you recollect that first act. She carried the whole house; it had no eyes for anyone but her, it rose at her like a great cumbersome thing awakened from sleep. Her laughter—it resembled the lively chiming of silver bells—it ran through the stalls, over the pit, then up to the gallery. And then that piccaninny song—do you remember it? She was never in greater voice. The notes were clear and penetrating, and then the bouquets—the roses! Ah, God! it was a night!"

Gannett rolled back in his chair, put his feet up to the mantelpiece again, so that the glaring scarlet socks pierced through the smoke haze.

"I remember Carson came along with a newly opened bottle of champagne in the first interval, and together we went to her dressing-room. She was sitting on the edge of the table smoking a cigarette, and as I looked at her I knew her nerves were all on edge. She had felt her whole performance, every word and line of it had taken its cost. She looked up, and smiled as we entered, snatched the glass Carson held out, sipped it once, twice, and handed it back. Then she talked for ten minutes or so, and I remember holding the door open for her as she answered her call for the second act. She slipped past me, a frail figure in her black dress, with silver sequins, leaving a heavy aroma of wood violet that floated back as she passed.

"The second act was the biggest thing seen in town for years. She knew she had the time of her life before her, and her acting never reached such a level. Do you remember that plantation song of hers? It carried her hearers up to the gates of heaven. My eyes see the house now, borne out of itself, uncontrollable, mad—just that, irresponsibly mad! As the curtain lurched down after her ninth call she came off almost as if she did not see those about her. I realised that she was intoxicated with her triumph, for she was a woman who took her work very seriously, and she felt the applause sinking into her soul. There were tears in her eyes. I asked her a question, but she did not hear me, yet her lips were moving. She was walking in a dream, and I felt a sudden clutch of horror lest she would collapse.

"She had hardly recovered herself, and was just about to go to her dressing-room when someone pushed a telegram into her hand. It had been held up at the stage door with the other telegrams of good wishes, most of which she had opened ere this and thrown aside. She took the envelope dreamily, and slowly tore it open. For some seconds she held the flimsy in her hand, read it once and then again, bent over it with horror growing in her eyes and welling up so that the whole expession of her face changed as she stood there. She swayed to and fro, and a moan escaped her lips; I put out my hands to save her, for I thought she would fall.

"She drew herself up. Her face beneath the paint was ghastly. She gazed quickly around. 'I cannot play any more—I must go to-night—now!' she gasped.

"Carson leaped forward. 'Impossible!' he cried, 'you are at the height of your triumph—it will ruin the play—you cannot go—God in heaven! But this is the night of your life!'

"She closed her eyes. The flimsy was tightly clutched in one hand, the other swept across her forehead. I remember as I looked at her the blood in me surged in a great flood madly through my veins. I could not speak; I stood a mute thing, unable to shift one foot after the other.

" 'You don't know,' she exclaimed at length; 'I must go, I will go. This

is a question of life or death. Fetch me a car, someone—for a long journey. God make me in time. I must go; no, don't stop me!'

"She plunged—her head down—past us and disappeared into her room.

"'It's ruin,' Carson said as he glared at me. 'Gannett, she likes you—go and persuade her—tell her what it means to all of us. Don't, in Heaven's name, let her go!'

"I went to her room, and as I reached the threshold she was coming out. She had a cloak around her, a white fur cap on her head, and had not waited to change her clothing. Then as she looked at me, something in her face—till the day of my death I shall never know what it was—but something won me to her side. I realised by an intuition that she needed help. She was alone with some great trouble, and I could help. I breathed a silent prayer that I might be able to take her burden from her.

"'A car—have you got me one? Oh, for pity's sake call one quickly.' She stood, a frantic thing with the flimsy still clutched in her hand, her eyes blazing with a new fire, her small mouth working convulsively.

"I thought nothing of the waiting audience; I forgot Carson—the position—everything, save that I must help her and do something to drive the fear from her eyes. I rushed quickly down to the stage door and found my own car there, ran back again, and in a few words told her I would drive her to the end of the world if she desired it. I remember she followed me down the stone stairs blindly, groping with one of her white, quivering hands along the iron rail, tripping now and again as if she would have fallen from very weakness.

"I put her into the car and dismissed my chauffeur. Then I turned to her.

"'Where do you want to go?' I asked. I felt returning self-control, the need for action without explanation. I was there to obey any command, impossible or otherwise; my nerves were tense and braced, my head cool, mingling love and the desire to serve her the one all-paramount emotion in every fibre of me.

"'To Trentown—it is fifteen miles, I think. When we get there I will direct you. And thank you so much, so much!'

"I closed the door quickly, and as I did so heard a smothered roar from the theatre, where an exasperated audience was waiting for the curtain to roll up, and above all I heard the quick steps that came down the stairs after us, and the shriek of rage and fear from Carson's lips as we rushed off into the night.

"He was too late, for I had pulled the lever down and we were away. I wondered as we swung out through a break in the traffic as to how much petrol we carried, until I remembered my instructions to Bates earlier in the day to be prepared for a fair run. I plied the horn vigorously, flew round corners, dived here and there through little opening gaps in the night traffic, skimmed past startled pedestrians and skirted the flood of people that was gushing out of the restaurants.

"It was not until we reached the main road that a string of thoughts began to weave themselves into anything like logical sequence. Why was she going on this mad errand—what had caused her sudden perturbation—the swift changing from a paroxysm of triumph to an overwhelming fear? What lay at the end of the journey; what new chapter in her life had just been opened up? She had volunteered no explanation, as I had asked for none.

"Jove! that was close! A lumbering waggon coming through the murk with dimmed lights seemed to swim past so narrowly that I feared the wheels had touched, but darkness

closed down on us and we were in the open road once more with the clammy cloak of mist pressing in and wrapping us around.

"The moon swung high in the sky with little wisps of cloud passing swiftly across it, and in the obscure light the road ahead appeared as a nebulous streak that had no definite formation. The even 'chug-chug' of the car sent my thoughts plunging again, creating new conjectures, new fears. I felt capable now of reasoning the thing out from a common-sense standpoint. For, you know, I pride myself upon knowing something of women and their ways, and one thing stood out apparent to me, and that—I was carrying her to someone who loved her as I did; someone who was all the world to her. The sudden news of the illness of one she held priceless, whose love meant more to her than all the jewels of the earth and all the kingdoms ever created, more than the applause of eager thousands, the love of her kindred in art—that alone had driven her with the whole strength of a woman in desperation to go to him at his call. And I was right, but how right I did not know then.

"The car flung itself against the wall of pitchy darkness like a driven beast under the unflagging spur. By some instinct rather than judgment was I able to keep to the centre of the road, crashing through villages like a demon let loose from hell, now running up steep gradients with fresh speed-lust and dropping down the other side as a swallow falls on the wings of the gale, and ever there came to me in the scream of the wind in my ears that one unfaltering sentence: 'You are taking her away from you—away from you.'

"The knowledge of it developed into terror; I slowed down once and felt that I must demand the motive of this race ere I could go on. I was chasing a phantom and all the while was driving away from the goal that purposed my life. Yet she demanded it—I could only remember that, and the speed rose higher than before.

"We reached Trentown, and not till its familiar white bridge came into sight did I stop and climb down from my seat. She had lowered the window as I reached it, and I saw her pallid face staring out at me, and the moonlight caught her features and lit them up in all their beauty. In a hoarse whisper she gave me an address, and after some groping down unfamiliar byways I found it. It was a small, white house, tucked away under the trees—a veritable house of shadows—and in the upper windows, screened by green blinds, I saw the faint flicker of light. I remember realising as I opened the door of the car for her to step out that the whole sum of my destiny had been added up and was to be found in those upper rooms—the truth lay there—up there behind those green blinds was the dividing line between heaven and hell.

"She ran quickly up the steps without waiting to speak to me, and I followed her into the hall when the door was opened. A servant looked at me with mistrust and held up an oil lamp to my face, but the unintelligible mumble I gave her apparently served its purpose. Meanwhile, she hurried up the stairs without waiting to remove her hat and cloak, and dumbly I followed. Someone touched my arm, but I shook him off and went on, treading lightly on the thick pile carpets, but keeping close behind the slight figure in front.

"She reached a bedroom door and passed it without hesitating, closing the door quickly after her. And then I heard a cry—a cry of untold happiness as if all the melody of united heaven had flung itself into the little room. I drew back into the shadow, feeling that I had heard something that was not intended for my ears, that I had stolen in through the gate of Paradise—a marauder, when I

should not have set foot within its portals.

"For the cry I heard—the ringing cry of understanding, that pierced through the veil of unconsciousness and brought back reason on its wings—was the cry of a child."

*

"I waited for daylight to come, then I followed the doctor into the room almost unknown to him. I shall never forget the picture just as it flooded my memory then and as it will always remain. In her dress of silver sequin she half lay on the bed, her arm curled under the fragile form beneath the sheets, and she was singing in a quiet undertone the song with which she had drawn the house the night before, singing it without any effort to please, but with a sublime carelessness—singing it with her whole soul in every note:

" 'Wild little Piccaninny, with your throne on yonder star,
Will you catch a moonbeam for me and wire it from afar?'

"A nurse drew me without speaking from the room and we passed quietly down the stairs together.

" 'Poor little cripple boy,' she said at last, though then I scarcely took in the words. 'He'll get better now that reason has returned and his mother has come. But we thought he had gone last night. He is practically parentless, for her husband died years ago and she is wedded to her art. But even if she is an actress she has a heart.'

" 'A heart of gold,' I said."

*

Thompson swallowed his cocktail, then he looked across at Gannett, who had crumpled himself into a semi-circle in his chair.

"And how did it all end?" he asked.

Gannett examined his dead cigar, then pitched it into the fire.

"When a woman comes through great tribulation she realises her own weakness; she needs someone to lean on to help her. A man can teach a woman nothing, but experience much," he said tersely. . . . "I married her."

THE BATTLE OF CHATEAUGUAY

BY T. G. MARQUIS

UNITED STATES historians have little to say about the Battle of Chateauguay. They take no pride in the work of their generals and troops on that memorable occasion, and either completely ignore the event or minimise its importance. It is true, the loss of life was insignificant; but so far as Canada was concerned it was a battle of the greatest importance. From such a careful historical investigator as Henry Adams fairness might have been expected, but even he has misstated the number of men invading Canada under General Hampton, and goes so far as to praise that soldier for beating a retreat to the United States without losing his entire army. The archives of both Canada and the United States were open to him, and his account of the action looks decidedly dishonest. He dismissed the affair with a brief paragraph, and to play to the gods in his own country concludes as follows:

"The British generals at Montreal," he writes in his "History of the United States," showed little energy in thus allowing Hampton to escape, and the timidity of their attitude towards Hampton's little army was the best proof of the incompetence alleged against Prevost by many of his contemporaries."

Sir George Prevost, on the other hand, in his official report of the engagement, is very misleading. On many occasions he proved himself irresolute and incompetent; in his account of the Battle of Chateauguay, as in his report dealing with Macdonell's capture of Ogdensburg, he is guilty of misrepresentation. The battle had been fought and won before he reached the field of conflict, and yet a perusal of his account would leave the student with the impression that it was successfully terminated through his courage and military skill. He took much of the glory of the action to himself, and gave the rest to Major-General de Watteville, who was five miles distant from the actual fighting, and took no part in it. The silence and the misrepresentation of the United States historians and the misrepresentation of the British Commander-in-Chief make Chateauguay a difficult engagement to describe fully and correctly.

The war, which was to have been a mere matter of marching on the part of the United States troops, had now dragged on for more than a year. Reverses had taught the War Department at Washington many excellent lessons. To conquer Canada large armies were essential, and these were now in the field. Montreal was the heart of British North America then, as it is to-day, and it was planned to bring the struggle to a speedy end by capturing that city. If Montreal were once captured the western peninsula would be forced to surrender, and the whole of Canada, save the city of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, which were protected by Britain's "wooden walls," would speedily be conquered. General Wilkinson was ordered to descend the St. Lawrence to Lake St. Louis, where he was to form a junction with General Hampton, who was to

march overland to the same body of water. When the two armies were united they were to advance with all possible speed against Montreal.

Hampton marched from Plattsburg and entered Canada on September 20th, 1813, having under his command more than five thousand men. His northward march was far from being a pleasure excursion. Lieutenant-Colonel de Salaberry had long been expecting such a movement, and immediately after the outbreak of hostilities had rendered the roads over which the enemy's troops would have to journey impracticable by obstructions of various kinds. The main road, too, was patrolled by a watchful band of sharpshooters, whose duty it was to harass the enemy as they advanced. Hampton was confronted by the obstructions and attacked by the sharpshooters as soon as he entered Canadian territory. He immediately retraced his steps, and took the road leading westward from Plattsburg, and by a roundabout way continued his march to the Chateauguay River. It was not until October 21st that he was in a position to invade Canada near Chateauguay. Under his command were five thousand, five hundred and twenty infantry, one hundred and eighty cavalry and ten field guns. At Chateauguay Lieutenant-Colonel de Salaberry was awaiting him with a meagre three hundred men.

On October 22nd the United States army rested at Spears, near the junction of the Outard River with the Chateauguay. Here Hampton waited until his guns were brought up. As soon as they arrived he made his final preparations for sweeping from his path the troops that were menacing his attempt to capture Montreal by way of the St. Lawrence.

De Salaberry had taken up his position in a deep forest seven miles from Hampton's encampment. Hampton was aware of this and sent out a party of scouts to reconnoitre. A ford was discovered across the Chateauguay on De Salaberry's left flank. Hampton believed that he could capture the entire British force. With this end in view, he decided to send Colonel Purdy with a strong contingent across the Chateauguay by means of this ford, and while this force attacked the British in the rear, he, with his main army, would fall on the enemy's front; retreat being effectually cut off by Purdy, there would be nothing for it but a humiliating British surrender.

De Salaberry was in a naturally strong position. He had increased its strength by obstructions of fallen trees and abattis. However, he had little hope of winning a victory. With his mere handful of men he could only expect to retard the enemy's advance for a brief period. His force was composed of a flank company of Canadian Fencibles and four companies of Voltigeurs. He made his gallant stand some six miles and eighty rods from the English River. The spot has been marked by a monument set up by the Dominion Government, and is as worthy of recognition as Queenston Heights.

The British commander expected to have reinforcements in the course of a day or two. To his delight, they unexpectedly arrived on the eve of the battle. Canada had received warning of Hampton's intended invasion. Lieutenant-Colonel George Macdonell was at that time in Kingston. He was thoroughly familiar with the St. Lawrence, and was chosen to lead a force of six hundred men to De Salaberry's aid. He made his preparations for his march with as great speed and cleverness as he did at Fort Wellington, when about to attack Ogdensburg. In quick order he had his troops ready for their arduous journey. Down the St. Lawrence they sped, rowing, paddling and sailing through the exquisitely peaceful scenery of the Thousand Islands. When the rapids were

reached they raced down them, shouting the rough music of their boat songs. They took at a rush the treacherous waters of the Long Sault; with express train speed they dashed down the Cedars, Split Rock and Cascades, and hailed with joy the calm stretch of Lake St. Louis. On the shores of the lake they disembarked, not having lost a man during their passage of the dangerous St. Lawrence. Briefly resting their bodies, stiffened by the long journey in the boats, they once more fell in at their impatient commander's orders, and hurried through the forest to Chateauguay, twenty miles away. This hardy little troop of *voyageurs* reached De Salaberry on the day before the battle, having negotiated one hundred and ninety miles by water and land in sixty hours' actual marching—a forced march unequalled during the war.

De Salaberry now had an army of a little over nine hundred men, including fifty Indians under Captain Lamothe. Much was said at the outbreak of hostilities with regard to the disloyalty of the French in Canada. Even so brave a soldier, wise a general, and courteous a gentleman as Isaac Brock distrusted them. It is worthy of note that De Salaberry's force, with the exception of Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell, Captain Ferguson, three or four others and the Indians, was entirely composed of French-Canadians—and gallantly they acquitted themselves.

In the darkness of the night Hampton sent Purdy with over two thousand men to the ford that had been located. The water in the Chateauguay was low, and the river could easily be crossed. Hampton had instructed Purdy to attack De Salaberry at daybreak. He also instructed General Izard, an officer with experience in both European and American wars, simultaneously to fall on the British front with a force of about three thousand men. Izard was to be in position to make his attack as soon as he heard the sound of firing by Purdy's troops. The darkness that was to conceal Purdy's advance favoured the British. The United States general lost his way, and did not reach the ford until it was almost noon.

De Salaberry had drawn up his men in a thick wood, having on his left the Chateauguay River. The ford that Purdy was seeking was guarded by a strong breastwork. At this breastwork, to prevent the United States troops taking the ford by surprise, there had been placed a picked body of Beauharnois militia. These men had neither experience in war nor even uniforms, but they were excellent shots, and from ambush could be trusted to give a good account of themselves.

After waiting for several hours for the sound of firing in his front, General Izard became impatient and advanced to the attack. When his overwhelmingly large force neared the breastwork, the British militia fired a few shots and then retreated. The United States soldiers cheered exultingly, believing that they had already won victory, and advanced against De Salaberry's main position. The sharp fire and the large army spread terror among the inexperienced Voltigeurs, and they, too, turned their backs on the enemy. But De Salaberry stood his ground, and, it is said, held his bugler in a firm grip. He compelled the trembling musician to sound the advance. The notes came as a cry of defiance to Izard's men, who were shouting vociferously at the easy beating they had given the Voltigeurs. Lieutenant-Colonel Macdonell realised the meaning of the advance. He, too, had it sounded, and sent forward two companies to his commander's support. To deceive the enemy he sent out a number of buglers to sound the advance over a wide front. The United States soldiers had not learned of

Macdonell's arrival, and had imagined that De Salaberry's three hundred were all they would have to contend with at this point. They were astounded at the numerous bugle calls that denoted a large army. The fifty Indians, under Lamothe, by their blood-curdling cries, added to their alarm. A considerable force, with a multitude of Indians, had evidently come to De Salaberry's aid—so they thought! The Indians were ever a source of dread to the United States soldiers, and Izard paused in his advance to reconnoitre and await news of Purdy and his men.

The Voltigeurs had meanwhile taken heart and returned to their position. Macdonell's six hundred continued their warlike clamour, and the United States troops, losing heart and fearing to lose their scalps, fled from the field. They were followed by an effective musketry fire from the companies under Captains Jean Baptiste Du Chesney and Juchereau Du Chesney. Hampton had unbounded confidence in Izard, but his mainstay had thus hopelessly failed him.

Purdy had worn out his troops seeking the ford, and was late in arriving at the scene of conflict. As he advanced he was attacked by Captain Bruyè, with some sixty Chateauguay Chasseurs. These he easily drove before him. Meanwhile, Macdonell had sent a company under Captain Daly across the river to check Purdy's advance. As the United States troops came into view this light company poured a well-aimed volley into them at close range. The British fire was answered by a terrific fusilade, but in firing Daly's men had taken a kneeling position, and, for the most part, the bullets of the enemy whistled over their heads. No men were killed, but Daly and several of his command were wounded. In the thick forest on the left bank of the river a company of Voltigeurs, under Captain Juchereau Du Chesney, lay in ambush. At the opportune moment they opened fire on the advancing foe. This fire was from a totally unexpected quarter, and caused a panic in the enemy's ranks. At the same moment Purdy's men heard the numerous bugle calls pealing out the advance. They heard, too, with dismay, the wild war whoops of the Indians. A panic seized them, and they fled from the field of battle in terror.

Some of Purdy's men swam the Chateauguay, and, reaching Hampton's headquarters, gave the general such an exaggerated account of the number of foes they had seen and heard, that Hampton was convinced that a powerful British force had been brought against him. He became as greatly alarmed as Izard and Purdy, and immediatetly ordered a general retreat. Another humiliating defeat was thus experienced by the United States; a force of nearly six thousand men, with generals of high repute, well-trained infantry, cavalry and artillery, ignominiously fled before a force of nine hundred men, who were without either cavalry or guns. For the most part, too, the British troops were native-born Canadians who had had no experience in warfare, and had hastily left their farms to aid in saving their country and protecting their humble homes.

There was little order in the enemy's retreat. The soldiers were in such a panic, that, in one instance at least, friends were mistaken for foes, and across the narrow river two of the terrified companies poured destructive volleys into each other. Some of the soldiers lost their way in the thick forest, and, wandering in a circle, found themselves, at dawn of September 27th, in the British lines. In this way twenty of Izard's men became prisoners of war.

In this fight the British loss was small. Five of the rank and file were killed and two captains, one sergeant and thirteen rank and file wounded. The enemy's loss is not easy to estimate. If we are to believe their his-

torians, it did not exceed fifty; but the British found, on the right bank of the river where Purdy had been engaged, more than ninety bodies and new-made graves. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded was undoubtedly over one hundred. Along the line of retreat knapsacks, muskets and provisions were found in great quantities. For two days De Salaberry's men boldly followed the fleeing army. On September 28th Captain Lamothe, with his Indians, fell on Hampton's rear guard, causing a loss of one killed and seven wounded. No attempt had been made to rally the fleeing army, and this last attack lent wings to the soldiers' feet.

De Salaberry had won a glorious victory, but at great cost to himself. For several weeks before the fight he had been watching Hampton's movements night and day. From the time he first received news of the large force which was invading Canada, he had taken but little rest. The hope of successfully checking the enemy's advance had buoyed him up, but when the battle was over he collapsed from exhaustion and had to retire from the campaign. But he had done gloriously; with Macdonell's help he had saved Montreal from a siege and had won for himself a high and enviable place among the heroes of Canada.

"UNTIL DEATH US DO PART"

By GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE

SHE never meant to leave me so,
Who dowered me with Love's estate,
And taught my troubled soul to know
Redemption in the woman-mate:
Yet every day, although she smiled,
She moved about so slow and mild.

I heard a whisper in the air,
And felt at times a furtive touch;
It followed me upon the stair
And gloomed my doubtful spirit much:
But when I spoke of it to her
She murmured, "Nay, I love you, dear!"

And then her hand in mine was laid,
And we sate silent through the night,
And, though it stirred, were not afraid,
But waited for the morn ng light,
And thought that life was hers and mine,
That God was good, and love divine.

Ah then, even then, the look of pain,
And peace, and sorrow on her brow!
. . . . . .
And never does she speak again,
Nor clasp me any longer now:
Death, who may hope to rival thee,
False Death, that stole her hence from me?

KING GEORGE V. SOVEREIGN

HOW MONEY IS MADE

BY J. JONES BELL

ALMOST every person is ready to listen to anyone who can tell how to make money. It is not the purpose of this article, however, to discuss, as its title might imply, questions of economics, or to suggest possible investments which might bring satisfactory returns. Its purpose is to describe the mechanical process by which money is made in the Canadian branch of the Royal Mint at Ottawa.

The mint has a monopoly of a certain class of manufacture. Men who set up rival factories and manufacture the same class of goods in secret, if caught, are put in confined quarters, where money is of no use to them.

To avoid the trouble of payment in kind, which was the primitive and natural method, the necessity for some definite medium of exchange was at an early period felt. Metals, particularly the precious metals, soon came to be used on account of their duration and portability, as well as their intrinsic value. At first the metal was used in the purchase and sale of commodities by weight, but this method was inconvenient, and so the use of coins came about.

The first mention of coins, so far as known, was by Homer, in 1184 B. C. Chinese cubes of gold may have been the earliest money. Coins were issued by the Greeks in the seventh century B. C. Heroditus attributes the first use of coined gold and silver to the Lydians, and elsewhere mentions the first Greek coinage as at Ægina, by Pheidon, of Argos. In 573 B. C. brass coins were used in Rome, but not till 269 B. C., under Fabius, were silver coins introduced. By the fourth century the whole civilised world was using money, and few countries are now without a metal coinage.

The privilege of coining belongs to the Sovereign, and, if delegated, it is in restricted form, the Crown reserving the right to determine the standard, denomination and design of coins. The designs are interesting from both an artistic and historical point of view. They are important, as it is the impression which makes the piece of metal legally current. They preserve the portraits of the Sovereigns, and the reverse carries the impress of mythological subjects, or natural productions, or other objects which may be considered worth preserving.

Early coins were of varying shapes. In the middle ages came the use of

round coins, with milled edges. Milled coins came into use in England in 1631.

The Royal Mint was established in 1811. In addition to the Canadian branch, there are three other branches —at Sydney, at Melbourne, and at Perth, all in Australia. There are two mints in India—at Bombay and Calcutta—but they are not branches of the Royal Mint, being under the control of the India Office. The Canadian branch is the first at which silver and bronze are coined and coinage dies made. At all the other branches only gold is coined.

All the metals used for coinage, with the exception of tin, a small proportion of which is used in copper coins, can be obtained in Canada. The silver so far used has all come from Trail, British Columbia. As there is not a copper refinery in Canada, the copper, in the form of matte, is shipped to the United States, whence it comes back refined.

The gold coins minted are composed of eleven-twelfths of pure gold and one-twelfth of copper, which is known in the trade as twenty-two carats. The silver coins are composed of thirty-seven-fortieths of pure silver and three-fortieths copper, which is known as stirling silver. The copper coins are composed of ninety-five per cent. copper, four per cent. tin, and one per cent. zinc.

Great exactness is characteristic of all the work at the mint. A certain weight of metal is given out, and a certain number of coins must be returned. If one is missing it is searched for till found. Even the dust which accumulates is collected and melted to recover the precious metal it contains.

The mint is divided into six principal departments: (1) mint office, where all bullion is received and from which the finished coins are issued; (2) melting-house, where the bullion is mixed, melted and made into coinage bars; (3) coining department, where the coins are made and tested; (4) assay department, where the fineness and standard of the ingots, coinage bars, and coins are ascertained; (5) die department, where the dies are made; (6) mechanical department, where the power is generated, renewals made and repairs effected.

Let us follow the processes through which the raw material passes in being transformed from the rough metal into the finished coin. These processes are: melting, rolling, adjusting, cutting, marking, annealing, blanching, cleaning, coining, testing.

The ingots as received from the refinery are placed in crucibles, with the proper amount of alloy, and melted. The fuel used for melting, as well as in the cupel furnaces and for annealing, is crude oil. When the metal is melted, which is accomplished in about eighty minutes from the time the fire is started, or forty-five minutes when the furnace is heated, it is poured into cast-iron moulds, thus forming coinage bars about two feet long, two inches wide, and half an inch thick. In the case of gold and silver a small assay piece is taken from the first and last bars cast from each crucible and sent to the assay department to be tested. The bars are not passed on till a report has been received that they are of the right standard. Any bars above or below the legal standard are remelted.

The bars then pass to the rolling mills, where they are rolled into long, thin strips, known as fillets. In the rolling process the bars are thinned by stages of one one-hundredth of an inch. The fillets are seven or eight feet long and of a thickness equal to that of the coins to be made from them. The thickness is tested by a delicate gauge, and must be correct to within one twenty-thousandth of an inch. The pressure during the process of rolling makes the fillets hard and brittle, to overcome which

THE CANADIAN BRANCH (OTTAWA) OF THE ROYAL MINT

they are passed through the annealing furnace, which again softens them. They then pass through the thinning and finishing mills. In the case of silver and bronze this reduces them to a condition of sufficient accuracy, the finishing mill being adjusted to one five-thousandth of an inch.

The fillets are next taken to the cutting machines, where the blanks are punched out. Two blanks are cut at each stroke, and each machine can produce three hundred blanks in a minute. The fillets from which the blanks have been cut, known as sissal, go back to be remelted.

The blanks are then passed through the marking machine, where a protecting edge is raised, which protects the design on the coin and prevents its being rapidly worn down when in circulation. The machine can mark six hundred blanks in a minute.

The marked blanks are then softened by passing them through an annealing furnace, and are cleaned in a weak solution of sulphuric acid, washed and dried, the drying being done in a revolving drum, with beechwood sawdust, beechwood being used because it is free from resin or other substance likely to discolour the blanks or make them adhere. Coining is the next process. The presses, of which there are three, each driven by its own motor, have a capacity of one hundred coins a minute. The top and bottom dies, which make the impression on each side of the coin, move up and down, the collar plate, in which the blank is enclosed, remaining stationary. The blanks are placed in a feed tube, and are fed to the dies by steel fingers, which seize one at a time and place it in the collar. The dies come together and form the impression on both sides at once. The presses are capable of giving a thirty-ton blow. The fingers then push the coin into the delivery tube.

The coins are next tested and examined. In the case of gold and fifty and twenty-five cent silver coins each is weighed on an automatic machine. The ten-cent and five-cent pieces are weighed in groups, against a standard dollar weight, the one-cent pieces against a pound avoirdupois.

The standard weight of a sovereign is 123.27447 grains, and none are put in circulation which are .17 of a grain heavier or lighter. The importance of accuracy is shown by the fact that in gold sovereigns of the value of £1,000,000 sterling the difference between the highest and lowest weight

ROLLING MILL AND STAMP ANNEALING FURNACE

Eighty one-cent coins should weigh exactly one pound. The automatic weighing machines are extremely delicate, so accurate that when loaded the beam will turn with .01 of a grain. Each machine will weigh twenty coins a minute. The coins are fed into a hopper by an attendant, and are pushed by the machine one by one on to a flat pan on one end of the beam, where it remains three seconds, and is then pushed off by the next coin. If it is the correct weight it falls off into a chute, which carries it to a box provided for coins of the proper weight, but if it is light or heavy by so much as one one-hundredth of a grain it is rejected by the machine and is remelted.

the law allows, .4 of a grain, would amount to £3,244.

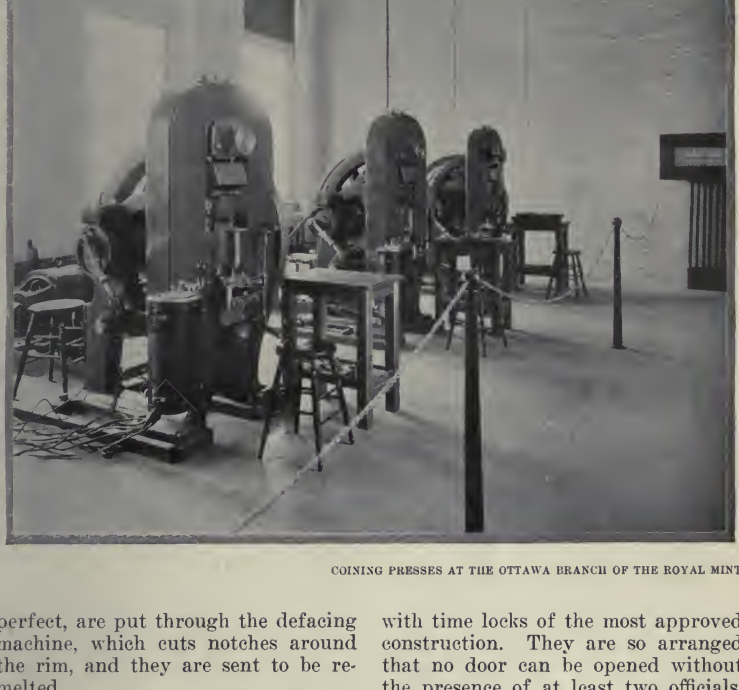
It is calculated that a sovereign while in circulation loses twenty one-thousandths of a grain per annum, and a half-sovereign, which undergoes much more handling, forty-two one-thousandths of a grain. When three grains are worn off the sovereign is garbled, *i.e.*, retained by the bank and sent back to the mint.

The coins passed by the automatic scales as being of the correct weight are taken to the overlooking machine, where they are spread on a travelling belt and carefully examined. The machine turns them over automatically so that both sides can be inspected. Any that are discoloured or imperfect are picked out. The perfect coins

are then dropped singly on an iron block to see that they are not dumb and have the correct ring. Any which are too heavy, or light, or discoloured, or dumb, or otherwise imperfect, are put through the defacing machine, which cuts notches around the rim, and they are sent to be remelted.

The coins which have stood all these tests are taken to the mint office, where they are counted into bags by the telling machine. This machine automatically counts and delivers into bags any number of coins required. Any number from 100 to 2,000, and any size from a fifty-cent piece to a five-cent piece may be counted, and as soon as the required number has been deposited in the bag the machine stops.

For the storing of bullion the mint is equipped with three strong rooms, one each in the office, the melting-house and the rolling and cutting department. They are fire and burglar-proof, and the doors are fitted with time locks of the most approved construction. They are so arranged that no door can be opened without the presence of at least two officials.



COINING PRESSES AT THE OTTAWA BRANCH OF THE ROYAL MINT

The mechanical equipment of the mint, which has been incidentally referred to in following the process of coining, is of the highest type. Many of the machines have been designed specially for the Ottawa mint, and new devices have been adopted which are to be found nowhere else in the world. The mechanical equipment may be divided into the following plants: electrical, for power distribution, the current being brought from outside; oil fuel plant, for stor-

ing and distributing the oil which is used for fuel in the melting, annealing, and cupel furnaces; die-making plant, for making the dies used in the coining process; assay plant, used in testing all the precious metals received and issued, and in which experimental and research work is conducted.

The electrical plant furnishes power for all the machinery employed in the mint, as well as for lighting and controlling and regulating the electric clocks, bells and telephones in use.

The oil fuel plant supplies the fuel required for melting and annealing, and for the cupel furnaces in the assaying department. The fuel used is crude oil. The storage tanks have a capacity of 8,000 gallons, and two rotary pumps are provided for distributing the oil. Four melting furnaces, one strip annealing furnace, one blank annealing furnace, one die hardening furnace, three cupel furnaces, and two small melting furnaces for the assay department are in use. All oil pumped, but not used, is returned through a spring-loaded valve to the tanks. Oil has been found very economical as fuel, and the heat produced can be easily regulated and controlled.

In the die department the dies for use in the coining presses are made. They are of hardened steel. In the presses in which the impression is struck on the die the blow given by the punch on which the design is formed may be varied from a few pounds to about forty tons. Each coinage die requires three blows from the punch before the impression is sufficiently sharp. After each of the first two blows the die is annealed in the die furnace. After the third blow it is turned to the correct size and hardened and tempered, when it is ready for use in the coining press. A pair of dies will strike about 80,000 coins before they are worn so as to be unfitted for further use.

The plant in the assay department is placed on three floors—in the basement the motors and blowers, on the ground floor the furnaces, and on the upper floor the laboratory and scale-rooms. The laboratory and furnace-room are provided with fume chambers. The necessary chemical and physical apparatuses for assay and experimental work are provided.

The machine shops are equipped with planing, grinding, milling, and drilling machines, lathes, etc., etc., together with blacksmiths and carpenters shops, containing all the machinery necessary for making parts for the various machines and effecting repairs. The boiler-room contains two marine multitubular boilers, which supply steam for heating and drying and for the annealing and die furnaces.

In the process of melting a proportion of metal is absorbed by the crucibles. After they are worn out the crucibles and covers are ground to a fine powder in a mortar mill and the powder is washed twice to recover the metal, dried in a steam-heated pan, and then stored in bins for sale, being disposed of by tender, prospective purchasers being allowed to take samples beforehand.

An ancient and interesting ceremony in connection with the mint is that known as the trial of the pyx, which is a test of the gold and silver coinage made at the mint. It takes its name from the pyx, or chest, in which the coins to be tested are kept. It originated in the fact that the master of the mint was originally a contractor under the Crown for the manufacture of the coinage, and it was therefore necessary to see that the terms of the contract were fulfilled. Now the master of the mint is an official of the Government, and the ceremony has a different object, but it still takes place annually and there is little change in the manner of conducting it.

The coins as they are manufactured

are delivered to the master of the mint in what are termed journey-weights. A journey-weight is the weight of coin which could be manufactured in a day when done by hand. Of gold it is fifteen pounds Troy weight, coined into 701 sovereigns, or

ADJUSTING, CUTTING, AND MARKING MACHINES

1,402 half-sovereigns. Of silver it is sixty pounds Troy weight. From each journey-weight one coin is taken and deposited in the pyx for the annual trial, which is made by the freeman of the Goldsmiths Company, under direction of the Crown, in presence of the King's remembrancer, who presides and administers the oath to the jurors, who are sworn to try the matter, just as in a case before the courts. The coins selected for trial are compared with pieces cut from plates of standard fineness, which are in the keeping of the warden of the standards, these pieces being assayed against the coins under examination. If the coins are found to be of standard fineness and weight, within certain limits, a verdict to that effect is drawn up and presented to the treasury.

The first trial of the pyx to which the Canadian mint was subjected took place in August, 1909, and was successfully passed. The King's remembrancer attended at Goldsmith's Hall, London, and received the five verdicts from the five branches of the Royal Mint, which were fyled in the King's Remembrancer Department of the Supreme Court. In the evening a pyx banquet was held, at which the Prime Warden (Lord Harroby) and the wardens of the Goldsmiths Company entertained the officials, jurors, and other guests, including the Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Governor of the Bank of England.

As it is impossible to insure absolute exactness in the admixture of metals, a small margin or remedy is allowed, within which coins may vary from the fixed standard and still be allowed to pass. The remedy for fineness in English gold coin is two parts in a thousand. Gold coins would be within the remedy for weight if the amount of precious metal varied from 914.6 to 918.6 parts in 1,000, but a very small part of the remedy is used, the coins seldom falling below 916.3 or rising above 917, and a large proportion are of the precise legal standard, 916.66. The remedy of fineness for silver is four parts per thousand. The remedy in weight for gold is 1.6 per 1,000 parts, for silver 4.17, and for bronze twenty.

The mint is a source of considerable profit to the Government. The first year it was in operation the net profit amounted to $27,523, after allowing, in addition to maintenance, 3½ per cent. interest on capital expenditure for building and equipment. In the last fiscal year, the third during which the mint has been in operation, the profit on silver coined was $465,043, and on copper $36,634. Against this is placed a loss of $11,897 on worn and mutilated silver sent for recoinage. In the case of silver and copper the metal is purchased, and as the coins are supplied to the banks, or any other purchaser, through the Finance Department, at their face value, the difference constitutes the profit. As the value of the silver in a fifty-cent coin is approximately twenty-five cents, varying according to the market price of bar silver, the profit is about one hundred per cent. The value of the metal in

MILLING FURNACE AT THE CANADIAN BRANCH (OTTAWA) OF THE ROYAL MINT

the one cent coins is only fifteen cents a pound, while coined the value is eighty cents, that number of one cent coins weighing one pound. The percentage of profit on copper coinage is therefore much greater than on silver. Of course, the cost of minting has to be deducted to arrive at the net profit. Any gold so far coined is in the form of sovereigns. The gold bullion is not purchased, but a charge is made for minting. Provision has been made for the issue of Canadian gold coins, probably of the denomination of five dollars and ten dollars, but the design has not been determined, and a refinery, which is an absolute essential where gold is coined, is being equipped. In the meantime the gold coined for customers is refined by a more expensive method.

Provision was made at the last session of Parliament for the issue of a Canadian silver dollar. This is a clumsy coin, but there seems to be a demand for it in British Columbia, where the United States silver dollar is in circulation, and where there is a prejudice among the miners against paper money.

The Ottawa mint has been in operation over three years, having been formally opened on the second day of January, 1908. The first coin, a fifty-cent piece, was struck by the Governor-General, Earl Grey. The cutting machine was started by Lady Grey. His Excellency said: "As the representative of His Majesty, I have much pleasure in declaring the Canadian branch of the Royal Mint open."

A cable message was sent to the King, through the Master of the Royal Mint, and the following reply came: "I thank you for having as my representative opened the Canadian branch of the Royal Mint."

THE BOAT'S NAME

By CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

OH, what shall we ca' oor boatie, boatie,
That sails sae swift oot o'er the sea?
She dips her prow wi' sic a gracie
An' her sailie sings sae merrily;
She maun hae a name that's bonnie, bonnie,
For she's as braw an' gude as ony.

We'll paint nae name upo' her sternie,
Since each holds ane aboon the lave,
But let her wi' her sailie whisper
Each name in turn to the kissing wave,
An' the sea will ken what's hidden, hidden,
The name each lass hersel' wad hae bidden.

THE FERRIER TRICK

BY FRANK HUBERT

"LET me see you home, Miss Dexter, then you won't be subjected to any more of that kind of thing."

The girl turned, with a grateful little sob, and Harry Beverley glowed deep down within himself. It had been a common enough incident; as the little actress left the stage door she had been accosted by some half-intoxicated man about town, who had offered her an escort, accompanying the offer with glances from bold eyes.

Beverley had shouldered him aside carelessly. The man had drawn himself up as if about to retaliate; but a second glance at the imposing bulk of the actor had caused him to withdraw in haste. Beverley was no mean adversary.

"It is several times now; he seems to—to have made up his mind to annoy me," said the girl in a low voice, walking by her rescuer's side. "I was afraid of him—before."

"But—why aren't you met? The streets are no place for you at this time of night, little girl. They're deadly places—evil, full of dangers."

"There is no one to meet me. It is not as if I were Miss Lafayette, who drives here and drives back, safe and warm. We are not all stars, Mr. Beverley."

"But haven't you a nurse, or a mother, or someone? Why"—he looked at her lifted face by the light of a lamp—"why, you're only a child. It isn't right that you should be——"

"I am nineteen." It was as though she had tried to throw indignation into her voice. "And—I have no nurse. Mother is—dead. There is only father, and he—he cannot leave the house. He is lame; very lame, and so—it's nothing, Mr. Beverley, really. I'm quite used to taking care of myself."

"'Um; it looked like it. I've a jolly good mind to go back and smash that chap's face for him. Never mind; consider that you possess an escort from now forward. Which way?" She named a neighbourhood that made the actor exclaim, it stood for poverty of the most extreme.

"You live there?" His voice was full of amazement, and it seemed as if the girl hung her head.

"Yes," she said in a low voice. "Yes; you see, it is cheap, and—and—well, there's father, too."

Beverley thought he understood; he had a flash of inspiration. Miss Dexter would earn perhaps thirty shillings a week in her inconspicuous part, and on that sum she would be keeping herself—perhaps even her father, too. It did not sound as if a man who was too lame to meet his daughter and escort her clear of the dangers of the streets would be able to do much for himself. Miss Dexter talked on hurriedly, as if with the desire to set further questioning at bay; and Beverley began to grow interested.

"Papa always says that I'm going to be the actress of the future," she told him. "And I know he's mistaken; I'm not an actress, really. I

may be able to play walking lady's parts; but I think I've reached my limit then."

"But—don't you ever dream of the time when you'll play lead? Don't you ever imagine what it will be like to bring the house down; to know that you've moved those *blasé*, indifferent people in front to their deeps? I do; I'm working for that time to come; though—it's deucedly slow in coming."

It began to rain, and Beverley had an umbrella; Miss Dexter had none. He held the protection over her; and she took his arm in a simple fashion, like a child; he was aware of a strange little thrill shooting through him.

"She's a nice little thing," he thought. "A man would be all the better for a woman's companionship; it would—would buck him up; help him to make good——"

"This is where I live," said the girl, releasing his arm. "Mr. Beverley, I wish you would come up and see father. He is so lonely, not being able to get out, you know—and—he'd like to thank you for what you did for me."

"But I didn't do anything," deprecated Beverley. "Any man would have done the same thing in my place. It was only common decency." She begged of him to enter; and because it was certainly raining very heavily, because, too, there was something in her voice that rang in his heart, he obeyed and entered the shabby house.

It was a long climb to the rooms occupied by the Dexters; and the flaring gas-jet in the passage only made the mildewed, peeling wall-paper more unsightly. The banisters creaked to the weight of his hand; there was no stair carpet; and here and there the steps were worn into holes. Nellie Dexter did not apologise; and Beverley was somehow glad that she did not.

"I am glad to meet you, Mr. Beverley. My daughter is trying to tell me that you have done something gallant on her behalf. I thank you." Beverley had expected to find a drunken wastrel, one who would drain his daughter of youth and health for the satisfying of his own evil appetites; he was surprised to find himself bowing before a venerable man, gray-haired, with a skin of parchment, yet one who bore about him many traces of breeding.

"It was nothing, really," he said. "Miss Dexter has made far too much of it."

"Or too little; I wonder which. It has been the one great anxiety of my life; fear lest Nellie should ever suffer harm at night. You see, I cannot protect her myself—though there was once a time—however, that time is gone, and so—I am grateful to you, sir."

Nellie had removed her hat and coat; she absented herself for a moment, and returned void of make-up; her natural self. Beverley looked at her with interest; undoubtedly the girl was extremely pretty, more pretty without artificial aids than with them. He watched her as she spread the cheap table with simple viands; watched her curiously; he was growing more and more interested in her. It was a foolish thing to do, he admitted, for a man who is little better than a super has no right to grow interested in any woman, excepting a star that he may never approach.

"You will have some supper?" Mr. Dexter motioned to the table, and Beverley thought of their meagre circumstances.

"No, thanks—as a matter of fact, my own supper will be waiting for me at my digs. No; I won't trouble you."

Mr. Dexter sensed the motive behind the refusal, and flushed a little.

"Nevertheless, I shall be honoured if you would stay." And Beverley

consented, unwilling to give pain. It was an extremely simple meal; he thought of his own supper awaiting him: rough, perhaps, but plentiful, suited for an appetite strained by many hours of acting. But this meal was tasty in the mouth, it was sauced with intelligent conversation; Mr. Dexter was a rare *raconteur;* full of stories of a past epoch; and from hints he let fall, all unconsciously, it was plain to be seen that this poverty had not always been his lot in life.

"My lameness?" he said, in reply to a query from his guest. "Ah! there you have the whole history of my life. I was in the army; a long time ago now; and—then my allowance became lost. My father died—you understand—Fate had been cruel to him. I had to look out for myself, for I was married—to Nellie's mother. I was of little use to the world; in the army I could not stay. I had a sword, I was reputed to possess a trick of fence, and those were practically all my possessions. Then—there was the war in South America; it offered a field for a broken soldier. I went out there; I sold my sword to the highest bidder—the Revolutionary party. Very well, I fought; I led men; and a fragment of a shell robbed me of one of my legs, and part of the other foot. That is all. The Revolutionary party was defeated; I was sent home, as an act of concession on the part of the victors; and I have remained at home, ever since, a useless clod." His voice grew bitter here.

"Hard luck," muttered Beverley. "Beastly hard luck."

"Yes; not so much for myself as for the others. There was no pension; I was penniless; and I came home like this. My wife, God bless her, was a true woman, such a one as Nellie here; she found work, and for many years she kept us all three. Then—she died. Now Nellie shows her mother's spirit; and, Mr. Beverley, it breaks my heart to see her slaving as she does to keep me alive. I can do nothing; I am unable to seek work. I tried to write my experiences in the war; but they would find no publisher. I am a useless clod; unable to help myself, a drain on my daughter."

"And your daughter is happy," mumured Nellie, rubbing her cheek against his coat sleeve with a little loving action.

Beverley knew the man was speaking the truth; he knew, too, that it was very unlikely that his position would ever be bettered.

"I had thought once that it might be possible to keep the wolf from the door by giving fencing lessons; but fencing is a lost art. No one fences nowadays; at least, no one will take lessons from a lame man, who must teach from his chair. And yet—there is nothing to equal a good bout with the foils." The old man's eyes fixed themselves on a pair that hung over the mantelpiece.

"Are you a fencer, Mr. Beverley?" he asked, with more animation than he had shown all the evening. Beverley denied the impeachment; he owned to having studied single-stick work at school; and he had occasionally been called on to use a stage sword in a stage mêlée; but beyond that he was entirely ignorant.

"Let me give you a lesson," urged Mr. Dexter. "It is my way of showing gratitude to you for befriending my daughter. If you will reach down the foils—thank you."

Beverley grasped one of the slender weapons, with a laugh at himself for the trouble he was taking. What earthly use could fencing ever be to him? Stage fighting was cut-and-thrust of a very common order, and consisted in the main of clashing one blade on another, drawing forth sparks, and little else.

"If it does nothing else, it will give you command of your muscles, and will train your eye," said Dex-

ter, bringing himself into position. He was immovable in his chair, but as Beverley came to the attack he found the old man's foil was everywhere; at his face, at his breast, at his throat. Try as he might he could not maintain a guard against that protected point, he was forced to retreat, panting, hot—yet aware that he was greatly interested.

"If I had only my legs," sighed the old man, throwing himself into position again. "But I won't repine. Now, study the passes slowly. Observe: when I thrust so—you should bring up your arm so; and my blade would then glide harmlessly along yours. Yes, you have my idea. No, again—study this thrust and its guard." So the lesson went on; thrust, parry, *riposte*, until gradually Beverley handled his foil with something of ease, and found that it would perform wonderful things for him.

"Come another evening and let me give you another lesson," said Dexter, handing his foil to his daughter. "There is very much to be learnt; but, even if you do not derive any benefit from it, you will be doing an old man a kindness. I only once had so willing a pupil, and he learnt everything I could teach him —everything — even to Ferrier's guard and return; that is a little trick that very few fencers know, Mr. Beverley."

Beverley expressed his willingness to profit by Dexter's teaching, and privately decided, seeing the poverty about him, that he would find means to repay him for his interest. But when he was out in the street again, curiously haunted by Nellie Dexter's eyes, he laughed at himself.

"Fencing is about the last thing that would ever help me up," he said. "No; there are other things that might be worth studying; but—fencing! A lost art, and well lost; there's no need for it now. Men don't champion their ladies at the sword's point; they either knock down any blackguard who insults them or else go to the lawyers. Heigho—I'd like to get on, though."

Next night he was waiting at the stage-door when the girl emerged. The man who had been the original cause of their closer acquaintanceship was there also; but, seeing Beverley, he buried his face in the collar of his coat and vanished as the girl appeared.

"It is very kind of you," said Nellie, falling into step with him. "I don't know how to thank you." She looked up at him, and again came that warm, satisfying and ridiculous glow about his heart.

"Well, you see, there's the fencing lesson to think of," he said lamely, refusing to believe that this was a real pleasure to him. They said very little on the way; but the fencing lesson was longer than usual; and Beverley was conscious of a strange reluctance to leave the plain, meagrely furnished apartment when the lesson was over. He parleyed with himself as he walked along the deserted streets.

"You'd better banish any such idea from your head," he said seriously. "Of course, the girl's a darling; and you might be able to make her care for you; but—there's your profession to think of first of all, and then, there's the girl. How long—honestly now, Tom, how long do you think it would be before you could support her decently? You wouldn't like your wife to work for you; there'll be months when there's nothing to be done; there's the old man—no; you're dreaming silly dreams. You'd better stop taking fencing lessons."

But it was not so easy. The fascination of the foil had gripped him; the mastery of the weapon was a thing to be greatly desired. He went with Nellie Dexter to her home night after night, and grew to

look forward to her quiet, sensible conversation.

So the weeks went by; and Beverley began to wonder whither fate would lead him.

II.

Hardly one of the Athenæum crowd but was glad to know that a new piece would shortly be staged. Granford, the actor-manager, had decided to change his bill; instead of the drawing-room comedy, he would present a dashing play—a play of adventure—in which he would return to his old rôle: that of the heroic hero, who stormed impregnable fortresses single-handed. Beverley found himself cast for the part of a lieutenant of soldiery who, in the course of the third act, would need to meet and fight with O'Farrell, the villain of the piece, and overmaster him, until such time as Granford, wrestling in bonds, should be free to take the quarrel on his own shoulders and bring it to its logical conclusion.

"Just half a dozen passes, that's all," said the manager. "It isn't a big part, you know—you haven't much to say, really; but it's the best I can do for you. You'll get your chance some day when the older men are out of the way." It had been so for years now; and Beverley began to think that the time would never come when he could command more than a living wage.

But the present play was running for a few weeks; and, although rehearsals proceeded in between whiles, Beverley thought nothing of his part. It was trivial; he was practically a super, with nothing to do save, at the critical moment, enter the room where his master was bound, and draw off the attention of the villain. But, because he had ambitions, he threw himself into the part, and saw in it possibilities. He even went so far as to suggest to Granford that the duel might be prolonged a little, but O'Farrell vetoed this suggestion; he had no wish to waste himself on a few sword-passes with a super.

Granford counted himself too lucky to secure O'Farrell to demur, although it had appeared to him that the scene might easily be strengthened, and the episode remained as it had been planned. But, because the scene was a fencing scene, Beverley applied himself still more diligently to his lessons, telling Mr. Dexter of what was afoot.

"You shall learn all I know; yes, even to the Ferrier guard and return," said the old man. "You are an apt pupil, Beverley; it is a pleasure to teach you. But we must go slowly; haste will spoil everything."

Beverley did not like O'Farrell at all; instinctively he detested the man. He was a *poseur;* a man who considered himself irresistible with the fair sex; a man who bragged and bounced over his conquests. He seemed of the opinion that he had but to smile on any woman to have her immediately fall in love with him; and Beverley, who was a clean-minded youth enough, found much to despise in his exaggerated mannerisms. Once or twice he and O'Farrell practised the fight desultorily; the second lead was a capital fencer; he had evidently studied in a good school; and Beverley was hard put to hold his own. O'Farrell was fond of giving a display of his prowess before the eyes of the watching people; he would explain airily that in the play itself he would succumb easily. "There will be no need to exert yourself, dear boy," he said. "Of course, if I wished, I could disarm you in two seconds; but—well, we must temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

"Don't mind me," replied Beverley. "Just do your best; it will be fine practice for me."

He spent every evening in that poor upstairs room, and came to look forward to the homeward walk with Nellie as the most important event

of the day. He had ceased trying to thrust the temptation behind him; he knew now that he loved her with all his heart; he believed that she loved him, too, but—the whole matter was a hopeless one. "Hearts of Fire" would probably run for two hundred nights, and he was drawing what was little better than super's pay; afterwards—well, he would still be drawing the same princely stipend, and he dared not ask the girl to share it with him. It was barely sufficient for one, for three it would be ridiculously inadequate.

But he loved her dearly—very, very dearly. He cursed his limitations: he wondered whether he should not take the hazard of the die, throw up his engagement at the Athenæum, and try his luck elsewhere. But—there would be fresh rehearsals, with no money coming in; and "Hearts of Fire" would be produced within a week. No; he could not afford to lose a certainty for a very indifferent possibility; he owned to himself that he was stamped with mediocrity; his dreams were silly things.

It seemed as if "Hearts of Fire" might be a success. Public taste had veered round, as it often does; the theatre-goers were satisfied with problems in matrimony; they wanted something clean and stirring, something that would rouse their sluggish blood. "The advance bookings," said Granford, "were exceeding expectations; the first night would be crowded. The players threw more zest into the rehearsals, they began to live their parts; even Beverley dreamed of himself as some devil-may-care swashbuckler whose sole end and aim in life it was to go about rescuing distressed nobles who lay at at the mercy of unscrupulous villains. Nellie Dexter's part was as inconspicuous as his own—more so, perhaps. She was only a serving-maid; a distractingly pretty one, too; but still, only a serving-maid.

The dress-rehearsal went off well; true to his promise, O'Farrell let Beverley down lightly; the fight was a mimic affair, an episode of a few thrusts only. As was customary, Beverley waited at the stage-door till Nellie presented herself, which she did hurriedly, with backward glances over her shoulder.

"Come," she said imperiously. "Come; I'm—I think I'm afraid."

"What is it?" He was compelled to hurry to keep pace with her; she was almost running.

"It is—it is—Mr. O'Farrell. I detest that man. He is always paying me compliments—oh, I hate him."

"Shall I go back and punch his head?" Beverley was still in his heroic mood, and it seemed a good thing to him to defend the honour of this sweet little lady. She seized his arm, and he knew her hand was trembling. She had been thoroughly frightened.

"No; don't go back. It was nothing, perhaps — nothing, you know. I sometimes think—you know, that insanity runs in his family, don't you?"

"No; to tell the truth, I've so little interest in the man that I've never asked about him. He is simply an actor; a man I don't like; and so—I avoid him. An easy thing for a super to do, isn't it?" There was bitterness in his laugh.

"He seemed almost beside himself to-night," said Nellie feverishly. "He seized hold of me and—I don't know why I trouble with you with these details. But there was something in his eyes—it was terrible. I was glad to get away with you." She unconsciously squeezed his arm a little closer, and Beverley thrilled. He made a mental resolve to maintain a close watch on O'Farrell, if that was the sort of thing he was apt to do; and if he caught him molesting Nellie again he would do something that should show the

bounder the girl was not quite so defenceless as he might suppose.

"Gad! but I wish—oh, I wish I'd got a decent part," he cried to himself. If only he had! He would not allow this sweet companion of his to subject herself to such insults again; he would marry her and install her in a home of her own, where she need not know the sordid details of life behind the scenes. If only he were a great actor, a man who could command a decent income! But he was not; and thirty-five shillings a week was so very little for a man who dreamed imperially.

"To-night we shall go one step farther than we have ever done," said Mr. Dexter, when Beverley appeared. "I shall teach you the Ferrier guard and return—a trick that only two men know. Perhaps only one, for the man I taught it to, many years ago, has disappeared. I do not know who he was; he came to me for lessons; and because he fenced well I taught him the trick. Now, on guard." The lesson went forward; and Beverley became keenly interested. He fenced brilliantly now, the result of many weeks of practice; but when he was telling himself that he had nothing more to learn the point of Mr. Dexter's foil caught somehow—he could not tell how—in the guard of his own; the little steel blade was whipped from his hand, it sang across the room, and dropped to the flood with a clatter.

"That is the Ferrier guard and return," said Mr. Dexter, with a smile. "Come, pick up the foil, and I will illustrate it slowly. First, observe, you fall into position—thus." He illustrated the action detail by detail. "Your opponent rallies, and presses the attack, you play a waiting game until—see." He seemed to slide his foil along Beverley's, and the button caught in the guard. "Now; a quick motion of the wrist, so—and there you have your man disarmed. So much for the Ferrier return. There is a guard—bust first—practise this." Steadily, growing more and more interested, Beverley went through the movements; glorying in his mastery over his weapon. Within an hour the thing was done—Mr. Dexter's sword was whipped from his hand, and flew into the air.

"I see you know it. It is a simple thing enough, when one knows the secret. Now, shall we have supper—or——"

"If you don't mind I'd like to learn the guard," said Beverley, not knowing why he should be so keen. But the fact remained, he was keen,keener than he had ever been on anything in his life before, save only Nellie Dexter. Mr. Dexter smiled, and began to illustrate; detail by detail he taught his pupil that marvellous guard which he himself alone knew; one that he had studied himself patiently. The beauty of the thing fascinated his pupil; he went on and on until—another hour had passed—he found that he was armed at all points. Try as Mr. Dexter might to disarm with the Ferrier return, the foil still remained in the young man's grasp.

"You have very little to learn," said the master. "Very little; you know now all that I can teach you. Constant practice is necessary; hand, eye, foot and brain must all work together uniformly. Now, let us have supper."

They discussed the play during the belated meal. More than once it was on the tip of Beverley's tongue to tell the old man of his daughter's experience, but Nellie had entreated him to say nothing. Her father suffered enough in knowing his daughter's position as a worker without having the added sorrow of knowing that she was subjected to indignities of this nature.

Therefore he held his peace, and spoke optimistically of future suc-

cesses. He found that Nellie was lacking somewhat in enthusiasm; but, then, she never pretended to act for acting's sake; with her it was a means to an end, that end the maintenance of herself and her father.

There was something so gripping about the simple home life, meagre though supplies were, that Beverley found himself once more sunk deeply in thought as he trudged homewards.

"It wouldn't be fair to the girl to ask her," he said. "No, it wouldn't be fair. I've got others to consider beside myself— must better things." There were times when other women had attracted him; they now vanished like the figment of a dream; they might never have existed for him. Nellie Dexter monopolised all his world.

III.

It was a low, indignant cry that sent Beverley round a stage-cloth hot-foot. Then he gritted his teeth with indignation. The sight was enough to set his blood a-boil; Nellie Dexter struggling in the arms of O'Farrell, who was fighting hard to reach her mouth with his lips. A grinning, sycophantic stage-carpenter stood by, evidently enjoying the fracas—a man without the spirit of a mouse.

The place was dark, the actors and actresses had moved away to change for the third act; but Nellie —conscious of a feeling that to-night the dressing-room she shared with five other girls would be stifling, had elected to remain behind the scenes. She required no change of costume; neither did O'Farrell for that matter. And now—this was the result. The man had crept on her silently, like a cat; he gripped her in his arms and raved over her.

"Come, little girl, come; you know you love me; confess it now. Give me a kiss; just a little kiss, to show your love. Ah, many's the lady's been only too proud to be kissed by me." Nellie cried out; the man's arms closed more tightly round her; and Beverley hurried up.

"Come, don't be shy," the man half hiccoughed. With disgust Beverley named him for one under the influence of drink; and he did not hesitate. His arms closed round the blackguard's shoulders; exerting all his lithe young strength he twisted the man away from his victim and sent him flying to the wall, where he checked hurriedly, and cursed with surprising fluency. Then he lowered his head and rushed on the intervener with a cry of rage.

The two men closed, as O'Farrell took hold; they wrestled furiously for a moment, and then—it was Granford's voice.

"Here, stop that, you fools—stop it. O'Farrell, quit; if you're anything of a man, quit. Beverley—get out of it." He parted the two men, and O'Farrell was with difficulty restrained from springing at his antagonist's throat. Granford held him off, and beckoned to a couple of carpenters, who held the frantic man, despite his struggles.

"What is it? Find a satisfactory explanation or—get out," fumed the manager to Beverley. "Here's the curtain on the point of going up, and you two fighting like common bullies."

"He shouldn't have tried to molest a lady," said Beverley, catching his breath. "Because the bounder's drunk it doesn't give him a right to annoy ladies—ladies that he doesn't understand anything about.

"I'm not drunk," said O'Farrell; "I'm not drunk, Granford; I haven't looked at the stuff to-night." The manager studied him closely.

"Look here, are you fit to go on in this act? Because if you're not, you'd better lie down; and I'll get

your understudy——" O'Farrell broke away from his detainers, and approached the manager.

"There isn't a man in London could play that part as I've played it," he said confidentially. "What was I saying?—my head seems a bit queer. And that's the blighter who —where's the girl?" His manner was distinctly strange; but a moment later he recovered himself.

"I'm all right," he said in a normal voice. "But I shan't forget this insult, my man—you'll learn what it is to thwart me."

"I'll take my chances," said Beverley coolly. "And if I find you playing monkey-tricks with Miss Dexter again, I'll give you another dose of the same medicine. Keep out of my way, that's all, when you're out for philandering."

"Come, Beverley; quit it. The curtain's going up in a minute, and you have that fencing scene to think of."

"I'm all right, sir. Don't worry about me. But O'Farrell's under the weather a bit, and so——" The manager shrugged his shoulders. "It's only his manner," he said. "He always gets excited like that first night of a new play. You two'd better make it up before the night's over; I can't have quarrels like this. And we can't spare O'Farrell, Beverley."

The cue came and Beverley went on; came off, having spoken his half-dozen words. Then O'Farrell ran past him, and sprang on; he crept behind the hero—Granford, who was writing at a table, pinioned him, and had him helpless in a trice. In a little while would come the fight—Beverley held himself in readiness. Normally he would have been nervous; but to-night the encounter had steadied him.

—"*and none to hear you cry,*" said O'Farrell tauntingly. It was the cue: Beverley ran on.

"*One here,*" he said. O'Farrell let out a yell of dismayed astonishment and whipped out his sword. Now for the few passes and then the surrender. Beverley guarded the first attack, and encountered; he did it casually, and a moment afterwards he stifled a cry. For O'Farrell's sword had pierced his arm, and blood was trickling down. The villain was fighting with a real sword, one with a point like a needle. It was a mistake, of course—there could be no doubt of that. But—what was this? O'Farrell was pressing him hard, grinding out curses between his teeth. The man was in deadly earnest; there was no make-believe about it at all. He meant to kill his adversary—and yet——

Beverley took a careful glance at him; the man was mouthing fiercely, there was a strange glint in his eyes. Like a flash Nellie Dexter's words came to him: "There is insanity in the family." He understood swiftly; the man was stark, staring mad, armed with a deadly weapon, and possessed by an enormous hatred of the man before his point.

The true state of affairs flashed into Beverley's mind between a parry and a *riposte;* he stiffened his guard, and threw himself into the combat. He was fighting for life; this was no stage duel at all, but a deadly encounter. His brain was working as swiftly as his hand and eye—swifter perhaps.

What shall I do? he thought. Call them to ring down the curtain? No, that would never do; such a happening might well ruin the piece. Whatever happened, those before the footlights must not know the real state of affairs; they must be led to believe that the whole thing was pretence. So he thanked his stars for those providential fencing lessons, and caught a devilish thrust on a stiffly extended blade, turned it beneath his arm and closed.

He was working deliberately now, endeavouring to find the opening for the Ferrier counter. The people in the wings were watching the combat with interest; Granford himself was almost enthusiastic. "That's what it needed. O'Farrell's seen it—he's making a big scene." There was no doubt about it; this tense, realistic fight had chained the onlookers. As yet not a soul had fallen to the fact that the battle was *à outrance,* and not mimicry.

One by one Beverley brought all his tricks of fence into play. He found them all met skilfully; whatever his many faults, there was no question about O'Farrell being a magnificent fencer. He was hissing out blood-curdling threats as they circled round and round—he was swearing that he would spit Beverley, drink his heart's blood. But, with the awful precision of the insane, he was fencing without leaving the fragment of a loophole.

"Cut it short, man," hissed Granford, but the audience were beginning to rise to the excitement of it all. From the gallery came a strong shout: "Let him have it!" A clap sounded, and another.

"Keep it up; they're interested," cried Granford.

Keep it up, indeed! Beverley heard the command, and wished that the curtain would fall. The maniac seemed to possess the strength of a dozen; and—he would try the Ferrier trick. He began to work to that end—and to his utter amazement felt his own sword almost plucked out of his hand. O'Farrell had given the counter—the Ferrier counter, that only three men in the world knew.

"They're fighting properly," Beverley heard someone say. It was Nellie Dexter; she was watching the fight with wide eyes, her hands clasped over her breast. "Mr. O'Farrell's not—he's mad, I think," she cried. Granford looked, and in a flash he understood. The fighting pair came close to him, but Granford was bound in his chair.

"What is it?" he asked sharply in that whisper which reaches the ears of those on the stage and does not pass the footlights. "Tell them to ring down the curtain."

"No; not yet," said Beverley. He collected himself, knowing that if he failed nothing could save him. He invited the Ferrier guard and counter and O'Farrell fell into the trap. His sword glided up Beverley's sword, he gave the twist, and—his own sword was torn from his grasp and sent flying into the wings. Beverley drove him off before him; and as he went shouted to the carpenters to bear a hand. O'Farrell was beginning to scream wildly; he threatened death to everyone who came near him; but a couple of brawny workmen, who had heard Nellie's cry, hurled themselves upon him and held him fast.

"Pick up that sword," gasped Beverley; "don't let him have it again."

The house was beside itself; never had such a display of fencing been seen. It was magnificent; it gave character to the piece. But O'Farrell was not fit to enter again; and—Beverley had a single moment for thought; then—he entered.

"*My master is safe,*" he said fervently, and cut the bonds. Miss Lafayette rose to the needs of the case, made her entrance; and the act went on as arranged, save that the second fight between Granford and O'Farrell was cut out. The curtain fell to thunderous appause. Granford went on and bowed, Miss Lafayette went on; they went on together; but still the clamour continued.

"For Heaven's sake what's it all about?" demanded the manager. "It's you they want, Beverley; you—on you go; let's see if that will satisfy 'em. Where's O'Farrell?" Beverley went on, to be greeted with

cheers. Twice he had to appear and even then the turmoil was hardly quieted.

"Now, then—let's know what's happened," said Granford. "Anything gone wrong?" With a slow, grim smile Beverley produced the sword that he had whipped from O'Farrell's hand.

"See that?" he said. "He tried to kill me. Look here, and here." He pointed to drying blood on his sleeve and breast. "The man went as mad as a March hare; tried his best to kill me—he would have done, too, if I hadn't been able to fence better than he could."

"Great Jove!" said Granford piously. "Is it true?" There were many to prove it true; O'Farrell was at the present moment securely bound in a private room beneath the stage; he was raving wildly, and threatening to burn down the theatre.

"And he's to come on again—look here, Beverley; you'll have to play his part. Can you alter your make-up in time?"

"I'll try," said Beverley, racing away. When the cue was given for the entry of the villain it was Beverley, but a well-disguised Beverley, that appeared. If any of the audience saw the change they kept the matter to themselves; and the act came to its logical conclusion.

"You've done well; and someone will have to play O'Farrell's part till he recovers—if he does recover," said Granford, when the curtain had fallen for the last time. "Do you know it as well as you know that last act?"

"Yes; I know it all." Beverley was beginning to see visions.

"Very well, play it till further orders; and your screw will be raised accordingly. "I don't pretend that you're a great actor, but you're the finest fencer I've ever seen; that scene brought down the house; it's made the play. The papers will be full of it to-morrow. Gad! It nearly made me burn with excitement. Consider yourself engaged to play second lead; and you've only yourself to blame if you lose the job—until O'Farrell gets better, that is."

But O'Farrell did not get better; he was certified as hopelessly insane. And when assured of that small fact Beverley walked briskly to that mean house that sheltered the girl he loved.

Mr. Dexter was seated in his chair, reading; Nellie was nowhere in sight when Beverley bounced into the room. His face fell for a moment; but a moment later he smiled, and went to the old man.

"But for you, sir, I'd have been a dead man to-day, instead of a successful one." Overnight he and Nellie had amazed the old man with a story of that night's happenings.

"I've been thinking it out, Beverley—O'Farrell must have been that man I taught the Ferrier trick to—there couldn't have been another. And how is he?"

"Hopelessly insane, sir; and I'm retained in his part. Where's Miss —Nellie?"

"She's here," came a bright voice from the inner doorway, and Nellie appeared, with her sleeves rolled above her elbows. Seen thus she was to Beverley the loveliest sight he had ever beheld. He walked purposefully towards her, and thrust her back through the doorway into the kitchen.

"I've something to say to you," he said. "I wouldn't say it before, because—well, I'd nothing to offer you. But now, it looks as if things were on the mend. I've loved you ever since that first night I walked home with you—and—and—Nellie." Everything was told in that reverent whispering of her name.

"It wouldn't have mattered—I've loved you—I must have loved you, whether you were poor or not," said Nellie—and Beverley kissed her.

POPULAR MAXIMS THAT FOOL THE PEOPLE

BY J. D. LOGAN

ALL practical maxims are only half-truths. And by a peculiar vice or instinct of human nature, men either mistake the half for the whole or prefer the one to the other. Some say that our belief in the soundness of practical maxims is due to a defect of mind. We are all, they submit, mentally cross-eyed; we squint at truth and see it out of focus or direct line of mental vision. Others say that our belief in the soundness of practical maxims is due to the fact that the mind tends to take the line of least resistance in acquiring knowledge. We are all, these allege, mentally indolent; we are lazy thinkers and want knowledge and truth served to us in short-hand rules or formulas, like recipes.

Personally I am of the opinion that while we unhesitatingly accept popular maxims as true because we are both mentally cross-eyed and mentally indolent, we do so mostly for the latter reason. Leaving aside for a moment the result of mental indolence on the soundness of popular maxims, how can we explain, except through this defect of mind, the fact that, for instance, we have read and reread since childhood the Biblical formula, "God spake to men of old in a dream," and yet have never seen that, as Hobbes pointed out several centuries ago, this is the same thing as saying, "Men dreamt that God spoke to them"? Or can we explain in any other way the fact that parents still keep on teaching their children to lisp the third line of "Now I lay me," namely,—

"If I should die before I wake,"—

As if it meant something, when on the slightest reflection the line is nonsense; for how could one wake if one had died in one's sleep?

I purpose, then, in what follows to select a few of the more popular and familiar practical maxims and to show how they are either fallacious or antinomous. I do this, not so much to instruct as to afford simple entertainment in formal logic. In case the meaning of the term antinomous may be unfamiliar, let me explain that an antinomous proposition or maxim is one whose opposite is equally as true as itself. I shall take a practical maxim of this kind first.

"Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day,"—where is there a youth or man who hasn't had that maxim dinned into his ears by parents, friends, teachers and employers? Yet its antinomy or opposite has equally as valid practical truth:—"Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." Imagine the astonishment of an employer of the old school who when he had flung this original maxim at a seemingly indolent but "wise" clerk, should be answered with the modern maxim, "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow." This is a very

reasonable maxim. For if not followed, it causes unnecessary worry and waste of energy, which thus spoils the despatch of the essential work at the time it must be done. Surely that is obvious, but through mental indolence, no doubt traditionally induced, no employer thinks of its practical truth and value.

Akin in meaning to the preceding maxim is the New Testament formula: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." That is, do not burden your mind to-day with worry and thoughts of the trouble which you know are in store for you on the morrow or in the future. A far better "working"—that is, practically truer and more valuable maxim—is the antinomy of the former: — "Necessary unto the day is the evil of to-morrow." And for two reasons. First, to plan for the morrow, to worry over the future, and so add to the burdens and anxieties of to-day, is virtually both a psychological and practical necessity. The successful progress of living and of business depends on following the modern maxim. Believe me, only incompetents and fools adorn their persons with "Don't Worry" regalia; and all "Don't Worry Clubs" are a futility and a snare. Secondly: There is no such reality as yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; to break up time into three parts as if they were separate and distinct entities or a discrete series is to commit the fallacy of confounding quite artificial and arbitrary divisons, or a method of human thinking, with the process of time itself as a reality. Time is one and continuous; it flows as a stream; to-day is joined with yesterday and to-morrow. It is impossible, therefore, to chop off to-day from the past and the future and consider or employ it solely by itself, and begin life or business absolutely new to-morrow. In short; Yesterday and to-morrow must enter into our thoughts of to-day, indeed cannot escape doing so; and were this not true, there would be none of that revision and prevision of conduct which makes life coherent and insures progressive welfare.

We have all heard it said: "Be good and you'll be happy." That is a most excellent maxim for babes and sucklings. There is an immense difference between the goodness which is mere innocence and the goodness or moral virtue which results from being tempted and overcoming temptation by a militant supremacy of willpower and spirit. A fallacy is involved in this maxim,—the fallacy, whch, in formal logic, goes under the name of "ambiguous middle term." That is, the fallacy occurs through neglecting to distinguish the two moral meanings of the term goodness—(1) mere innocence, as, for instance, that of the baby Napoleon lying in his cradle, sucking this thumb in contentment, playing with his fists or cooing at the smiles of his mother, and (2) militant virtue, as for instance, that of Socrates, St. Paul, Edmund Campion, or anyone of ourselves in this day who must hourly say, after a hard struggle, "Get thee behind me Satan." There is a fallacious element, too, in the term "happy." Happiness, in the view of some, means unalloyed pleasure or total absense of pain or suffering. In the view of others, it means satisfaction in having done one's work well, fulfilled one's duty, obeyed the law of obligation, though, to be sure, in the process there were pain and suffering. The maxim, then, is totally fallacious by way of the ambiguous meaning of the terms "good" and "happy."

The maxim, "Be good and you'll be happy," is the most vapid of platitudes. According to the really significant meaning of the term "happy," the truth is, "Be good (militantly virtuous) and you'll be unhappy" (your life will be filled with pain or suffering). This is too obvious to need

illustration. The history of the lives of the saints, martyrs and reformers of all times supplies indubitable proof of the truth of this maxim. But, of course, it must be said, too, that these men were also supremely happy, that is, felt the joy which comes from the consciousness of having done their duty and fulfilled the ideal law.

On the other hand, it would be easy to show by instances—or "cases" —that the maxim "Be wicked (morally remiss) and you'll be happy" (enjoy life) has its specious truth. We have only to think of the innumerable lawyers, bankers, speculators, and get-rich-quick gentlemen whom good luck follows till the day of their death, to be compelled to acknowledge that there is considerable practical truth in this latter maxim. In short, the way of the transgressor is hard—sometimes; but the way of the saint and the reformer is hard—always. Our maxim, then, "Be good and you'll be happy" is the most inane of platitudes and fit pabulum only for babes in intellect and moral ideals.

"Never do evil that good may come," is another of those popular practical maxims which are half-truths. As "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" has the authority of Christ, so this maxim carries the authority of St. Paul. The authority of Christ and St. Paul is not in dispute or impugned. For, as I shall show in the conclusion of this essay, there is only one absolute truth; all other truths are relative; that is, the validity of a proposition or maxim is dependent on the time, place, circumstance, and reference of the one who utters it.

Our own maxim is a case in point, but as it stands it is too abstract and generalised. Let us particularise it thus: "Never, under any circumstances, tell a lie; a lie is always wrong before men and in the sight of God." Now, there is such thing as a falsehood in the abstract. A real lie has a particular reference to some time, place, circumstance, condition, cause and moral economy. Observe how this works out in the following illustrative example. Suppose a theatre has caught fire behind the scenes and that some over-nervous auditor smelling the smoke cries, "Fire." Suppose that the stage-manager has heard the fool cry; he is at once in a moral dilemma. He knows that if he rushes to the footlights and, saying to himself, "I must not tell a life, for that is wrong," asserts outright that the theatre is on fire, the consequences will be a panic amongst the audience, which will result in the maiming of some and the death of others. On the other hand, he knows that if he assures the audience that the theatre is not on fire, thus breaking the moral law by telling a downright lie, there will be no paic, no maiming of limbs and no deaths.

I said the stage-manager thus faced a moral dilemma:—Should he tell the truth (facts) and save his own soul, but cause the death of others? Or should he tell a lie and lose his own soul, but thus preserve the lives of others? But after all there was really no moral dilemma. Every sane and righteous man, in like predicament, would not hesitate to do anything else than tell a falsehood. Casuists, of course, would sanction such a course by applying the old Jesuit ethical formula: "The end justifies the means." That is a nonsense formula: what else could justify means except ends? The explanation lies deeper than any abstract maxim: namely in this, that as the greater contains the less, or as the whole contains the part, so Love which fulfills the whole moral law, is higher than the law of Truth-telling. For has Christ not said "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for my sake (*i.e.* for Love), the same shall save it,"

and. "Greater Love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend"?

I do not mean to imply that moral laws are ranged in a hierarchy, but rather are as concentric circles, of which the outer and all-inclusive circle is Benevolence and Love. These are greater and more to be obeyed because they are applicable universally, that is, at all times, in all places. under all conditions, while truth-telling is governed by particularities of time, place and circumstance.

It would be an entertaining logical exercise for those who have that mental bent to take, say, Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac" and think out the precise platitude or fallacy or antinomy in the maxims contained in that justly famous and popular booklet. What, for instance, is the antinomy to "He who hesitates is lost"? Is it "He who deliberates is saved"? or, "Everything comes to him who waits"? What is the fallacy in "Honesty is the best policy"? Is it that if honesty is employed solely as a policy, then that kind of honesty is essentially dishonesty, a sort of dissembling and immoral insincerity? Wherein lies the antimony in Shakespear's familiar lines from *Julius Cæsar*?—"There is a tide in the affairs of men" and so on. What is the fallacy contained in J. J. Ingall's popular sonnet, "Opportunity," the idea of which is that the opportunity of a lifetime comes to everyone sometime, but only once? Or, finally. What is the antinomy to

> "All work and no play
> Makes Jack a dull boy"?

In conclusion, I wish,, as I promised at the outset, to remark the philosophical principle which is at the basis of the preceding criticism of popular practical maxims. Put in the form of a maxim this principle runs: "There is no absolute truth." Now, we all have certain inveterate or stubborn habits of thought, inherited and traditional. As a familiar example, consider this: During the Spanish-American war there was a somewhat melodious sentimental "Song-hit," heard on the street, or n the house, on college campus or in the opera house. The title was, "Just as the Sun Went Down." The physicist, astronomer and philosopher sang or whistled it as lustily or sentimentally as the veriest music-hall frequenter. And the physicist, astronomer, and philosopher did this despite the fact that they knew that the title of the song was nonsense. For, in reality, it should not have been, "Just as the Sun Went Down," but "Just as the Earth Came Up." In short, from childhood they had been taught to believe that the sun "went down." And what cared they for the scientific fact that the sun does not "set," but that the earth "comes up,"—what cared they for the true fact when in matters of sentiment the traditional way of thinking was human and emotionally satisfying?

So, too, it is these same inveterate, traditional, stubborn habits of thought that cause men to believe that all truths are absolute. Now, as I said, all truths are relative; that is, their validity is dependent on a particular time, place, circumstance, condition, cause and physcal, psychological or moral law, as, for instance, our case of truth-telling when a theatre was on fire. But this won't do: if all truths were relative, then there would be no truth at all, for there must be some standard (absolute) truth by which to test the truth or error of any proposition or maxim. And so I said: All truths are relative—save one." It is this: "There is no absolute truth, except this truth that there is no absolute truth." I see no subtlety about this basal proposition. It is what mathematicians call an axiom. That is to say, when once its meaning is understood, its validity is obvious, immediate and indubitable.

PLAYS OF THE SEASON

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

MORE than ordinary interest attaches to the announcement of a new play from the pen of Mr. Augustus Thomas. He is an expert craftsman; his dramaturgic skill is of the highest; his graceful lines go to the heart of his theme like winged arrows, and an intellectual interest, subsidiary, but carefully interwoven with his story, is invariably provided. Through an ability also to establish remote and underlying relations of events to one another he can often make complex that which might otherwise be simple and out of the intricacies of his own mental processes weave some new and interesting pattern of life. He has done all these things in his new play, "As a Man Thinks." Quick, incisive drawing of character, swift development of action, the skilful unfolding of a leading situation involved in minor complications characterise the opening acts. He has projected a very ordinary dramatic situation, it is true, but he projects it with uncommon skill. He has provoked discussion of an old and somewhat vexatious theme—a common standard of morality for both sexes. But the discussion quickly broadens, frees itself from the incidental and becomes a phase of modern life, with its feverish unrest and impatience of conventional standards. A background of Judaism gives a further effect of breadth and a feeling for strong contrast. Like hurrying clouds that presage a storm, we feel during the first two acts the gathering of forces big, with promise of a mighty conflict of race ideals: Judaism, with its inexorable moral laws, its passionate devotion to the family unit on one side, and enlightened, but highly dangerous, modern morality on the other. But these larger promises and expectations are not to be realised. The armies so skilfully marshalled are withdrawn or melt away like mists at sunrise. The conflict slowly contracts to rage within the four walls of ordinary human experience, while time-honoured dramatic expedients are invoked to bridge a casual domestic gulf. In the final adjustment, an irate husband is convinced of his wife's innocence and the paternity of his child through a melancholy alibi. The penitent, sorrowful wife, forgetting the issue she has raised of "one morality for both sexes" pleads for a Santa Claus for their child, and to the chime of Christmas bells the peace of the belligerent pair is made.

The author had no doubt in mind the possible influence of the Jew on the home life of America. His protagonist is a very estimable, high-minded and worldly-wise Jewish physician, *Doctor Seelig*. As the physician and friend of the wealthy *Clayton* family, whose domestic breach furnishes the dramatic theme, he is in the complete confidence of both. He has been aware of the husband's gaieties in Paris and of the wife's mental tortures in consequence. He is the first to know of the wife's indiscretion when in a moment of mad jealous rage she visits the apartment of a former sweetheart. He is the

JOHN MASON AS DR. FEELIG IN "AS A MAN THINKS."

one to give her shelter from the enraged and brutal husband when he suspects the worst. He is the one, likewise, to oppose her theory of equal sex morality with the stern Hebraic code of chastity among women, supplemented by an economic consideration, also characteristic perhaps—the danger to modern industry and civilisation, should man's faith in woman be destroyed. He is the one later to teach the husband that hate and jealousy are the most evil of all passions and calculated to poison the body as well as the soul. All of which might have been assigned to any sane, high-minded man, with an old-fashioned code of morals, be he Jew or Gentile. Neither the Jew nor his code enter vitally into the situation, and the only hint of the subtler race antagonism is found in the worthy doctor's prejudice against the marriage of his daughter to a Gentile. So that, measured by its promises and expectations, the play is a disappointment. Claims to serious consideration, however, may safely rest on its qualities of literary and dramatic interest, its terse situation and clever dialogue. In these respects it is superior to any American-made drama of the current season, and, with the exception of "The Thunderbolt," in point of construction, equal to any. As the physician, John Mason is distinctively authoritative and finished in his methods. Miss Chrystal Herne also, as the young wife, plays the rôle with considerable effectiveness and charm.

To introduce good healthy pagan philosophy into modern polite and nominally Christian society through the medium of a mythological deity required courage, imagination, conviction and authoritative utterance. The idea itself, although not entirely new, is one of some magnitude, and in "The Faun" Mr. Edward Knoblauch has projected it with considerable literary adroitness and stage skill. His frankness at times is quite daring, considering the educational (?) training of most theatrical audiences. But the evident guilelessness of his chosen spokesman, his symbolic character, and the poetic colouring of his speech, disarm any hint of vulgarity.

A faun strays into the ground of a certain *Lord Stoneybroke* just as that gentleman, ruined by race track betting, is on the point of shooting himself. He dissuades the suicide from his purpose and offers from his knowledge of the souls of animals to pick him sure winners henceforth. In return the faun is to be introduced into society. From an interested spectator, the visitor soon becomes a keen and scornful critic of our modern society, with its over-civilisation and perversion of natural instincts. Manners and morals are consequently thrown into sharp contrast, and many a shaft of satirical wit leaps at the expense of smug conventionalities. The faun is specially impatient over our habit of mismating or mating from any other considerations than love. He is an expert in discriminating between true love and false, and in the course of his temporary sojourn contrives to send young lovers rejoicing on their way, to re-unite lovers long estranged and to tear off the mask of reserve from others whom artificial conditions had taught to falsify their real feeling. Mr. William Faversham quite distinguished himself in the part of the *Faun*, playing with fine verve and spirit, and conveying that quality of aloofness from our actual world which fauns would naturally assume.

"The Scarecrow" is described by the author, Mr. Percy Mackaye, as

MISS CHRYSTAL HERNE IN "AS A MAN THINKS"

the tragedy of the ludicrous. The idea is taken from Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," although little of the original legend of *Feathertop* and pretty *Polly Gookin* appears in the dramatised tale. Mr. Mackaye has also treated it from an entirely different standpoint, substituting the element of sympathy for that of irony.

To avenge herself on *Judge Merton* for an old slight, *Goody Ricky*, village blacksmith and witch, despatches a scarecrow vitalised into life through demoniacal aid, to woo the

judge's only daughter. Introduced as *Lord Ravensbane,* and coached by *Dickon,* the devil, now in the guise of tutor, his suit succeeds, when, confronting himself suddenly in the magic mirror, his real identity is revealed to him. Love by this time has entered into his pitiful being, however, and over the protests of his tutor, and, knowing that it will cost him his mortal life, he exposes the imposture, and through the sacrifice gains spiritual freedom.

The whimsical note is again struck in Barrie's "The Twelve-pound Look." *Sir Harry Sims* (at least he is on the eve of knighthood, and "down-stairs" has already adopted the title) is a familiar type of the materially successful Britisher, who reaches the goal of his ambitions fat both in body and mind. Tired of the incessant dulness, the fat dinner parties, the fat diamonds, the chatter, the tuneless, joyless way of her matrimonial life, a former spouse has left him when her economic value in the world had touched the twelve-pound

MR. CHARLES DALTON AND MISS ETHEL BARRYMORE, IN "THE TWELVE-POUND LOOK"

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mark. This was fourteen years ago. *Sir Harry* has remarried and is still wallowing in success, with the prospect of knighthood to gild his elegant trough, when the spirited wife of former days reappears on his threshold as a typist. The little playlet is devoted thereafter to an exposure of the contrasting ideals of the two, in which *Sir Harry's* vanity is treated to some rude shocks, and he is left with a disquieting admonition to look out for the "twelve-pound look" in the eyes of the present *Mrs. Sims.*

The play has a little touch more of the bitter than we are accustomed to in Barrie, and the whimsical vein has been subordinated to dramatic seriousness. But the indefinable Barrie charm is there, along with the incisive wit, the fine character drawing, and technical perfection of structure. In connection with the new play, Miss Barrymore revived that most charming and whimsical of all the Barrie offerings, "Alice-sit-by-the-fire." In the years that have intervened since the play was last presented, Miss Barrymore's art has grown and ripened much, and her *Alice* has now a maturity and maternal grasp which it then seemed to lack. Both as typist in "The Twelve-pound Look" and as *Alice* her performance was entirely finished and satisfactory. That deft, sure, nervous stroke, in which her portraits are invariably drawn, has a suggestion of the brittle at times, but it is the brittleness of pastel, with the delicacy also, the subtle feeling for delicate line work of that exquisite medium.

A SCENE FROM PERCY MACKAYE'S PLAY, "THE SCARECROW"

"The Piper," Mrs. Josephine

MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON IN "THE PIPER"

Preston Peabody Marks's dramatic version of the Hamelin legend may at once be classed among the permanent contributions to American dramatic literature. Last summer it was awarded the Stratford prize for the best contemporary play in English, and was afterward successfully produced in London. American managers, however, viewed it with misgiving until the New Theatre, with its ample equipment, was prevailed upon to present it. And nothing that the New Theatre has done has more justified its existence than its enterprise in this. The scenic features excited the highest admiration and every detail of stage management was informed with real imagination and appreciation of the poetic qualities of the offering. The drama follows the Browning poem pretty closely up to the departure of the Hamelin children and their concealment in a cave in the hills, and then takes a path of the dramatist's own choosing, leading to the repentance of the *Piper* and the ultimate return of the children to their parents.

The first act shows the marketplace of Hamelin, with the *Piper*, rebuking the sordid burgomasters for their Pharisaism, greed and spiritual callousness. Later, as twilight deepens, the older folk pass into the cathedral, leaving the square deserted, save for little *Jan*, who sits in shadow intently gazing into the face of the *Lonely One*. Taking advantage of the parents' absence, the *Piper* returns, plays his flute softly at each door, and as soon as the children are assembled trips them away to the hills. A touch of comedy is added by the sudden appearance of the two sacristy boys, who come tumbling down the cathedral steps to join the children. The next act shows the deserted monastery in the hills with the children asleep under the parental care of the *Piper*. The next act brings us to the Cross-Roads

scene, opening with a delightfully whimsical touch, in which the solemn procession of monks and citizens on its way to offer *Barbara* as a sacrifice for the loss of the children is rudely

CANTICLE V., "EVERYWOMAN"

FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:
SARAH COWELL LE MOYNE AS "TRUTH" EDWARD MACKAYE, AS "KING LOVE
LAURA NELSON HALL AS "EVERYWOMAN" H. COOPER CLIFFE AS "NOBODY"

upset by the *Piper's* pranks and sent whirling and dancing back to town, while *Barbara*, with whom *Michael* is in love, is rescued. Here is also the scene of *Veronika's* intercession for the return of the children, and later of the *Piper's* wrestle with the *Lonely One*, ending with his repentance. The last act again shows the market-place of Hamelin, opening in gloom, but soon to be filled with the laughter and shouts of children pouring down its narrow streets at the sound of the relenting *Piper's* flute.

The objections to the assumption of the rôle of *Chantecler* by a woman are not pertinent to the *Piper's* case. No male prerogative was outraged, and Miss Matthison's artistic qualifications for the difficult part far outweigh any physical shortcomings.

Miss Matthison is the most poetic and accomplished actress on the English-speaking stage. Vocally and pictorially, she is also the most eloquent. Her acting has the effect on one of strong, noble music. She can also read poetry—from the grandest epic to the softest lyric—with a splendour of feeling, voice inflection and rhythmic sense unmatched by any actor or actress we have. Nothing was lacking in her *Piper*, except perhaps an occasional robust note needed for the sake of dramatic contrasts. On the other hand, the constant necessity of suggesting subtle states of feeling in

the *Piper's* development, brought that fine, sure artistry of which she is past mistress into momentary demand. A less subtle—which also means less thorough, exposition of the

MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, IN "THAIS"

Piper's psychology, and his flute would lose many of its finer notes. The author has charged the task of the *Piper's* interpreter with serious technical difficulties—too serious perhaps for perfect exposition. In the Cross-Roads scene, for instance, when the unrelenting *Piper* dismisses *Veronika's* plea for the return of the children and then turns to argue out his case before the shrine of the *Lonely One*, the actor must himself hold the scales of both human and divine justice and without external aid accomplish a gradual transformation in the *Piper*, on the one hand, and by implication modifying the attitude of the unseen to meet each change of base in the *Piper's* appeal. It is too much to say that this scene is entirely convincing, so much foreshortening is needed and an elocutionary feat, however wonderful, has limitations. We have, moreover, come to lean heavily on the visualisation of forces that provoke dramatic crises. But the spiritual anguish of the *Piper*, the earnestness and reasonableness of his first human feeling, his self-mistrust when the higher ideal dawns on his perceptions, leading to his gradual self-conviction and final surrender to the divine feeling, are admirably conveyed in Miss Matthison's acting. In portraying the less difficult, but none the less, necessary attributes of roguishness, impishness and tenderness in the *Piper's* character, we had acting of the utmost delicacy and charm.

C. S. McLellan's "Judith Zaraine" would seem to uphold Mrs. Fiske's side of the "Leah Kleschna" controversy, as we recall it. The new play proved its need of the editing which the other no doubt received at her hands before its admirable presentation by her company. "Judith Zaraine" has all the material for a fine melodrama. It touches a big problem with sympathy and understanding. The lines are excellent and the characters well drawn. But over-writing hampers the action and destroys definiteness, while incidents thrilling enough in themselves and typical of certain industrial conditions, fail to produce that cumulative effect which we recognise as dramatic. These shortcomings were all the more regrettable from the fact that Miss Lena Ashwell's portrayal of the central character was worthy of fullest recognition. This talented Canadian actress has a good deal in common with Mrs. Fiske. She is of the same school of naturalism, acting always with an economy of gesture, in a quiet, realistic vein, and producing her effects, great or small, by the sheer force of

her mentality and ability to convey an impression of self-conviction. She is also ready at all times to forego the spotlight for the sake of the picture as a whole. In a word, Miss Ashwell is an actress, not a show-girl; an artist vital, earnest and intelligent, appealing to our understanding through her art, instead of beguiling our wayward hearts through the exploitation of dimpled charms.

Edward Sheldon's new play, "The Boss," may disclose crudities; it may on occasion sacrifice plausibility to immediate theatrical effect; its action may at times see-saw or travel in circles, and its basic idea may have done duty as a theatrical expedient in many a thriller long forgotten; but, like the same author's "Salvation Nell" and "The Nigger," the play has an unmistakable grip that holds your interest through four acts without a moment's pause. This interest is sustained primarily by the powerfully-drawn character of the central figure, the "boss," and by Mr. Holbrook Blinn's equally powerful delineation of the character. *Michael Egan* represents a certain type of self-made man readily recognised in our modern politics. He rises from saloon-keeper and "scrapper" to biggest political boss in his ward and a position of financial power in his community. Everything but social position is his, and this he sets out to gain by a grapple with his aristocratic rivals, the *Griswolds*, for control of the grain-shipping interests. *Egan* wins after the elder *Griswold* has used bank funds in a futile effort to combat the unscrupulous methods of his enemy. Aware of the manipulation, *Egan* uses the information to force his consent to an alliance with his daughter. Father and son are abdurate, but the daughter determines to sacrifice herself—with important reservations in the marriage contract, however—to save the family honour. The domestic relations of the two, disclosed six months later, provide the inner spiritual conflict of the play, while a strike, engineered by the brother to break the "boss"—in which a clash with the church and the community are provided—furnish the dramatic incidents and outer conflict. The "boss" is beaten, but self-willed to the last, he is laying plans to avenge his defeat on the town by transferring the shipping port to Montreal, when an act of violence committed by one of his deputies, lands him in jail. In the solitude of his cell he finally yields to his better nature, and the wife, who has inwardly loved him all along, opens to him a prospect of future domestic happiness, with the gratification of his paternal instincts. The strongest moments in the play occur in the scene with the Archbishop, when defiance, self-will, superstition, reverence for the church and *Egan's* better instincts battle for supremacy. Frank Sheridan plays the Archbishop and proves a worthy adversary. Emily Stevens, as the wife, was charming and refined, playing with a nice delicacy of method that was invariably effective, and which served to emphasise the brute qualities of the husband. As *Michael Egan*, Mr. Blinn gave a powerful and consistent characterisation. He showed the unscrupulousness, arrogance, self-interest, cruelty and ignorance of the man, along with certain qualities of courage, loyalty, generosity to friends and evident inward struggle against an evil nature. Our sympathies were never quite alienated, thanks to a sympathetic vein of humour, nor, on the other hand, was the character, on its virtuous side, allowed to become lachrymose. It was an artistic portrait, drawn without compromise, but showing all the lights and shades of the remarkable character, and, granted all the premises, as true to life as a stage portrait can be.

"Everywoman," a modern morality play by the late Walter G.

Browne, is a riot of colour, imposing stage spectacle and feminine loveliness, through which the author seeks to drive home a profound moral lesson. Between production and play the public has found a dramatic novelty that is likely to interest it for some time to come. There is little evidence of either literary or dramatic genius in the play itself, but the very magnitude of the offering, the seriousness of purpose that pervades it compel attention, even admiration. The death of the author on the day the play was produced added a last poignant touch. The play takes its inspiration, of course, from the old morality play, "Everyman," suiting the action to contemporary life and interests. *Everywoman*, surrounded by her attributes, *Youth*, *Beauty* and *Modesty*, falls a victim to the blandishments of *Flattery*, and, in spite of the warning of *Truth*, sets out on a pilgrimage in quest of *Love*. She is drawn to the city, goes on the stage, yields to the temptations that are supposed to surround stage life and pays the penalty. *Modesty* deserts her, *Beauty* dies, *Youth* perishes. Neglected of men she at length falls into poverty, from which *Truth*, whom before she spurned, rescues her. Returning home she finds *Love*, the son of *Truth*, patiently waiting for her at her own fireside. The amiability of this conclusion is more explicitly stated in the epilogue:

Be merciful, be just, be fair
To Everywoman, everywhere,
Her faults are many—nobody's to blame.

Another dramatic novelty is "Thais," adapted from Anatole France's romance of the famous courtesan of Alexandria, which likewise furnished a theme for Massenet's opera, by Mr. Paul Wilstach. Both dramatist and composer found material ready to hand for rich, colourful drama. The story of the anchorite, of the visions that came to him in the desert, of his departure for Alexandria, of his transformation of the courtesan to saint, of his temporary abandonment to the passions he had successfully assailed in her, needs no retelling in detail. The first act opens on the Theban Desert, whither priests, among them *Damiel*, have fled to escape the temptress. *Damiel* is unable to shake off the spell, however, and is persuading himself that it is his duty to return to Alexandria and save *Thais's* soul. A vision in which the famous beauty appears decides his course. The next act shows the marble terrace before the palace of *Thais*, peopled by slaves, dancing girls and courtiers. A sumptuous picture, full of colour, life and movement, followed in the next by a richer, more permanently satisfying picture, the Temple of Love in *Thais's* garden. Here also is the scene of the great dramatic conflict between hermit and courtesan for possession of her soul. The next act shows the oasis in the Theban Desert, whither *Damiel* has led the faltering *Thais*, and where she is met by the White Sisters, who receive her into their retreat. His mission ended, the humanity of the hermit asserts itself for a time and he falls a prey to unbridled passions, to be rescued later by the dying *Thais*, now grown saint.

Mr. Tyrone Power's portrayal of the anchorite was large and heroic in outline and generally impressive in effect. Distinction and splendid authority characterised his entire performance. As *Thais*, Miss Constance Collier was colourful and pictorially satisfying. The spectacular possibilities have not been overlooked in the production. The stage pictures are uniformly beautiful, varying from the Theban Desert, stretching far out into the night, broken only by jutting rocks; the barbaric splendour of *Thais's* court, the exotic garden scene, and, finally, the sunlit courtyard of the Convent of the White Sisters, from which the soul of *Thais* takes its flight.

Harry James Smith is said to be a new author in the field of playwriting, and "Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh" furnishes internal evidence of the fact. He has, however, created a thoroughly humorous situation, and Mrs. Fiske as thoroughly realises the comic possibilities of the central character on whom the chief burden of the comedy rests. The comedy is based on the efforts of a *bourgeois* family to forget its humble origin and more especially its association with the profitable, but not highly, reputable sale of proprietary medicines. As a preliminary step toward social emancipation, the home town of Missionary Loop, Indiana, is forsaken in favour of Washington and the family name changed from *Sale,* of Soothing Elixir fame, to the more socially soothing *de Salle.* A prolonged stay in England on the deceased *Sale's* money, during which the family acquire an English accent and the elder daughter an English husband, bearing the hyphenated name that gives the play its title, brings on the scene of action, the Long Island home of a proud American family, between whom the elder daughter is trying to form a matrimonial alliance on behalf of her younger sister. The unexpected and unwelcome arrival on the scene of a former friend of the presumably English family—*Peter Swallow* by name and tombstone maker by occupation—creates very natural consternation, and the efforts of the resourceful *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh* to keep the family skeleton safely locked in the closet during the encounter provide the larger externals of the comedy. The intruder is finally brazened out, but just at the moment of victory the younger sister, conscience stirred and refusing to be an accomplice to these deceptive enterprises any longer blurts out the truth and the "jig" is up. Resourceful to the last, however, *Mrs. Bumpstead-Leigh* succeeds in bringing about an adjustment whereby the insurgent sister shall marry another *Rawson,* less splendid, but more to her liking, and with a family alliance once made silence is naturally imposed upon all.

The part is broader than we have hitherto associated with Mrs. Fiske, but never has she seemed more spontaneous and happy, never shown more perfect abandon to the spirit of comedy than in the character of the masquerading Englishwoman. The scene in which she brazens out the tombstone maker, holding him up as an amusing specimen of Americanism, and finally baffling him off the scent altogether, was uproariously funny. It was, moreover, played with such inimitable adroitness and finish, such skill and self-repression, and the note placed so true that the part was never permitted to drop from the legitimate to the domain of farce. Her rapid transitions of speech also, from the exaggerated English accent to the homespun vernacular of Indiana, raised gales of laughter without compromising for a moment the subtlety of the drawing. Such complete success in a part so remote from, say, *Tess, Hedda Gabler, Hannele,* or even *Becky Sharp,* only increases our wonder and admiration and prompts the question, Where does the versatility of this remarkable actress end? Even her face lends itself to a process of transfiguration, and there were moments when the features seemed to lose their familiar outline and shine from some inner radiance that was indefinable.

A word must also be spoken for Florine Arnold's effective and tremendously amusing characterisation of *Mrs. de Salle* ("Maw") and for Kathleen MacDonell's portrayal of the technically difficult, semi-hysterical rôle of *Violet.* Not a detail was lacking in either portrait.

FIONA MACLEOD

AN INTERPRETATION

BY GERALDINE STEINMETZ

"Who knows what is in a poet's mind? The echo of the wind that was gone is there, and the sound of the rain and the movement and the colour of the fire, and something out of the earth and sea and sky, and great pitifulness and tenderness for women and children, and love of men and of birds and beasts and of green lives that were to him not less wonderful and intimate."

PHILOSOPHY and religion, science and society conceal life by forcing upon us a fixed interpretation. But sometimes there comes a poet who, with vision wide-flung across the centuries, sees human life in relation to the vast changes of the universe and of time. He shows again the forgotten glory of life and, holding the part to be as great as the whole, inspires the individual with hope and courage, where before there had been only the blankness of despair. For the life of the individual is, after all, of the supremest importance. Nothing else matters. And this life is built on elemental passions as simple now as ever. The individual may rise to heights of self-abnegation, his life is none the less personal, a working out of the destiny of the individual soul. But we do not see this drama of life until the artist-poet paints it, putting his interpretation upon the things that are.

Something of the wonder, the joy, the sorrow, the reality hidden by familiar appearances Fiona Macleod has felt and, so feeling, has written, putting the scenes of his poems and tales so far away that even the narrative is strange and impelling. His people live in the Gaelic lands of Western Europe, sunlit for us by the fire of imagination kindled by many poets. He saw the passionate beauty and love in Celtic life, its brightness and glory, its gloom and sorrow. Nature is interwoven with this human life; the same feelings surge through both; the same questions and mysteries. For in the last, is not man one with nature, a part of nature, or at least striving to make himself one with her?

"Many of these tales are of the gray wandering wave of the West, and through each goes the wind of the Gaelic spirit, which everywhere desires infinitude but in the penury of things as they are turns upon itself to the dim enchantment of dreams.

"The old charm and stellar beauty of Celtic thought and imagination, now, alas, like so many other lovely things, growing more and more remote, discoverable seldom in books and elusive amid the sayings and oral legends and fragmentary songs of a passing race."

Thus Fiona Macleod has himself expressed his purpose.

An historical critic observes:

"The sensibility of the Celtic temper, so quick to perceive beauty, so eager in its thirst for life, its emotions, its adventures, its sorrows, its joys, is tempered by a passionate melancholy that expresses its revolt against the impossible, by an instinct of what is noble, by a sentiment that discovers the weird charm of nature."

Is there indeed an atmosphere of Celtic poetry and spiritualism which we cannot attain to-day or is it that their poets have glorified and idealised the poetry of life which we overlook?

But whether or not this world of love and nobleness, of beauty and truth, ever existed, matters nothing to us. It existed as truth of interpretation and understanding in the mind of one man and if he has made for us only a dream of joy and life, of sorrow and the sleep of life; even so, surely we owe him gratitude and admiration for the vision. Yet this is not all. For no one of an appreciative spirit can read these poems without acknowledging that Fiona Macleod, in interpretating the almost inexpressible moods of his own personality, finds an echo, not only in the heart of an ancient people but also in the soul of all peoples of the Western world. Our life from day to day covers and hides, suppresses or diverts the emotions they lived openly, yet the emotion is there. Unexpressed, almost unfelt by consciousness, yet we also have, as deeply, as really as they, joy and sorrow, love and anger, the courage of fighting, the bitterness of defeat and the glory of conquering.

Even as they, we too feel the mystery of life and its end, the inexplicable mystery which inspires by turn resignation or anguish, which comes in upon us everywhere, every day, while we strive with the clamour and haste of our life to push it away into a wider circle. Yet at times a man looks away from the world to the circling gloom, and when he looks back again on his own people he sees them always against this background. It intensifies their joy but also their sorrow. It ennobles life but makes it also a thing of the moment, a possession of which the tenure is so uncertain that it might seem of no value. Yet a man strong of heart and spirit, seeing this, rejoices that it is so, and holding on high the golden chalice of life, drains together the bitter and the sweet.

This is the fatalism of the Celts, probably a courage born of the bitter ages, probably inherent in the Celtic temperament, a fearlessness that faces unflinchingly the ironical destiny of man. Religions washed up against this life and took its form—Celt, Druid, Christian—but its life is the same, its essential meaning unchanged. Strangely compounded of primitive thought which is ignobly criticised as Paganism; of a temperament brooding over centuries of war and conquest; a sympathy for Nature such as is found in no other people; and a world religion of consolation and mystery half suiting the inherent tendency. It is this life which Fiona Macleod has so exquisitely sketched.

It is a difficult thing to do, to put the heart of a people into a book, to express its soul in sound and colour and word. Yet this is what art has to do. This is what Fiona Macleod has tried to do, and reading his books, one cannot but be profoundly impressed by a spirit and temperament different from that of the present but deeply thoughtful of the unchanging, elemental mysteries.

When William Sharp, the man of letters, saw this vision clearly he became "Fiona Macleod," and his literary reputation as William Sharp has been lost in the interest, the discussion, the criticism and appreciation aroused by the Celtic poetry and and tales of Fiona Macleod. So different indeed was this work from his acknowledged writings that at his death he was considered to have had a dual personality. Mrs. Sharp even advances this idea, which appears unnecessary if one considers all the work in orderly evolution. The two mental worlds in which he lived existed side by side, merging one into the other. Nay, the one, superficial as it may seem in comparison, must have offered, more deeply to him than appears in those early writings, the same problems as the later. But in his interpretation of Celtic life he found a field which suited his genius and temperament. Without a doubt, it offered also a freer scope for an imagination that sought extraordinary emotion and symbols of mystery.

Fiona Macleod affects one at first like all great artists—the impulse is to quote, to let the books speak for themselves. As they are now issued in revised edition, his work includes sketches of Gaelic life from primitive times to our own day. We see the past in the present, the present in the past. "It is of least moment," he said, "what is in the tale: it is of the moment what atmosphere of ideal beauty has remained with it out of the mind of the dreamer who shaped it, out of the love of generations for whom it has been full of a perpetual sweet newness as of summer-dawn, for whom it has been as fresh as moon-dew glistensing on banks of thyme along old grassy ways." But, while this is true, he has freed himself from many limitations by being able to isolate completely this life of which he writes.

It is worthy of note that the style shows marked improvement from the first editions to the last. There is a perfection in these which the early ones lack. With his subject matter he could easily have fallen into the grave fault of affectation. His sincerity and earnestness saved him from this, but anything that savoured of mannerism in his early work has disappeared in the polished form. As one reads one cannot but feel that this art, conscious as it was at first, became easier for the later books, a joy to the writer himself as to us today. The language is music. The sentences are always effective. The choice of simple words combined to form a strange atmosphere and compel admiration for him as an artist in language alone. There is a special vocabulary, not of dialect words only but of English words in daily use; a list could be made if one were so ruthlessly analytical of the words and expressions which especially are distinctive of these books. It is unforgettable, this art of Fiona Macleod's. It is, however, not merely art which we recognise in these books, but a dream of loveliness, beauty and truth.

The stories are old and modern, of Celtic times, Viking, Christian, and the present. The influence of each shows distinctly in the life of the time and in the succeeding generations. But the dominating themes are the same in every age—life and love and death.

"The great winding sheets that bury all things in oblivion are two: Love, that makes oblivious of life; and, Death, that obliterates Love."

And always the scenes are painted against the sky and sea, in the colour and light and sound of nature, of which our life is but a part.

The purely pagan tales have a joyousness and fearlessness and a freedom from soul struggle that seems to come with Christianity. In *Deirdrê*, an old Celtic story retold, sorrow is not pain, while joy becomes something almost supernatural. It has none of the savagery of the stories of Viking times, nor the bitter poignancy of the stories of soul-struggle. In these we see the truth of the Christian religion as it appeared in the West in the dawn of history, the secret of its appeal and consolation in all the centuries. It is remarkable that the conflict here between Christianity and paganism is not as brutal nor as savage as in Continental Europe. The legend of Saint Bride is exquisitely illustrative of this, while Cathal of the Woods shows the virility with which the surging blood of the old instincts threw aside the shielding severities of the new religion.

"Destiny" is the master word of the men and women of whom Fiona Macleod has written. They live as Fate directs their living:

"None knoweth a better thing than this:
The Sword, Love, Song, Honour, Sleep.
None knoweth a surer thing than this:
Birth, Sorrow, Pain, Weariness, Death."

They met the good things with joy, the sure things with an endurance and courage which robbed them of their terror.

It is perhaps in expressing love, its moods and influence, that Fiona Mac-

leod is almost unique, certainly most original and most prolific. Without doubt it is this emotion which dominates the lives of the people of whom he writes—a natural dominion usually, and beautiful but sometimes tragic in its course and influence. "Pharais" and "The Mountain Lovers," his two first books, are of bitter unassuaged love, cursed and doomed, and of joy ending in the grave; yet the lovers had committed no wrong. The influences of the past and present overcame their strength, then came weariness and death. Disharmony as poignant as this faces all—in poetry, in story, in science and history. It is a problem for all—Celt and Saxon and Latin, ancient and modern.

Bound up in his portrayal of love are his pictures of women, drawn so perfectly that his delineation of men becomes in comparison of less interest. The exquisite delicacy of his life of Sainte Bride, her beauty and tenderness and devotion, cannot be described. But his studies of pagan women are more striking than those of modern times. This is probably due to their naturally different character. *Deirdrê* will endure forever in memory as a picture of perfect womanhood, while the barbarian *Morna*, laughing at the crucified Christians, *Ahez*, and the cruel *Scathach* stamp themselves indelibly on the mind.

The story of *Ulad* and *Fand* and that of *Isla* and *Eilidh* penetrate the heart of love to the soul of life. Each is entirely different, but the lesson is unmistakable.

Ulad the poet-king made *Fand* from a mass of white blossoms, then sought to find in her as a woman a soul that would mate with his. She was silent in her refusal. Then he begged her for her love, praising her beauty. She came to him laughing, promising him enduring love.

"'Ay,' he said, looking beyond her, 'if I feed thee and call thee my woman and find pleasure in thee and give thee my manhood.'

"'And what wouldst thou else, O Ulad?'

"'I am called Ulad the loney,' he answered: this, and no more."

Then by his power, leaving *Fand* a scattered heap of white blossoms, he expressed the insufficiency of this love:

"'O woman that would not come to me, when I called out of that within me which is I myself, farewell.'"

Isla and *Eilidh* show the ideal to which modern thought tends and express in a symbolic way the immortality of the race and the influence of the individual extending after death. *Isla* slain, sees after death his son, who is to inherit his genius and carry on his life.

"'Isla shall never die,' whispered the child, 'for Edilidh loved him and I am Isla and Eilidh.'"

The story concludes

"But are they gone, these twain who loved with deathless love? Or is this a dream that I have dreamed?

"Afar in an island-sanctuary that I shall not see again, where the wind chants the blind oblivious rune of Time, I have heard the grasses whisper: Time never was, Time is not."

In the book of poems, "From the Hills of Dream," is a most remarkable poem, "The Rune of Women." It is a poem of such power, such poignancy and bitterness that one hesitates at an analysis. As an interpretation it has never been surpassed. To soften the harshness of its truth one can say that it is an expression of an age-long war and sorrow now passing over into a saner, happier life, the thought of which concludes the romance, "Green Fire."

"We speak of Mother Nature, but we do not discern the living truth behind our words. How few of us have the vision of this great brooding Mother, whose garment is the earth and sea, whose head is pillowed among the stars: she who, with death and sleep as her familiar shapes, soothes and rests all the weariness of the world, from the wandering leaf to the beating pulse, from the brief span of a human heart to the furrowing of granite brows by the uninterrupted sun, the hounds of rain and wind, and the untrammeled airs of heaven.

"Not cruel, relentless, impotently anarchic, chaotically potent, this Mater Genetrix. We see her thus, who are flying threads in

the boom she weaves. But she is patient, abiding, certain, inviolate, and silent ever. It is only when we come to this vision of her whom we call Isis, or Hera, or Orehil, or one of a hundred other names, our unknown Earth-Mother, that men and women will know each other aright, and go hand in hand along the road of life, without striving to crush, to subdue, to usurp, to retaliate, to separate."

The human race is thus identified with nature, becomes a part of nature, and we realise the intimate association of natural beauty, awe and mystery with the beauty, and happiness, the awfulness and mystery, of human life. "That we are intimately at one with nature is a cosmic truth we are all slowly approaching. Truly we are all one. It is a common tongue we speak, though the wave has its own whisper, and the wind its own sigh, and the lip of man its word, and the heart of woman its silence."

Every page of Fiona Macleod's work is crossed by some exquisite glimpse of nature, yet the description of the natural is always a part of the narrative and closely connected with the mood of the character. In "Green Fire" the poet-astronomer watched the nightly procession of the stars:

"With him, the peopled solitude of night was a concourse of confirming voices. He did not dread the silence of the stars, the cold remoteness of the stellar fire. . . . In the vast majestic order of that nocturnal march, that diurnal retreat, he had learned the law of the whirling leaf and the falling star, of the slow- æon-delayed comet and of the slower wane of solar fires. Looking with visionary eyes into that congregation of stars, he realised, not the littleness of the human dream but its divine impulsion."

This intimate oneness with nature even translates human feeling into natural images as where a brilliant metaphor strikes one with the vividness of an actual scene:

"The exultant Celtic joy stood over against the brooding Celtic shadow, and believed the lances of the sunlight could keep at bay all the battalions of gloom."

It is an interesting point to notice in this connection that while sounds, lights and colours are brought to us with the vividness of reality, and fragrance is mentioned occasionally, yet nothing is characterised by its touch or feeling quality. It is this which gives a peculiar brightness, delicacy, and gracefulness to the description of persons and of nature. Merely as a descriptive touch, could the art of this be surpassed:

"I could hear nothing but the soft, swift slipping feet of the wind among the rocks and grass and a noise of the tide crawling up from a shore hidden behind crags."

Even his hope of success as an artist of life Fiona Macleod has expressed in a nature picture:

"A handful of pine-seed will cover mountains with the green majesty of forest, and so I too will set my face to the wind and throw my handful of seed on high."

They who are tired of life deserve death. They who die who are not tired desire immortality. The hope of both lies in God. So many-sided, so universal, is the Celtic thought of death.

The old man says:

"I the shadow am that seeks the darkness,
Age, that hath the face of Night unstarred and moonless,
Age, that doth extinguish star and planet,
Moon and sun and all the fiery worlds,
Give me now thy darkness and thy silence."

But what bitterness is like the bitterness of early death?

"Green wind from the green-gold branches,
what is the song you bring?
What are all songs to me now, who no more care to sing?
Deep in the heart of summer, sweet is life to me still,
But my life is a lonely hunter that hunts on a lonely hill.
Green is that hill and lonely, set far in a shadowy place;
White is the hunter's quarry, a lost-loved human face;
O hunting heart, shall you find it, with arrow of failing breath,
Lead o'er the green hill lonely by the shadowy hound of Death?".

At the conclusion of "The Divine Adventure" there is the most intimate and profound contemplation of death and immortality:

"When, tired, I lay down the pen, and with it the last of mortal uses, it will be to face the glory of a new day. I have no fear. I shall not leave all I have loved, for I have that in me which binds me to this beautiful world, for another life at least,

it may be for many lives. And that within me which dreamed and hoped shall now more gladly and wonderfully dream, and hope, and seek, and know, and see ever deeper and further into the mystery of beauty and truth. And that within me, which *knew*, now *knows*. In the deepest sense there is no spiritual dream that is not true, no hope that shall for ever go famished, no tears that shall not be gathered into the brooding skies of compassion, to fall again in healing dews.

"Once more, beyond the fuchsia-bushes, the sea sighs, as it feels the long shore with a continuous foamless wave. In the little room below, the lamp is lit; for the glow falls warmly upon the gravel path, shell-bordered, and upon the tufted mignonette, sea-pinks, and feathery southernwood. The sound of hushed voices rise. And now the end is come. I have no fear. And so, farewell."

Such is Fiona Macleod's interpretation of life, the Celtic spirit, nature, and the end of the soul of man. But, after reading it, one's question is the same as before: How will it appeal to Canadian thought? Frankly, one hesitates.

A man of Anglo-Saxon temperament shrinks from laying bare in art the wounds of life, preferring rather that they should be calloused, covered, ignored. But behind differences of temperament, of race, and time, there are fundamental questions which Fiona Macleod has fearlessly dealt with and which we also have to meet. Our religions and philosophies are made up, consciously or unconsciously, of just these insistent questions and vague answers which never satisfy. But Fiona Macleod is touched with the Celtic spirit of mysticism and with practical, clear-cut minds, this prevents appreciation of the essential truths of his philosophy.

Even between materialism and mysticism in the last analysis there is no difference. They are one in their hopelessness. Each formulates the despair of human thought over human life. One man says: "The anguish of the fear of death to my love is more than I can bear. The soul of love is immortal." It is the poignant cry of one self against the destiny, slow-moving but sure, that grants to each one a moment before the light fails. Another man, tortured, dulls the pain thus: "Our life is of the moment, then ends. Let us

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live while we live." The pain is the same for each—for each the long silence and loneliness, the ignorance and blind hope. So, in the end, do mysticism and materialism and all such words become sounds, sounds only, from the wearied heart of man.

Probably some day—nay, surely—science and knowledge and philosophy will make our life safe and happy, with a minimum of pain. But that day is not yet. Still we are, in Fiona Macleod's phrase, "That bitter clan called the human," and while we are so, we are glad of a master's books that set an ideal of enduring joy and sustaining fearlessness even to death, which is rest.

"For the genius of the Celtic race stands out now with averted torch, and the light of it is a glory before the eyes, and the flame of it is blown into the hearts of the stronger people."

The WAY of LETTERS

IT is a dull month just now that does not record the publication of a new book on Canada. One of the latest in this connection is entitled "The Golden Land," by Harold Copping. It is a "true story of British settlers in Canada." We believe that it is true, and, while it does not comprehend the whole story of British settlers in this country, it is a spicy, observant, faithful account of what one man encountered in the course of an earnest endeavour to experience all that the average emigrant from the British Isles undergoes from the time of his embarkation at Liverpool until his final disposition in the Canadian West. This book is interesting to Canadians, because it gives the impressions of one who as journalist has been trained to receive impressions in an open and unbiased manner. It is doubly interesting to the one who intends to emigrate, but it not only gives him a most entertaining account of what one is likely to encounter, but it offers as well much inoffensive advice and suggestion. The author is enthusiastic over the prospects of settlement in Canada, but he is not extravagant, and there is every evidence that he has gone about with his eyes and ears open and made honest effort to get at the truth, with the result that the book will serve as an incitement to many Old Country lads to make their way to this land of opportunity. Great praise is given to the work done by the Government in looking to the needs and comfort of prospective settlers and in assisting to locate intelligently. Naturally, a writer coming from England to Canada will wish to make comparison, and Mr. Copping frequently indulges this wish. For instance, he says:

"Social conditions in Canada are, in truth, a delightful burlesque of those in England. In my native land one has to plead and wait and scheme for opportunities to earn small wages. But I had not been an hour on Canadian soil before there came a tempting financial offer for my services as a house decorator. And this was but the first of many unsought opportunities to engage in remunerative toil. True, no one stopped me in the street and offered to hire me as a journalist or author; but at any moment I could have got my three dollars a day if only in response to eager solicitation. I would turn over a new leaf and become a railroad navvy or farm hand."

The author was accompanied in his travels by his artist brother, Harold Copping. Twenty-four full-page illustrations in colours, the work of the brother, add greatly to the attractiveness of the book. These drawings are almost as realistic as photographs, while they have the added merit of colour. (London: Hodder & Stough-

ton. Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

WHEN Agnes and Egerton Castle set out to write a romance they usually succeed in adding to the gaiety of nations. It is more than a decade since the appearance of "The Pride of Jennico," and, following that initial success, there has been a widening stream of Castle stories, until the public looks for an annual output of fiction by these happy collaborators. Once upon a time they wrote a novel that was both sordid and dismal; but, as a golden rule, their novels are sunshiny and fragrant. "If Youth But Knew" and "Rose of the World," to say nothing of "The Star Dreamer," are stories with the scent of old-world gardens.

Their latest novel, "Panther's Club," if not quite so good as the three books just named, has sufficient sparkle to distinguish it from most of the popular romances. The "Panther" is a prima donna, "La Marmora," with a dash of cayenne in her hair, and more than a sprinkling of that fiery matter in her temperament. She stamps and shrieks, on the slightest provocation, and possesses neither manners, morals, nor a sense of humour. Her shrewish antics become rather tiresome before the end of the story; but her career has so disastrous a termination that she probably serves the useful purpose of an "awful warning." Her daughter, *Fifi,* is a charming and dainty young girl, who has inherited from her mother nothing more dangerous nor undesirable than physical loveliness, and who has an innate delicacy which keeps her aloof from the sordidness of "La Marmora's" adventures. The redeeming power of love for their radiant girl, on the world-wearied *Lord Desmond Brooke,* is convincingly portrayed and the conventional conclusion is happily reached.

The story is extremely modern in its setting and style, and gives one a vivid impression of London's ultra-smart and semi-artistic circle. There is more than one character to be remembered—old *Fritz* and *Cassandra, Lady Sturminster,* being more poignant that either hero or heroine. *Cassandra's* brave mask of comedy for a life's tragedy has a quaint bravery, which gives her a place among the author's most notable dames. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

"THE ANDERSONS," by S. MacNaughtan, is a delightful study of Scottish character which displays the diverting as well as the dour aspects of the true Caledonian. For an afternoon of quiet chuckles you cannot get anything better than "The Andersons." Of course, there is pathos, too, for no Scottish romance is complete without a touch of tears. There is also an heiress of wonderful beauty who sweeps the timid suitor off his feet, only to make him fall at hers. The most unforgettable character in the chronicle, however, is the determined spinster, who supports the theories of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's "Superman" by pursuing the man of her choice with relentless stubbornness, until——. But we shall not spoil the story for such as enjoy a chase. (Toronto: Copp, Clark and Company).

*

WATERED literature, like watered stock, covers a lot of paper, but is not worth much. Mr. S. R. Crockett has been diluting his output very liberally of late years, and the result is disheartening to the reader. When one compares "Love in Pernicketty Town" (or any of the author's last half-dozen novels) with "The Raiders" or "The Lilac Sunbonnet"—but if one is wise one will not compare. "Love in Pernicketty

Town" reminds us irresistibly of that classic line, "The time has come, the walrus said, to talk of many things!" In fact, a more curious literary mixture one could seldom come across. "Hash" is a word which applies itself naturally to the result—but hash with a necessary flavour lacking—perhaps Mr. Crockett forgot the salt! The ordinary constituents of Mr. Crockett's fiction are all there—the gossips, the kirk, the learned doctor, the pretty tease, the low-comedy serving maid, with her many lovers; the motherly landlady, the interesting (and conceited) young man; but added to these we have an hypnotic revivalist who is really quite shocking! Unfortunately, this revivalist is not a good mixer. His atmosphere and Mr. Crockett's atmosphere refuse to mingle. He is so outside the picture that it is impossible to believe in his reality. We are told that *Jan* who is on the verge of falling in love with the interesting young man, is taken captive by the mesmeric force of this revivalist. Having one wife already, he cannot marry her, and she is saved from running away with him only by the old ruse of a substituted letter. He goes alone, or, rather, with his proper wife, but distance does not dissipate the enchantment and in the end poor *Jan* loses not her honour but her life. Her death occurs at the same moment as that of the evangelist. This ought to be impressive, but the incident is not well managed and the effect is lost. It is melodrama ill-staged and poorly acted. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

THERE can be no doubt from title or illustrated cover that "The Girl on the Other Seat," by Henry Kitchell Webster, is an automobile story. It is a great deal more than that, since, in addition to a trip of the hero and heroine, there is an automobile race, and the car itself enters as a character in the plot. *Tony Longstreet* is a gentleman professional, who has won the "Grand Prix" and a number of Vanderbilt cups with his ninety-horse-power car. *Clarissa Ellsworth* is another prize he wins with it; and this is the victory the story narrates in a most interesting way. The girl was worth winning, even if there was little new in her or her conquest. She is the type of much-loved heroine—innocent, frank, and an outdoor girl. He is just as ordinary a hero—big, strong, steady, stupid enough to make complications, and an outdoor man. She is rich and he, having invented an engine to use as substitute for gasoline, saves himself the humiliation of borrowing from her. The conversations are unusually well handled, and the author has grasped the wisdom of length to suit his theme, making the book a good one for summer reading. (Toronto; the Copp, Clark Company, Limited).

*

IN England family counts for everything when family means anything. With this fact in mind, John Galsworthy, whose novel, "Fraternity," earned for him a splendid reputation as a writer, conceived the basis for a romance that appeared recently as "The Patrician." The central story is that of a young statesman whose misfortune it is to fall in love with one of the tenants on the family estate—a beautiful young woman living quite alone, whose antecedents are obscure. It turns out that she is the wife of a clergyman from whom she is separated, but without divorce. Now for this young statesman, this representative of the patrician class, to marry the woman he loves, should she procure a divorce, is one of the things forbidden by the unwritten law, one of the things that his family would move heaven and earth to prevent. He may live with her, if he chooses, provided he does so quietly and with-

out scandal; that is nobody's business save their own. But marriage with a divorced woman happens to be one of the things forbidden. The story is worked out quietly and with Mr. Galsworthy's wonted refinement of art, to the logical conclusion of gray and quiet tragedy. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

HOW love of money becomes a corrupting evil in some otherwise admirable lives is the kernel of a new story by Thomas Dixon. Of course, it is a time-worn theme, but the author has introduced new and clever situations, and has constructed a strong and telling plot. *Nan*, the chief feminine character, is loved by two men, one the head of a powerful trust, who sacrifices everything in order to make money, the other a poor, but honest, lawyer. Although it seems as if the lawyer has obtained all that the girl at one time desired, she marries the man of money because the love of power and luxury has grown with her into a subduing passion. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

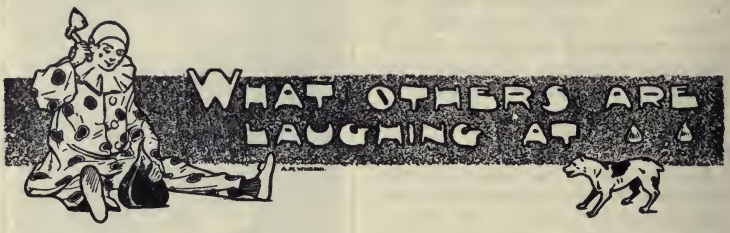
ELIZA CALVERT HALL has written another strong tale of "Kentucky." It comes in the form of a novelette, entitled "To Love and to Cherish." A young Kentucky mountaineer, who has become a judge and is offered the party nomination for the governorship, declines this hope which he has cherished for years because he feels that the simple sweetness and domesticity of his wife is not suited to the conventions of office. Rather than expose himself to the possibility of estrangement from his wife through the artificialities of position, he retires into private life,

MR. HULBERT FOOTNER, OF HAMILTON, ONTARIO, AUTHOR OF "TWO ON THE TRAIL"

blessed with his wife's love and the happiness of his home and children. It is a simple theme, and it is told in a simple, wholesome manner. (Boston: Little, Brown & Company).

*

WHETHER episodes dealing with the supernatural are true or not they are always interesting, particularly if the author avers that they are true. "Recollections of a Society Clairvoyant," an anonymous volume of recent publication, will scarcely be regarded as a scientific contribution to the literature of occultism, for the mere fact that it is anonymous detracts from its value as such. Nevertheless, to the person who is attracted by strange experiences and who likes to listen to those who claim to possess psychic powers this book will be read with avidity. (London: G. Bell & Sons).



Not Toothsome

The Porcupine has long been called the prospector's life saver, but here is what a prospector returned from Stewart has been telling a Victoria newspaper about the fretful little animal:

He's a beggar to cook. On my last trip I met a well-known old-timer, Tony Manaar. I asked him how to cook and eat the porkless porcupine. "Kill, skin, and boil it," said Tony, "throw the water away. Boil it again; throw the water away again. Then boil it a third time, and again throw the water away. Boil it a fourth time, and, if it still needs it, a fifth time. Then put it in your 'gold-pan,' carry it for about eight hundred feet from camp, and then—throw it away!" Sounds appetising, eh?—*Canadian Collier's.*

Football Enthusiast: "Pass out to the wing, mister! You'll never get it by him." —*Punch*

The Minute Man

Tommy—"My gran'pa wuz in th' Civil War, an' he lost a leg or a arm in every battle he fit in!"

Johnny—"Gee! How many battles was he in?"

Tommy—"About forty."—*Toledo Blade.*

*

A Little Outing

Bilter (at servants' agency)—"Have you got a cook who will go to the country?"

Manager (calling out to girls in next room)—"Is there any one here who would like to spend a day in the country?"—*Life.*

*

His Nerve

Assistant—"Mr. Grumbley writes: 'I don't see how you can have nerve to sell your worthless remedy for fifty cents a bottle.'"

Manager—"Well, strike out 'have nerve to' and 'worthless,' and put the letter in our testimonials.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

*

The Test

"Des yo' belieb dat Jim Johnson am really converted?"

"'Deed I does. I'se bin visitin' his house fo' de last free months, an' dey hasn't had a mouthful ob chicken."—*Christian Advocate.*

A Success

The Girl—"What's your opinion of women who imitate men?"

The Man—"They're idiots!"

The Girl—"Then the imitation is successful."—*Toledo Blade.*

*

A Poor Adviser

Skinflint—"I have no money, but I will give you a little advice."

Beggar—"Well, if yer hain't got no money yer advice can't be very valuable."—*Christian Advocate.*

*

Diplomatic

"Jinx lied to me yesterday in order to get off to go to the ball game. He said his wife's mother was dead."

"I think you are mistaken. I heard what he said."

"Then what was it?"

"He said he would like to attend his mother-in-law's funeral."—*Houston Post.*

*

Patience

"But it seems to take all your patients a long time to get well, doctor."

"Yes; but as soon as I begin to get a larger practice I can afford to let my patients get well quicker."—*Houston Post.*

*

Leaving Him at Sea

"Could you do something for a poor old sailor?" asked the seedy-looking wanderer at the gate.

"Poor old sailor?" echoed the lady at work at the tub.

"Yes'm, I follered the wotter for sixteen years."

"Well," said the woman, after a critical look, "you certainly don't look as if you ever caught up with it."

Then she resumed her labours.—*Ideas.*

Americans Abroad

A number of tourists were recently looking down the crater of Vesuvius. An American gentleman said to his companion:

"That looks a good deal like the infernal regions."

An English lady, overhearing the remark, said to another:

"Good gracious! How these Americans do travel."—*Lippincott's.*

*

Preferable

The old saw says: "Let a sleeping dog lie." Right. Still, when there is much at stake, it is better to get a newspaper to do it.—*The Lutheran.*

*

Not Then

"Do you think a memory for dates helps a man?"

"Sometimes," replied Farmer Corntassel. "But not when he is selling spring chickens."—*Washington Star.*

"Gosh Durn it! I'll learn to play this fool game if it takes the hull afternoon!" —*Life*

A Case of False Pretences

God made man upright, but he hath sought out many inventions. Among others one to cheat hens and flowers of their sleep. It is a cruel new kind of electric light which gives such a plausible imitation of daylight that indoor daffodils and other potted flowers can not close their eyes, but bloom themselves to death in short order. As for the rubber plant, it hasn't a chance to quit rubbering, and expires in spasms of nervous prostration. Placed in the poultry house, this dreadful light keeps the hens working night shifts, laying eggs until they are worn to a shadow. The fool hens never stop to think. The only redeeming feature about it is that it cuts light bills down two-thirds.—*Canadian Collier's.*

*

He Knew

"The Malays have a queer marriage custom," remarked the traveller. "The groom holds his nose against a small cylindrical object. I couldn't quite make out what it was——"

"A grindstone, probably," interposed Mr. Grouch.—*Kansas City Times.*

The National Anthem. —*Jugend* (Berlin)

The Champion

Irate Visitor—"I call this a downright fraud! You advertise on your bills, 'The Most Remarkable Dwarf in the World,' and he turns out to be five feet, five inches high."

Bland Showman—"Exactly so, sir. That's just what's so remarkable about him. He's the tallest dwarf on record."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

The Last Straw

Old Money (dying)—"I'm afraid I've been a brute to you sometimes, dear."

Young Wife—"Oh, never mind that, darling; I'll always remember how very kind you were when you left me."—*Sidney Bulletin.*

*

No Wonder

Mrs. Baye—"She is simply mad on the subject of germs, and sterilises or filters everything in the house."

"How does she get along with her family?"

"Oh, even her relations are strained."—*Tit-Bits.*

*

The Only Way Out

Peter (sent for the milk)—"Oh, mercy, I've drunk too much of it! What shall we do?"

Small Brother—"Easy. We'll drop the jug."—*Meggendorfer Blaetter.*

*

Nothing in It

"I regard conversation as a gift," remarked the studious woman.

"It usually is," replied Miss Cayenne. "If people had to pay for it there would be much less of it."—*Washington Star.*

*

A Triumph

"Was Helen's marriage a success?"

"Goodness, yes. Why, she is going to marry a nobleman on the alimony."—*Judge.*

AN INDIAN LAD

FROM THE PENCIL SKETCH BY FREDERICK S. CHALLENER, R.C.A.

THE

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CANADA NOT INDEPENDENT

A REPLY TO MR. JOHN S. EWART'S ARTICLE ENTITLED "CANADIAN INDEPENDENCE"

BY IRA A. MACKAY

PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT THE UNIVERSITY OF SASKATCHEWAN

IN an article which appears in the May number of *The Canadian Magazine* Mr. John S. Ewart contends that Canada is even now an independent kingdom. "Speaking politically," he says, "there is only one bond which binds Great Britain and Canada, namely, the King. The relationship of Canada to the United Kingdom is that of two nations with the same Sovereign. Canada is not a part of the British Empire any more than the United Kingdom is a part of the Canadian Empire." Canada and Great Britain are two independent Kingdoms under one Crown, with this difference only, that the Sovereign of Canada is an absentee.

These statements startle us, coming as they do from a student of constitutional subjects of the very highest rank. Is Mr. Ewart's article written seriously or in irony. If written in irony, it is, indeed, well-timed, for it is time, indeed, that Canada at least cease her high-swelling note of national independence and begin to turn her attention carefully and for some definite practical purpose upon the actual facts of her relations to Great Britain. It is just possible that these facts may disclose to us that our national pride is unjustifiable and that our position in the Empire is really much less honourable than we sometimes vainly imagine it to be. If, however, Mr. Ewart intends that we should understand his words literally, we cannot see our way clear to accept his argument as of any value. The contention that all political connection between Great Britain and Canada has been finally reduced to allegiance to the same King may be startling, but it is only startling because it is wholly untrue. Great Britain and Canada are still bound together by many ties. Some of these ties, indeed, are so elementary as to be scarcely worthy of citation. It is doubtful even if a single one of the old ties which existed, say, half a century ago is yet broken, except, possibly, that Canada's independent right to make her own customs laws is now fully admitted. Canada's chief executive officer, the Governor-General, is an appointee of the British Executive. Canada's final Court of Appeal in law is the

Privy Council, a court of British judges. Great Britain and Canada pay allegiance to a common flag, at once the emblem and the legal warrant of a British protectorate over Canada and of British rights on Canadian soil and in Canadian waters. Canada relies almost solely upon Great Britain for protection on land and sea. Canada is represented at the courts of foreign nations by British embassies. She exercises no separate voice in the framing of international laws either of peace or war. She is not recognised as an independent kingdom by a single foreign power; if she has reached her majority it certainly has not yet been acknowledged by a single foreign state. In all international relations, indeed, Canada is wholly devoid of the attribute of political independence. Internationally, Canada is still in the state of legal infancy. We should always keep in mind, too, that international relations are the only relations which make an independent nation. No amount of self-government in home or internal affairs can make an independent nation. If powers of internal self-government made a nation, then any chartered company which owned and occupied a plot of land might claim to be an independent nation. It is the acknowledged right to treat directly with other nations which makes a nation independent.

There is, as we have already suggested, only one important exception to the rule that Canada is not internationally independent, and that is her admitted right to make customs or fiscal treaties or pacts with other foreign nations. But these treaties are no longer supposed to affect the political status of nations. They are now, for the most part, regarded as economic or business pacts and not as political treaties. National rights are based more upon personal rights and rights of property than upon trade rights. Trading transactions are naturally of a private character, and, therefore, largely beyond the control of Governments. The British free trade system at least frankly acknowledges the futility of governmental interference with the natural course of trade and commerce. Primarily governments are not business or trading institutions. The primary objects of governments always have been to frame constitutions, to make laws, to provide for national defence, and to make wars upon and treaties of peace with other nations. Industry and commerce are merely secondary subjects of legislation, and the wisdom of direct governmental interference in these subjects is at best highly questionable. Mr. Ewart confesses that he does not apprehend that any danger of political annexation will emerge from the pending reciprocity pact with the United States; why then does he regard Canadian customs autonomy as any evidence of our political separation from Great Britain?

If Canada is not an independent state internationally, neither is she wholly independent even in purely home or domestic government. We owe Great Britain for our entire system of law. We inherit the Common or Case Law of England complete. Not a few statutes, too, of the British Parliament, as, for example, the Colonial Laws Validity Act, the Foreign Enlistment Act, and some phases of the Bankruptcy Acts, extend to the Colonies by express words or necessary intendment, affecting as they do the personal rights of Canadian citizens and even affecting property rights in Canadian soil. About a half a hundred other Imperial statutes of great importance, as, for example, the Statute of Frauds, the Statutes of Elizabeth, and the Habeas Corpus Acts, have been inherited by the Colonies, and of those statutes which remain there is scarcely one, even of those of most recent date, which has not been either

adopted or re-enacted by Canadian Parliaments. Most even of our Provincial statutes of importance are copied almost verbatim from Imperial acts. So far then as Imperial legislation and English law are applicable in any way to Canadian conditions Canada, in all her legislation, and in all the decisions of her courts, has been guided carefully by Great Britain, guided sometimes by constitutional necessity, sometimes by constitutional freedom, but always by a strong, if unexpressed, under-current of desire for that unity of law which in the long run is always the surest foundation for all political unity.

In the last paragraph we have mentioned some acts of the Imperial Parliament which expressly extend to the Colonies. Of these acts there is, as everyone knows, one act, The British North America Act, which is of supreme importance to Canada. This act is Canada's Charter or Letters Patents, received by *grant* from the Parliament of Great Britain. The act, however, is based solely upon the Colonial principle and operates clearly, therefore, as a legal admission by Canada of the colonial relationship. Any Canadian legislation inconsistent with the colonial relationship would be at once pronounced *ultra vires* and void alike by all British and Canadian courts. The terms of the act itself, moreover, are strictly binding upon Canada. The only method by which the act can be amended in the smallest particular is by a further act of the British Parliament. Under what circumstances the British Parliament would pass such amending act has never been as yet even remotely determined. Certainly, it would not be passed, for example, on a memorial supported by a bare majority vote in the Canadian House of Commons, nor even if supported by a unanimous vote of that House, if opposed by all the Provincial Legislatures. In any case the final and sovereign decision would rest with the mother parliament, and that decision would no doubt be freely acquiesced in by all Canadians as being not only the most patriotic, but also the most expedient, and the only legal method of settling the controversy. It still rests with the Imperial Parliament, therefore, to determine whether the Canadian constitution is to belong to the "rigid" or to the "flexible" type.

But if Canada cannot amend her own constitution, the Imperial Parliament can amend it at will, and solely of her own initiative, if she wishes. The Imperial Parliament is still sovereign over every acre of colonial soil. She has in no way divested herself of the slightest morsel of her ultimate sovereign power by granting the colonies their rights of self-government at home. The Imperial Parliament can pass legislation at any time affecting the minutest private or local interest on any part of colonial territory. She may pass legislation, for example, regulating the use of fire-escapes in the City of Saskatoon, confiscating a corner lot in the City of Winnipeg, or annulling the *ne temere* decree in the Province of Quebec. All this the Imperial Parliament can do, notwithstanding The British North America Act, if she wishes.

I have no desire to urge unduly, however, the argument in the last paragraph. The real question is not what the Imperial Parliament may do if she wishes, but what, in view of her past history, she is likely to do. Mr. Ewart, however, does not hesitate to use the argument to its full limit in urging what Canada may do. Indeed, the crux of his argument seems to be that Canada may do precisely as she wishes. This argument, however, is hopelessly wide of the mark. No one really disputes the statement that Canada may do as she wishes. She may declare her independence to-morrow if she

wishes. So may the State of Prussia, in the German Empire. So may even the State of New York, in the American Commonwealth. King George V. may throw the whole of Great Britain into war or revolution to-morrow if he wishes. A recalcitrant attitude on the Parliament Bill would probably, indeed, cause a revolution of some kind. Who can compel his hand to move if he refuse to move it himself in the required direction? It is even open to the humblest citizen of any state to break his legally binding contracts if he wishes. Even the Criminal Code does not bind a man against his will. The philosophy of the matter is elementary. The prerogative of free action, although sometimes attributed to nations, is ultimately vested in individuals alone. Nations have no freedom, while, on the other hand, no power in existence can compel an individual to do what he ultimately refuses to do. We prefer, however, to proceed on the assumption that men will keep their contracts and obey the law. Indeed, society could not exist on any other assumption. We prefer, therefore, in this matter of Canada's relation to Great Britain, to proceed on the assumption that Canada will honourably perform her obligations. The question again is not what Canada may do, but what in honour and in law she ought to do.

Mr. Ewart next discusses the relation of Canada to British wars. Here also he maintains that Canada has plainly asserted her independence of Great Britain. This contention he bases for the most part on certain declarations made by Canada and Australia at the Conference of 1902 and upon another declaration made by Sir Wilfrid Laurier in the Canadian House of Commons in 1910. By this latter declaration the Premier of Canada declared that we shall or shall not take part in British wars as we think proper. Both this declaration, however, and the argument which Mr. Ewart bases upon it, are also hopelessly wide of the mark. The mark is that we are already, by mere force of our colonial relationship, exposed to attack by the enemies of Great Britain. So long as we remain a British colony every acre of Canadian soil and every Canadian port is liable to be made a British battlefield. It is the very existence of the Colonies, indeed, and the prospect that they may eventually unite with the Motherland into a powerful federation which forms the chief provoking cause of jealousy felt towards Great Britain by other nations. The most probable cause of any attack which might be made upon Great Britain would be, therefore, to separate her and her colonies and thus prevent all possibility of this proud federation ever coming to maturity. In such a war, indeed, Canada would be especially interested. No one can look at the map, and, noting Canada's strategic position between two oceans, her vast territory and resources, and the almost unlimited opportunity she offers of British expansion, and not draw the conclusion that an attack upon Great Britain virtually means an attack upon the Anglo-Canadian union. Should war be made upon Great Britain now the first point of attack might well be the Port of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, the obvious purpose being to cut off Great Britain's food supply from Canada, to prevent her using Nova Scotian coaling stations, and to preclude any possible dispatch of ships, men, or arms from Canadian ports. If the seat of war were the Orient our Pacific ports would also be carefully watched by the enemy in order to prevent the transport of British troops over Canadian railways, a privilege which we cannot deny to Great Britain as long as her flag floats over Canadian soil. That our shores in any case would be grievously harassed by the enemy there can be little doubt. Imagine Canada, then, devoid as she is of men and ships, proclaiming her neutrality un-

der such circumstances! Is it not certain that we should be promptly informed by the enemy that we must decide at once between the alternatives of Empire or final and complete separation from the British Union? Should we not be justly informed that we must either pull down the British flag or be prepared to resist any attack which might be made upon it on Canadian territory? Should we not be justly told that it was not open to us to occupy the mean and equivocal position of claiming to be a colony of Great Britain protected by British power to-day and of being an independent Kingdom capable of defending ourselves to-morrow? Would this not certainly be the position which any hostile power would take and be amply justified in taking?

And then, again, what of the attitude of Great Britain herself towards the colonial relationship in time of war? If Great Britain decided to occupy Canadian ports or Canadian territory, or to transport men and arms over Canadian routes, how could Canada refuse her? Britain's legal right to do so is beyond the shadow of a doubt. Let us make no mistake! Times of war are very unlike times of peace. Under the stern storm and stress of war nations are usually forced to assert their legal rights. The very suggestion, however, that Canada would deny shelter and support to Great Britain in time of war is too unpatriotic to be even so much as mentioned. But we could not offer her shelter and support without *ipso facto* ourselves declaring war against the enemy. Then Canada is not independent of British wars.

As another argument in support of his general thesis, Mr. Ewart traverses once more the commonplace history that both British and Canadian representatives have sat in recent years on all Anglo-Canadian tribunals for the settlement of British disputes touching purely Canadian interests. He seems to assume that this history argues the gradual emergence of Canadian separation from Great Britain. This history appears to us, however, to argue directly against Mr. Ewart's contention. So far as we can see it only argues the admission of Canada to a greater measure of responsibility within the Empire, and not in any degree her separation from the Empire. Great Britain and Canada form but one party to the litigation. Indeed, in point of law, Great Britain herself is the only party and Canada is not internationally recognised in the proceedings in any way. From one point of view the controversy may appear to be of purely Canadian interest, but from another, it is primarily of British interest. If the dispute should fail of a peaceful settlement, then all the petty interests of Canada vanish almost completely before the prospect of a British war. The simple fact is that Canadian representatives are appointed to represent Great Britain and to cooperate with the British representatives because Canadians are more familiar with the facts and therefore in a better position to guard both British and Canadian interests and to ultimately arrive at a just and peaceful settlement.

There are many other bonds which bind Great Britain and Canada together in addition to those to which we have already referred. We are even bound to Great Britain fiscally. The British preference was certainly designed to encourage Anglo-Canadian trade, if, indeed, it was not primarily intended to be the first instalment of an all-British customs federation. We are bound, too, to Great Britain by a hundred thousand or more British settlers who come to our shores every year, and who still dream of the homeland. We are bound to Great Britain by common political liberties and common political ideals, as well as by the inexorable obligations of gratitude.

In view, then, of these many

bonds, it is surely absurd to maintain that Canada is an independent nation. Canada and Great Britain are really bound together at least in some measure by almost every tie which binds men to men and nation to nation. We are bound together by literature, history and law, by common liberties, common forms of government and common political ideals. Canada is not wholly independent fiscally, internationally or morally, or even executively and legislatively. There is not a single stratum in the whole pyramid of the Canadian constitution from apex to base where ties do not emerge which bind her to the Motherland. Some of these bonds may be stronger and some weaker, while some even may be almost invisible, but bonds they are, sanctioned by mutual usage and by mutual approval and consent. In the work of Empire some of these bonds may be destined to be broken, some to remain, some to be changed, and some to be strengthened, but to declare that they are even now all broken and repudiated is surely to use words and arguments in reckless disregard of truth.

The real confusion, however, in this whole matter seems to hang about our conception of colonial autonomy or freedom. Canada is exceedingly jealous of her autonomy. This problem of freedom or autonomy is, indeed, a confusing one to the human mind, both in political and individual ethics. The modern mind, for example, has always manifested a distinct tendency to confuse autonomy with independence or isolation. Autonomy is conceived as the state of being without bonds. If Canada were independent she would at least be free. This conception of freedom, however, is really the exact reverse of the truth. Paradoxical as it may seem to say so, the state of autonomy is always necessarily a state of bondage. The more numerous and far-reaching the bonds the wider and fuller the range of freedom. The bonds which bind us to our fellows are the only possible wires or transit lines along which the energies of free-will can be effectually exercised. "Man," says Aristotle, "is a political animal." He can only exist and exercise his freedom under the bondage of political conditions. Men can exercise their freedom only by making contracts with their fellows, and by being bound by them when they are made. The man who refuses to make or to perform his contracts or to pay his debts is not a free man; he is merely a self-created outlaw who has denied himself all the prerogatives of freedom. Upon this conception of freedom or autonomy rests, we need hardly add, the whole fabric of civil and political rights alike in communities, nations and empires. The only true path of political freedom is the path of organic political development.

This conception of freedom or autonomy, then, being admitted to be the true one, the sole question for the Canadian autonomist is whether Canada, as a political unit, is likely to enjoy a greater measure of such freedom within or without the Empire. *Prima facie* the presumption is always against and not in favor of separation. *Prima facie* separation means loss of opportunity and loss of opportunity loss of freedom. The only possible method of rebutting this presumption is by showing that the colonial tie is a means of political oppression in the Colonies. We doubt, however, if any thinking man could be found in Canada who would be willing to advance this argument seriously. Canada surely has no grievances worthy of mention. On the contrary, it is admitted almost everywhere that the British Empire is the freest political community in the world. Under no other political system are human liberties so free and human rights so sure. British citizenship enjoys a measure of civil and political relationship of wider range, richer content, and greater op-

portunity for future development than any other citizenship in the world. There is scarcely an important article of liberty, indeed, in the government of Europe and America which has not been copied to some extent from Great Britain. For Canada, then, to cut adrift from this abounding source of original, civil and political freedom is certainly not the path of safety. For Canada to declare her independence, and thus at least to lessen in some measure the relationship which binds her to British liberties, traditions and political ideals, would certainly mean a very sensible diminution of personal liberty and personal richness of sentiment, character and citizenship for every Canadian citizen. It is probable, indeed, that history has never offered to any people a political ideal of such splendid opportunities for free development as the ideal of a united British Federation of freenations. Walter Pater says, in "Marius, the Epicurean," "The mere sense of belonging to a system —an Imperial system or organisation—has in itself the expanding power of a great experience," and he might have added that this power is itself nothing else than the expansive power of human freedom. Such an ideal is too attractive to minds of vision to easily pass away.

This problem of Canadian autonomy seems, however, to be of peculiar interest to some of the people of the French race in the Province of Quebec. Fortunately, however, the British Empire is not founded upon race. This is not to be an Anglo-Saxon, but a British Empire. Ethnologically, perhaps, the French people of Quebec are nearer the original British blend than any other race in the Empire. The Empire will, therefore, be theirs in a peculiar sense. Even Great Britain herself is not one race, but two or many races. It is not many years since France and Scotland were allies making war upon their Anglo-Saxon neighbours, and this friendship is not even yet forgotten. No true Imperialist can cavil for a moment with French sentiment. The French people of Quebec cherish their language, their religion and their race. They would be ingrates if they did not. All British people respect this sentiment in others as they cherish it in themselves. It is by cherishing, and not repressing, such noble sentiments, indeed, that nations and empires become vital and strong. The British Federation is designed solely as a political union, in which all races who dwell within its borders, and who are capable of self-government, will enjoy the very maximum of personal and political freedom consistent with Christian morals. Indeed, perhaps, the very finest result of such a union will be the final breaking down of that race prejudice which has been the cause of so much jealousy and war in the past, for we are to be not merely a British Union, but also a Christian Union. We propose to adopt British forms of government only because they are everywhere acknowledged to be the freest and the best, and because most of us have been living under them already for a century or more, and, perhaps, we may add, indeed, that this is the only sense in which the Empire can be called British at all. We have no quarrel with the Nationalist propaganda so far as it is designed to foster French sentiment, but where we do question it is at the point where it struggles to enlist that sentiment in the interests of a narrow and restricted Canadian sectionalism.

What then can Canada do? Possibly Mr. Ewart, like many others, thinks that we should formally declare Canadian independence and then allow the Empire to survive under the form of a merely sentimental alliance. Unfortunately, however, this theory is based upon an impossible philosophy similar to the theory which confuses autonomy and independence, to which we have already

referred. A little elementary political psychology at once betrays the error. Sentiment *qua* sentiment is merely a subjective feeling. In itself sentiment is wholly worthless for political and social aims. The only real value of sentiment consists in its vitalising effect upon reason and conduct. No human institution really begins to exist until it has emerged in some measure at least from the sentimental stage. We can no more form an Empire from sentiment alone than we can form a joint stock company or a hospital board from sentiment alone. No amount of mere desire or greed for gain can organise a merger and charity does not consist of drivelling tears of sympathy. Unless political sentiment emerges into political organisation and action it is worthless. A merely sentimental alliance is only an empty pretence. A sentimental alliance existing merely at will, and, therefore, binding to-day and not binding to-morrow, is simply not an alliance at all. Some form of binding agreement is the very first possible step in the formation even of an alliance; indeed, on our part we fail to see in what respect an alliance is any less binding than a constitution. To put the matter in a few words: there are only three alternatives open to an alliance founded on sentiment: it may continue to do nothing and to say nothing; it may find expression in constant verbal protestations of sympathy and patriotic gratitude, or it may find expression in some form of practical organisation. The first alternative has no real existence, except, perhaps, in the case of rejected lovers; the second is palaver; the third is the true path of nature and of duty.

There is one thing, however, we can do. We can stop the flow of tiresome jingo Canadianism. The claim by the Colonies, for example, of political equality with Great Britain in the Empire of sister states, so often heard at Imperial Conferences, and admitted, indeed, in so kindly a way by the Motherland, is really most absurdly untrue to facts. Canada is but seven millions of people, Great Britain fifty millions; Canadian history is measured by decades, British history by centuries. Great Britain has never been behind the other nations in art, literature, science, and invention; Canada has not even one name of international reputation to offer to any of these essential departments of civilisation. Great Britain has been offering precedents in forms of law and government to the world for a thousand years; Canada, as yet, has shown no marked genius for originality in methods of government; indeed, as we have already said, even most of our local and private statute laws are copied almost verbatim from British legislation. Canada has no international status, Great Britain has laid the foundations of the greatest and freest Empire in history. Canada is contributing nothing to the work of Empire, Great Britain bears the whole burden. In view of these facts then, is it not clear that our present measure of privilege and freedom is abundantly adequate to our present importance? Until we really take part in the actual work of Empire we have no right to claim a voice in the councils of the Empire. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's luke-warm attitude towards this year's Conference, if true, would be entirely wholesome. The Canadian Government has nothing to offer and the old protestations of fidelity and gratitude to the Motherland are becoming rather tiresome. The time has come to do.

SAINTS AND SMUGGLERS

CORNWALL FROM SALTASH TO THE LIZARD

BY H. M. CLARK

Photographs by the Author

CORNISH CROSS

CORNWALL, the "Delectable Duchy," the County of Saints and Smugglers, should be entered by its ancient gateway — Saltash. Brunel's great railway bridge, spanning the beautiful Tamar, links Devon with Cornwall, and from it you have a wonderful view—the hills of Devon and Cornwall outstretched on either side and the river so far below that *Dreadnoughts* look like canoes. But if you cross this boundary line by boat, and if luck sends you a Saltash boatman, you will have an equally picturesque, but more intimate, introduction to Cornwall. For Saltash—unimposing, bescoffed but ancient Saltash—is the true gateway of Cornwall.

We passed among the great battleships lying off Devonport dockyard and crossed the bows of two torpedo-boat-destroyers.

"Thirty knots?" I queried.

"Yes—that and more," answered my boatman. "They build them faster and faster every year, same with the passenger boats. Far back as 1886 I heard the great Beecher in Brooklyn Tabernacle say, 'the day will come when I shall be able to preach here to-day and in Wesley's Chapel in the City Road, London, next Sunday.'" Cornishmen, like all Scotchmen, are great wanderers.

The landing slip at Saltash is shadowed by the piers of the railway bridge. Only since 1859 has this highway connected the country west of Tamar with the rest of the United Kingdom. Before that year the ferry was the sole link. Think of the isolation of Cornwall in those days! Small wonder that the Cornishman journeying to Devonshire talks of "going to England" and that he defines the Englishman as "a foreigner."

"Would you call me a foreigner?" I inquired of my boatman.

"If I was to put across to Devon they would call me a foreigner, wouldn't they?"

Saltash is a town with a past.

"Saltash was a borough town
When Plymouth was a fuzzy down."

To-day the position is reversed, and though the days of importance are long gone, the glory of Saltash has not entirely departed, for the picturesqueness which tempted Turner still lingers in her narrow streets. The road from the ferry permits of wheeled traffic, but in the lower town you may, with arms outstretched, touch the houses on both sides of the streets.

Through the low archways and side turnings you have delightful peeps of narrow streets ending in the river, fishermen busy with nets, or a waggoner and his team waiting for the ferry. Climb the steep main street

SALTASH

'THE PICTURES QUENESS WHICH TEMPTED TURNER STILL LINGERS IN ITS NARROW STREETS"

past the old "Cockle Shop" and you are soon a hundred feet above the river. The houses become more modern as you ascend, until at the crest of the hill, some bear a date so recent as 1800. There, turning through the gate, you strike into a meadow and stand entranced at the beauty of the landscape. The wide estuary of the Tamar, outspread like a lake of Italian blue, is fringed with velvety fields and beautiful wooded slopes, and from a mass of green foliage springs the square stone tower of Landulph Church. In the distance the hedged hills fade into the soft blue line of more distant Dartmoor and over a blue sky the white clouds drift slowly.

At a thatched cottage, boasting a garden of many colours, the good woman gave me a meal. Superstition dies hard in the West Country for on the wall among the pictures hung a discoloured piece of bread.

"Yes, it's bread," she said, in response to my question. "Bread baked last Good Friday—it hangs there the year round. It's not for anyone particular. It's good if anything ails the cattle or the family. We mixed a little up in a warm mash for the cow when she was sick."

Twilight brought train-time and an August moon nearing the full. A train is a commonplace, but the Tamar by moonlight is an event. Lingeringly, I left the woods of Warleigh and pulled slowly down stream. Mysterious shadows haunted the banks, no breath of air stirred the leaves, and the water, silvered by the moon, mirrored the still graces of the trees. The whole countryside was a fairyland, so beautiful as to seem unreal.

Westward from Saltash the road shows mile after mile of rolling moorland, golden with gorse in springtime, and purple when the heather blooms. Here and there you see the old mule tracks, which, stretching silently across the moor, were the highways of Cornwall before the

roads were built—for little more than one hundred years ago freight in Cornwall was carried by packmen, with their mule trains—and soon you pass the Well of Saint Clear, a "hold the reins." The Cornish youth, of course, have no faith in such fancies, yet, on the wedding day, each of the contracting parties solemnly endeavours to be first at the

"AT LOOE YOU HAVE AN IMPRESSION OF SOME SOUTHERN LAND

Cornish Saint. At one time saints in Cornwall must have been as numerous as sinners elsewhere. One wonders where they all came from. Local tradition states that they came from Ireland, sailing across the Irish channel to Cornwall on blocks of stone. Be that as it may, you will esteem their memory for the cool, crystal wells which they founded, and for the wayside crosses which you see on the high road, "where prayers may be made and travellers take some rest."

Swinging south towards the sea you pass the Well of Saint Keyne, the waters of which possess a peculiar interest for bridal couples, for the one who shall first drink thereof after the wedding will henceforth well. And here the landscape begins to change, tender Devon gives place to Cornwall, stern and rugged on the moors, exotic—almost tropical—in the valleys.

From the many-arched stone bridge at Looe you have an impression of some southern land—strong sunlight and shadows, gabled stone houses—terraced gardens of myrtles and hydrangeas and hills so steep as to seem mountains. In the narrow streets you stumble against stone staircases, which are placed outside the small dwellings, and soon you reach the reading-room. Against its walls is set up the ancient pillory. Within the room hangs this cryptic notice:

"Gentlemen learning to read will

kindly use yesterday's newspaper."

Deep-coloured stone and quaint architecture group invitingly, and, sketchbook in hand, you seek the most picturesque "bit," but the houses frame a glimpse of golden sands and blue sea, and the beach claims you for a perfect swim.

POLPERRO WAS "PECULIARLY ADAPTED FOR SMUGGLING"

It was shorter to ferry from the "Ship" Inn to West Looe. A youth in seafaring garb, to whom I queried "Ferry?" replied:

"I pullth my vorlock tu'ee, but I'll be dalled—I've agot the dibs sure enough without aferryin' to-night."

He displayed a handful of pennies. acquired, his companion explained, in the regatta.

Leaving the port the path runs over the circling hills, but the heat of the day is passed and you climb steadily till, mid-way, you turn to the view. West Looe lies beneath you, showing but gabled roofs and the decks of fishing boats. Across the river, the terraces of East Looe are slowly losing the sun and, northward, the river vanishes between billowing green slopes that sink into the distant haze. The summit reveals the ocean—gray rocks and gorse are bathed in golden sunshine and the lightest breath of a breeze plays on the water. After the steep climb it is good to lie and watch the patches of ruffled surface drifting over the sea, the fishing boats asleep at anchor and the blaze of summer to the horizon.

But the sun dips low and Polperro must be reached in daylight; so you shoulder your knapsack and step out, your path on the edge of the cliff and the sea breeze murmuring in your ear. Tradition tells of a well-worn, sheltered trail between Looe and Pol-

perro, along which, on dark nights, the smugglers hurried their contraband-laden mules. Perhaps it still exists, but though your thoughts may revert to the smugglers, no desire to seek their trail tempts you to leave a path twixt sea and sky.

With sheer delight you approach Polperro—the steep, rocky bluffs break off and suddenly you come upon a narrow cleft in the cliffs. Nothing is visible but apple-trees and a rushing stream that sings down the narrowest of valleys—until a bend in the road shows a huddled group of small stone houses. Through a labyrinth of winding, stone-paved alleys you reach a miniature harbour circling the little fishing fleet. The pier leaves but a narrow entrance and, in times of storm, even this is completely closed by means of wooden beams. The winter gales take their toll on this rough coast, and there is hardly a family that has not lost some relative at sea. A custom, sad as it is quaint, corrects children for bringing a loaf to table the cut side downwards—"it looks so like a boat bottom up."

With difficulty you realise that this sleepy, picturesque spot was once a hot-bed of smuggling. As the local historian quaintly remarks, "the deep sea cleft was peculiarly adapted for smuggling." All were interested in the traffic, the men built and sailed the swift luggers and the women and children assisted in the disposal of contraband when a "run of goods" was made. And, since honest men thought it no sin to cheat the revenue, the minister usually held the lantern. You may still see the places where the kegs disappeared, unexpected openings in the walls of the

FIFTEENTH CENTURY ARCHITECTURE AT FOWEY

harbour, to enter which in a boat at high tide you must bend your head. Your cupboards may have false backs, and your rooms false floors—in Polperro.

farm-house and cottage could tell of contraband, and every village of French raids. Outwardly the Cornishman has become modernised in places, but his thoughts and actions

FISH PACKING YARD AT CADGWITH

Those who seek to prove that Cornishmen were not smugglers may perhaps pause when they see a china jug bearing on one side a lugger under full sail—on the other side a mule with two kegs lashed to the saddle-pack, and on the front the words:

"Success to our trade,
William Quiller."

Fowey lies seven good miles of winding road from Polperro and, as you leave the valley, the westerly wind that whips the white horses is against you. But the taste of sea-salt on your lips, the brilliant sunshine and the life-compelling air make easy walking. Wild country is this Cornish upland, where every

are still governed by the traditions of a dead past.

A horse-shoe over a stable door attracted my attention and of the stableman I asked:—

"What's that for?"

"That's to keep out witches."

"But, even if there were witches nowadays how could they hurt you?"

Slowly I drew it from him. You might find that your horses were "overlooked." Perhaps you yourself might suffer from the effects of the "evil eye." One can be "overlooked" in the twentieth century—in Cornwall—and the remedy is to discover the witch and prick her with a needle or pin until blood is drawn. He instanced an acquaintance, one

CORNWALL TYPES

Ninnis, to whom had befallen a long series of lamentable occurrences "till he raped old mother Tapp's arm with a great rusty nail two or three times till the blood flowed, and she can't hurt him again."

A more healthy atmosphere of tradition envelops Fowey, which you see lying in a valley more beautiful even than those you have left. Through the sweet-smelling woodland the road winds until you come upon a full view of the hill-circled haven. Past neat, whitewashed cottages, with gardens of stocks and roses, you descend to the ferry, and as you cross Fowey River the breeze carries whiffs of sea-salt and tar. From your hotel on the steep bank you look down on the picturesque harbour, guarded by crumbling twin towers. A chain stretched between these towers barred entrance at night in the old fighting days. Think of it! In the eleventh century, Fowey was equipping the Crusaders for their long voyage to the Holy Land! To-day, though boatmen and boats are invitingly ready to take one fishing or sailing, the port does not live by visitors alone. The export of china-clay is a flourishing industry, and in the zig-zag streets you see "men of all the ports" from the vessels loading in the harbour.

The houses in the old port have a fine disregard for roads and stone dwellings boldly project midway into the street, while the buildings that fringe the harbour overhang the water, and one readily believes the story that a lady was disturbed at her toilet by the yard-arm of a ship entering her bedroom.

An atmosphere of immemorial shipping pervades the town, as you may observe in the nomenclature of the inns. Here you see, of course, "The Ship," and nearby "The Lugger Inn," "The Noah's Ark," and, further, "The Sailor's Return," and as you walk slowly on past mediæval porches and shady archways, with steep stone steps leading to blue water, you see the queer little Custom House, immortalised by the popular novelist of this "Troy Town," and higher still the castellated towers of Place House, the home of the Treffry family.

Place House figured in many of the raids on Fowey. In 1457 the French landed soldiers and seamen, who burnt one-half of the houses to the ground, and slew all whom they found. Some escaped the massacre by fleeing to the hill country, but the stoutest men, under John Treffry, and a half or more centuries ago.

From the time-worn quay a burly, good-natured boatman takes you around the old harbour and lingeringly you explore the many creeks. Each his its smugglers' caves and a wealth of romance and tradition. But even Fowey must be left, and, mur-

AT PORTHOUSTOC

LIFEBOAT INVERTED TO SERVE AS ROOF FOR DWELLING

Esquire, fortified themselves in his new-built house of Place, and, defending it throughout the night, compelled the French to retire.

No doubt such raids as these were provoked, and no doubt the Cornishmen, in vengeance, fired many a French town. But on this hot and peaceful afternoon, hearing only the rustling of the trees and the sound of sheep cropping, you gaze at the distant tower and think of the stout ancestor and his stalwart men who, high above the smoking town, fought through that night of terror four

muring with Shelley, that you "would fain stay here forever," you take your departure from this most beautiful of harbours.

If you would know for a leisurely journey the perfection of travelling you will let your boatman row you on the flowing tide to Lostwithiel. The oars lie on the water and you drift smoothly past the deep woods and hillside villages which flank the lovely river until the countryside levels out into the meadows of the most beautiful inland part of Cornwall. Too soon you see the spire

of Lostwithiel Church, which Cromwell's prayerful soldiery turned into a stable, and at the font of which they christened a horse by the name of "Charles." In the straggling churchyard may be found, graven on a tombstone, this quaint epitaph:

"Here lies the landlord of the Lion,
He's buried here in hope of Zion.
His wife, resigned to Heaven's will,
Carries on the business still."

Equally practical is the signboard of the inn:

Town Arms Inn,

Lostwithiel.

"Since man to man has been unjust,
I do not know what man to trust,
I have trusted many to my sorrow,
So pay to-day and trust to-morrow.
"J Stevens, Landlord, (1832)."

Beyond being Cornwall's half-way house and possessing the newest of English Anglican Cathedrals, Truro makes little claim on your attention. The Cathedral, closely hemmed in by humble dwellings like some French Abbey, is very new. The exterior, though lacking the delicate beauty of the old Gothic, is graceful, coldly graceful, in its lines. But the fresh brightness of the interior, with its jewel-like baptistry, is linked to the past by a fragment of the sixteenth-century church embodied in the south wall.

A narrow river, crossed by picturesque little bridges, winds through the town, which, like most Cornish towns, reveals strange contrasts. Within a hundred yards of the stately Cathedral you read, above the little store of a general merchant:

"Bibles, Bellows and Boots, Godly Bukes and
Grinding Stones, Trousers, Testaments and Tea Kettles,
Everything bought and sold here except Treacle,
Best prices given for Whalebone Staze."

Passing beyond the river you see an ingot of tin—prepared as ingots were prepared for export two thousand years ago—and, meditating on the age of this Cornish industry, you await the little steamboat.

But, if you quickly exhaust the charms of Truro, the river journey to Falmouth will make amends. The low green banks rise as the dazzling white towers of the Cathedral recede, and at a curve of the river the blue water becomes darker with the colour of thick woods which clothe the banks. High on the hill, you see a stately stone residence, and beneath, a hedge-lined road breaks through the dense trees, which grudgingly yield space for the ferryman's cottage. The blended shades of fairy green grow bolder as you run into the open waters of Falmouth harbour and watch the late sun silhouetting the slopes of the rambling town. And night, too, is beautiful, a long harmony of stars, and the lights of countless shipping twinkling in the purple-shadowed water.

"The greatest smuggling port in the Kingdom," said my old boatman, indicating Falmouth, with a wave of the hand. He spoke with pride. "Always has been, always will be. Many's the keg of brandy my father landed—and grandfather before him—and many's the gallon of gin my mother smuggled ashore under the noses of the revenue men."

"Your mother? How?"

"Why in bladders, fastened inside her skirts."

"But, surely," I ventured, "there's no more smuggling nowadays?"

"Oh! the Customs boats can't see everything that goes on on a dark night."

Across the river we pulled in alongside the pier. Sadly I parted from the boatman with the smuggling ancestry. No laments had he for the good old days of the "trade." Perhaps he, too, lands "many a keg."

As you move south on the Lizard Peninsula pleasant trees and friendly hedges leave you, changing to mighty rocks and summer sea. The cliffs of this treacherous coast form a picture of rare beauty, and contrast strange-

ly with the scattered traces of wrecks. Near the Manacles, a liner's steel lifeboat serves as the water tank of a house, and in the next cove another ship's lifeboat inverted, forms the roof of a cottage. You listen to chill tales of wrecks on dark nights—the men working with the lifeboat, the women with fires and blankets, and above, in the Church of St. Keverne, with the white sea mist swirling through the porches, you read in granite and brass the records of the wrecks of a hundred years. But the sun breaks through, lighting the high road and showing a short cut across country. You skirt the wonderful fields south of St. Keverne—sixty bushels of wheat to the acre is the rule, and barley, sown and reaped in nine or ten weeks, gives seventy-five!

It is not good to cut across country. Those Cornish hedges! Steepest and most prickly of all hedges! The highway was a comforting sight and we sat on the gate smoking our pipes and extracting thorns. The old farmer was interested:

"Them's only thorns," he said—"there's no snakes here."

"What do you do in case of a snake-bite?" I asked.

"Some folks say a charm."

"What kind of charm?"

"Depends on the kind of snake."

"Well, for the bite of an adder?"

"In case of adder bite they say "Bradgty — Bradgty — Bradgty" three times before eight, eight before seven, seven before six, six before five, five before four, four before three, three before two, two before one, and one before every one."

"Every one what?"

"Oi don't know."

The Lizard road lay white in the sun. Now this road is excellent, but summer's afternoons and fresh breezes are made for sailing. The little "quaypont," safest of sailing boats, dips past the Manacles, a group of treacherous rocks, grim-looking and cruel even in the mellow sunlight, and skirts the gray crags of a picturesque coast, which teems with stories of smuggling and wrecking. Some will tell you that these stories are not true. Our boatman was a Cornishman. He should know.

"Did they smuggle?" said he, echoing the question. "You see that bit of a place? Two hundred and eighteen ankers of brandy they landed in one cargo."

"Proustock's" handful of thatched cottages looked innocent enough in the summer sunshine.

"Did they go wrecking?" he continued. "Many's the ship they brought ashore at night by driving a cow along the cliffs with a lamp on its tail. Why! the children used to finish their prayers, "Good-night, daddy, good-night, mammy, God send a ship ashore before morning."

When a wreck came, "one and all" worked to remove everything of value from ship and crew. As with smuggling, many excellent men saw no harm in the practice. Indeed, when the door of a certain church opened during divine service to the cry, "A wreck! A wreck!" the minister exhorted his congregation to start fair—by waiting for him to remove his surplice.

Between the high cliffs of Cadgwith Cove the boat is beached, and, quite by accident, the coastguard watches you land. Slowly you wander among the net-hung walls and sweet-scented gardens, peeping into packing yards and seeing natural pillars of solid rock, lobster pots and boats and more nets. The charm of this little village holds you, and you linger among the thatched cottages, or on the steep, overhanging cliffs till the sun sinks, painting a last splendour on the drifted clouds in the south-east. Lizard town lies but a mile distant, but you set out hurriedly for your path lies "on the tops of the hedges" and it seems well to pass before daylight vanishes. The stone Cornish "hedge" is high and broad and on the top a strip of thick, grassy turf is worn by a de-

lightful foot-path which follows the windings of the hedge between the harvested fields. In deep twilight you step from the hedge-path into the most southerly town in England. Lizard town in the dusk is not unlovely; the evening hush is on land and sea, and you hear the pulsing of a liner's engine as her lights go by "like a grand hotel," and on the cliff you watch the rays from the light-house piercing the horizon twenty-three miles distant.

If you would taste in one brief day the sheer delight of living, you will leave the Lizard by the coast-guard path and walk on the steep cliff's edge to Kynance. The pearl-gray sea-fog that dims the view slowly dissolves as you leave the point, revealing the rocky cliffs, and the carpet of green grass is splashed with white and purple heather. The colours dance in the sunshine and the perfume mingles with the salt smell of the sea. From meadows of sweet clover you gaze on towering black-scarred crags, against which the breaker's churn, whilst the whitewashed stones which mark your path lead to the cliff that shelters Kynance.

Only at low water may you see the full beauties of Kynance Cove, but the tide is on the ebb and willingly you wait, watching the distant shipping and the changing colours of sea and rock. Then, clambering down the narrow gorge, its steep sides bright with golden gorse, you cross the little stream in its bed of polished stones. The cove is full of delights—a bathe among green rocks in clear green water, sea-lit caves of serpentine stone, fire-shot and gleaming with green and purple, and, seaward, the most beautiful rocks and colours in Cornwall.

You lie on the slope of a crag breathing the beauty of this exquisite spot. With high noon passed, the wind has dropped and the ocean has lost its turmoil. The sea is the deepest blue, save where blue waves meet emerald rock and foam into white, and, even as you watch, white clouds throw tremulous lights, paling the blue and changing emerald to opal. Beneath you, faint blue ripplings streak the surface of the stream and silver splashes the golden sands. And about you are the cliffs, many-hued, and melting into distant sky, and the lazy wind and the sleeping sea.

A CITY OF DREAMS

BY LOUISE HAYTER BIRCHALL

"LONDON is such an inexhaustible subject of study, so vast a field of observation," says the guide book, that to attempt to write of it in a descriptive sense in a short sketch would be as unsatisfactory as it would be tedious. Besides, descriptions, I am told, do not make good reading upon the whole. Hence I can, perforce, only seek to treat the subject of the Empire's Metropolis in such a way as to recall to those happy mortals who have been at some time sensible of its thrill and its thrall, hours of past delights, and to stir the imagination of others who have yet to put themselves in the way of realising the same.

London is a Dream City and a City of Dreams. It is also a place in a thousand and a thousand places in one. It is at once so simple and so complex. If you take it as the former, there seems nothing to say about it; it is all so obvious. If you take it as the latter where are you to begin?

The London of to-day is not the London of ten years ago, nay even of five or two years ago. The transportation system alone has taken, and is taking, on so many changes annually that Londoners who are absent for a year have to be directed on their return. The extension of the numerous underground railways to suburban districts is going on all the time. The taxicabs to the number of thousands are an introduction of the last two years, as are also the motor 'buses, and it takes no vivid imagination to realise the almost entire elimination of the hansom cab and the horse 'bus—two institutions that have contributed more to the characteristic appearance of London traffic than anything else—in another two years. Simple as is the transportation system in vogue to-day when once understood, it is the most baffling problem, the most elusive nightmare, at first. To be at Euston, for instance, and to want to get to West Brompton, or to be at Oxford Circus and to want to get to Highbury—! Oh, well—! I remember finding myself in the Fulham Road a few days after my arrival, my mind in a state of confusion, which left me with a sense of every idea, my very consciousness itself slipping from me. With a sort of mental gasp I seemed to clutch in vague terror the two facts of my name and the place I wished to get to, and these I kept repeating over and over until I was able at last to find a policeman. It sounded funny enough to relate upon returning to my hospice later on. I look back upon it now with amazement and amusement. But it was not a pleasant experience all the same, and it certainly sobered me in my predisposition to treat the matter of getting about in London lightly. Furthermore, it taught me to treasure a letter I had received a few days previously on landing at Liverpool, less as a joke than as a curiosity, the same consisting of two sheets of note paper, six pages of which were closely covered with minute instructions of what to do upon reaching London

and how to get to a certain house in Putney.

And yet—and yet—every man and woman must pay tribute to the prodigious fascination of London and London life before he or she has been twenty-four hours in its grime and smoke. I did Fulham Road notwithstanding.

A thousand places in one! Therein lies the secret of its power to charm and hold the interest of individuals as wide apart as the poles in taste and sympathy. Once upon landing in New York from England I ran into some shipmates in the hotel quite accidentally inside of eight hours of bidding them farewell on the dock. They were English and were going on next day, so they were occupying themselves in the interim with seeing New York. They asked what I recommended, and I mentioned several things—Wall Street, Trinity Church, Brooklyn Bridge, Broadway, Central Park, and the Metropolitan Museum of Arts. To each they answered, "We have seen that." I found myself about to suggest St. Patrick's Cathedral, when it occurred to me that to an Englishman trained to the appreciation of an historical value in the lines of every arch or the carving on every entrance, St. Patrick's scarcely justified a visit, except as to a church built entirely of white marble. In a final diminuendo of suggestion I named the theatres. It appeared that at that time there was nothing worth while on that had not already been produced and seen in London. That incident brought home to me more than anything else how small a modicum of novelty any one city in any part of the world can provide for the wayfarer, as compared with the Imperial Capital.

To the mere tourist, "the least interesting of God's creatures," the very outer husks are nibbled with a peculiar relish. These outer husks, listed in all guide books as "sights," keep him going for a week or two, or perhaps three, when he tears himself away, grumbling at an itinerary which allots so little time to London. He leaves with a confused sense of delight in the nation's historical monuments, its architectural and art treasures, the theatres, Clubland, and the parks, in the glimpse he may perhaps have obtained of Royalty, or the vision of the residences of the nobility and aristocracy, as seen from the top of a coach, a real wonder at the traffic and its management, and a personal gratitude to that "splendid force—the police," the first quotation to come to a tourist astray in London. If he has happened to lose anything during those days of sight seeing, perhaps his most lasting impression will be that left by what he has been able to see of the system in operation at Scotland Yard, which presides over this force. I had occasion to go there to look for a lost umbrella once and I shall never forget my surprise and amusement to find myself directed through labyrinths of passages by huge printed signs of lost umbrellas. When I at last arrived at a large room I found a number of others in the same plight, all bent on the same object. Two sides of the room were shelved off and divided into compartments, one wall being labelled "umbrellas" and the other "walking sticks." Several constables in a sort of undress uniform were in charge. One addressed me politely, asking if it was an umbrella I had lost and when.

"Any of these three shelves," he said, tacitly giving me permission to look for my own amongst the hundreds. Groups of shelves above and below and on either side represented the losses of other days, and I am sure there were not less than two hundred in each space. If not claimed inside a week the contents are removed to some other place. As I went over and over the three rows, looking for my quite ordinary and not entirely new article, I found three or four exactly like it—only

that mine happened to have a repaired handle, which probably I alone could distinguish—but, alas, not my own. From the same group one lady drew out a jewelled-handled sunshade while I hunted, another a plain *en tout cas,* and a gentleman found his handsome gold-handled umbrella. The simplicity with which the identification was managed afforded me a subject for reflection as I walked home, which compensated me for my personal disappointment. The attendant opened a large book, after examining the label on each claimed article, found the entry, and put several questions to the claimant. If his answers as to where and when it was lost tallied with the record of where and when found, as in each case it did, identification was considered to be established. He was asked to put a value upon it, and one-eighth of this was charged, to be given as a reward to the cabman, 'bus-driver, or whoever had turned it in. Even so are those who serve the public encouraged to be honest by the authorities.

So much for the tourist. For the instinctive traveller, the cosmopolite. what opportunities does not London afford for study, diversion, and amusement in a sojourn which embraces, say, the four seasons of the year. It is not necessary that his term of residence should include a national disaster such as the death of King Edward, with its resultant train of brilliant pageants, its general mourning and utter desolation, to force upon him the human, vital and personal side of the great metropolis, but if it should so happen his knowledge of his fellow-men will be the profounder for it; he will feel in heart and soul henceforth and forever an integral part of the place, in whatsoever corner of the globe his material body may linger.

Circumstances forced me into a life of some excitement in London during the first months of this year, but I could have led the most peacefully romantic or romantically peaceful existence browsing amongst its antiquities just as easily. Nobody bothers you, and nobody bothers about you unless you wish, and if you wish they bother prodigiously and most kindly and hospitably, everyone you meet—given you have the right introductions. You may go out into the streets in a straw hat in winter, or in a fur coat in summer; you may paint your nose green or your hair purple; a man may wear a suit of violet cloth (as I saw one the other day), or envelop himself in a Mephistophelean circular cloak (as I saw one on the platform at Earl's Court), or go without a hat all the days of his life (as one does in the hotel where I am staying), or take a penny bun out of a paper bag and eat it (as I saw one in an underground carriage do one day), but no one will bother about him. Even if they did notice him, a Londoner carries with him so perfect an air of naturalness and self-confidence in performing any or all of these, to us eccentricities, that he disarms criticism, baffles curiosity.

The fact that the traffic is seventy-five per cent. greater in the west end of London from May 1st is of far less moment to the cosmopolite than that he can stroll into the Savoy, Ritz, Carlton, Café Royal, or Jules any night, and for the price of a dinner amuse himself with watching the elegantly turned-out, brilliantly-jewelled, so-called smart women and their juvenile escorts, in many cases young enough to be their sons; or that he may follow at first hand criminal cases and legal battles of such world-wide interest as the Druce case, the Crippen murder, or the Black Pearl Swindle. All of these occurred and were heard to a finish in London inside a period of seven months. That of Miss Arabella Kenealy against Lord Northcliffe, as proprietor of *The Daily Mail,* of a more local interest, was read quite as widely throughout the British

Isles, every word of its highly-amusing evidence having been printed in full in the daily papers for over a week. Of the three cases cited, perhaps that of the Black Pearl Swindle was least generally known, because disposed of in one short paragraph, yet it presented features that might have advertised it widely, since it was so curiously manipulated that the law could not lay hold of the perpetrators. It originated in the purchase of a black pearl by a gentleman representing himself as a wealthy American and staying at one of the best hotels. He explained he was about to be married and wished for something unique to present to his fiancée as an engagement ring. Ten thousand pounds was the price of the jewel and he handed out the money unhesitatingly. At the end of six months he paid a second visit to the jeweller, explained that he had just returned from his honeymoon in Italy, and that his wife had a fancy for a pair of earrings instead of the ring. He instructed the head of the firm to obtain a mate for the one he had, if possible, at no matter what price. This the jeweller immediately set about doing, sending notices to Paris and Berlin, as well as communicating with all the big firms in London, and asking to be informed of any black pearls that might have come into the market. After a lapse of weeks a representative of an Amsterdam firm called upon him, bringing a flawless black pearl for sale, the exact counterpart in size of the other. He asked £17,000 for it, but after considerable parleying he agreed to accept £15,000, and the transaction was closed. When, however, the jeweller sent word to his customer he had vanished and he realised that he had bought back his own pearl at an advance of £5,000.

My own first definite thought about London was of its many-sidedness, and observation and reflections made possible by a six months' residence have convinced me that herein lies the explanation of the spell it casts over all sorts and conditions of people. The infinite variety even of what meets the eye in its labyrinth of streets pricks the curiosity and bids one investigate and ever investigate. I have got off an omnibus and have even paid a return visit to a neighborhood to look into something I have seen in passing. Why is Park Lane more attractive than Fifth Avenue? Is it not that each house therein bears the mark of an individual idea of beauty and convenience? And if this is true of the outside, which is reckoned with in relation to a whole scheme, how much more is it so of the interior of even quite ordinary dwelling-houses, where personal taste alone need count? And as with houses, so with everything that goes to make up a household. I have seen a curious looking private vehicle driven about in the streets of London during the season by a coachman, immaculately liveried, wearing a military or naval cockade. It consists of the body of an ordinary closed brougham on four wheels without a coachman's seat in front. Instead the horse is driven from a boxlike erection behind, like the hansom cab, and the invention obviously represents one person's idea of pleasure in an unobstructed view, and of perfect safety. I have also seen a coachman and footman on the box of an ordinary brougham, the body of which was turned back to front in such wise that those inside could only see the receding view. Here again is the evidence of courageous individual taste, for no carriage-maker is to be found who would construct such a grotesque vehicle for ordinary sale.

I wonder if there was ever a man or woman who has once lived in London but who has regarded himself as an exile if circumstances have thrust him into the outer world. How easily one seems to come into touch with the intimate lives and personalities of all

the people who count in history, in fiction or in the modern world! A walk in Wimpole Street instantly brings before you the eager figure of the lover Browning, hurrying, bouquet in hand, to his shy and delicate invalid; or, astray in Baker Street you pause to try and recollect its connection with some person or thing in your mind, until suddenly you see the well-known untidy figure of Sherlock Holmes glide swiftly and furtively up the steps of a house, produce a latchkey and enter. Or, again, in the east end you live over every word you have read of Dickens. The things you look down upon from the top of an omnibus, the fast-disappearing old eating-houses in Fleet Street, the club life of Piccadilly, hotel life, social life, each presents a phase of existence as diverting as it is distinctively Londonesque. You may wrangle with an ultra-Radical over toasted cheese or beefsteak pie at the Cheshire Cheese, sitting in the same seat that Dr. Johnson used; or cross swords with a Tariff Reformer over a cigarette in the Lyceum Club lounge, or you may sit down at the electrophone with a number of people after a dinner-party and listen to an opera performance miles away; and each of these persons and their environment will represent something as different from the other as all are from the tail-coated, brass-buttoned, top-hatted and be-waistcoated old messengers in the city and the business that keeps them hurrying from one office to another.

Only the Londoner himself takes London all for granted. The born traveller never exhauts its mines of intellectual stimulus. To him it is always the City of Dreams.

POPE'S FOLLY, THE SMALL ISLAND ON THE RIGHT

FOR MANY YEARS THIS WAS DISPUTED TERRITORY BETWEEN CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES

POPE'S FOLLY

BY A. WYLIE MAHON

SAM SLICK says that with the Nova Scotians of his day every sizable hill was a mountain, and Trevelyan in his life of Lord Macaulay tells how his hero when a child called a little hill where he played "the Alps" and a wee hillock "Mount Sinai." Great Britain and the United States have manifested this tendency of children, and some children of a larger growth, to exaggerate in dealing with Pope's Folly, the rock of contention in Passamaquoddy Bay, which they have dignified with the name of island.

It has taken a good deal more than a hundred years to fix completely the boundary line between the State of Maine and the Province of New Brunswick. Pope's Folly, the Island without a country — no-man's-land—was the last territory in dispute. The Commission, consisting of Ambassador Bryce and Secretary Knox, has now decided that this island belongs to the United States.

The Commission appointed by the terms of the Treaty of Ghent in 1814 to settle the international boundary line through Passamaquoddy Bay made the following report: "Commission appointed by virtue of the fourth article of the Treaty of Ghent have attended to the duties assigned them and have decided that Moose Island, Dudley Island, and Frederic Island, in the Bay of Passamaquoddy do each of them belong to the United States of America, and that all the other islands in the bay of Passamaquoddy do each of them belong to his Britannic Majesty, in conformity with the true intent of the second article of the Treaty of Paris of 1783."

The three islands mentioned as belonging to the United States are now called Moose, Allen, and Treat. Pope's Folly, which is not mentioned by the Commissioners in their report, probably because they thought that it was not worth mentioning, or perhaps because it had no name to mention, would according to a literal interpre-

tation of the wording of the Treaty be grouped with the unnamed islands which were declared to belong to Great Britain; but the little islet, the rock of contention, is so near to the American shore that the most loyal Canadian, as he views the situation, cannot wonder that Ambassador Bryce and

PRESIDENT TAFT AT TODD'S HEAD, THE MOST EASTERLY POINT IN THE UNITED STATES

Secretary Knox awarded it to the United States. The only wonder is that anybody ever took enough interest in this worthless bit of rock to put two great nations to the trouble of settling such a dispute.

Great interest was taken this year in the work of the Commission on both sides of the internatonal boundary line. A few days before the result was made public an American paper said: "It is not expected that any serious complications will follow, no matter which Government gets the island, but the final decision will be eagerly watched for and a flag-raising will probably take place as soon as it is known to which country Pope's Folly belongs. Passamaquoddy Bay must be a place of leisure, or the people must be island-fiends, if anybody would go to the trouble of a flag-raising on such a poor worthless spot."

The little rocky islet, which is crowned with a thick scrub growth of spruce, is situated between Lubec on the American side of Passamaquoddy Bay and Campobello on the Canadian side. If it is a worthless bit of rock, it is a picturesque bit, and contributes somewhat to the charm of one of the most beautiful spots that the eye of man ever rested upon This is the scene of Mr. William Hope's "Eastport," a beautiful picture which is now in possession of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, and which has greatly enhanced the reputation of this well-known Canadian artist.

No wonder De Monts and Champlain, as they sailed amongst these beautiful islands, through this enchanted region, during the summer of 1604, felt that their willing souls would gladly stay in such a land as this, and sing themselves away to everlasting bliss. During the winter of that year, when, as Champlain tells us, the cold was so intense that they sold cider by the pound, the souls of these brave French explorers learned another tune. They preferred to sing themselves away to Port Royal as soon as the spring opened.

There are two or three different legends as to how this little islet got its name, one of which has an interesting touch of romance about it. Pope was

an old bachelor woman-hater, who in his younger and more susceptible days had been jilted by a fair heart-breaker. In order to escape from the wiles and witcheries of the female sirens he took up his abode on this lonely island. For some time all went well. He built himself a cabin and lived a kind of Robinson Crusoe life. He found some consolation in what the wild waves were saying. Every wave as it dashed itself against the rock-bound coast must have proclaimed in language which poor Pope could not fail to understand that it too had been jilted.

One day a boat containing a poor forlorn woman—a widow—was driven upon this rocky shore. Some versions of the legend aver that she allowed herself to drift upon the rock, but this is evidently a corruption of the story by one who was not a man, but only a miserable male. But however that may be, the lone bachelor flew to the rescue of the lone widow. His heart went out to her in her distress. The widow also lost her heart in saving Pope from his now famous folly.

THE MOOSE THAT PAID A VISIT TO POPE'S FOLLY

This is a romantic explanation of the origin of the name of this little island. The higher critics would no doubt dub this story a myth and relegate it to the Apocrypha, but it is no more improbable than the common explanation that this man Pope, during the war of 1812, established a trading-post there and lost all.

Shortly after Pope's Folly had become American territory the President of the United States visited Eastport. Some Canadian wag reported that Mr. Taft had come to take possession of his newly-acquired territory. The only way in which he could

take possession of it in person was to enlarge the island or curtail the President. Neither of these schemes being immediately feasible, Mr. Taft landed at Todd's Head, the most easterly point of the United States, and looking out upon the newly-acquired island, proclaimed it American territory.

Whether President Taft's object in visiting Passamaquoddy Bay was to take possession of Pope's Folly or not, his visit was a happy one both for Americans and Canadians. In his public address he said: "You are close enough to Canada to know Canadians and to value them as neighbours. Canada is a great country—we are just beginning to learn how great a country it is. We have reached a time when neither ought to be envious of the other, but each ought to be convinced that the more prosperous the one is the more likely the other is to be prosperous, and that the growth of trade of one means the growth of the trade of the other. It is pleasant to see that all the controversies between Great Britain and the United States, which in the past have been many, are now settled or are in course of settlement by arbitration, and that this is the first time in the history of the two countries when that could be said."

The President came, he saw Pope's Folly, he conquered all hearts, American and Canadian, and he went away carrying a case of sardines, if we are to believe a picture in a Boston paper.

A few days before Mr. Taft arrived, a moose, stealing a march—or rather a swim—on the President, tried to take possession of Pope's Folly. It was thought to be a Canadian moose from Campobello whose righteous indignation had been aroused by the action of Ambassador Bryce in giving the island to the United States, and whose manifest intention was to keep the President from effecting a landing; but the island proved to be too cabined, cribbed, confined for this lordly denizen of the forest. He is said to have made two unsuccessful attempts to jump over the island before taking again to the water. He then made at once for Eastport, as if looking for new worlds to conquer, and landed at Todd's Head, just where the President a few days later had his picture taken. The moose also had his picture taken and both are now encircling the globe on picture post-cards.

A narrow channel separates Pope's Folly from Campobello, an island of unrivalled beauty, which has become a most popular summer resort, with its fashionable hostelries, cozy villages, winding tree-shaded roadways, handsome summer cottages, and enchanting glimpses of Passamaquoddy Bay on the one side and the Bay of Fundy on the other.

The picturesque headland of Campobello, which juts out towards Pope's Folly, is called Friar's Head from its supposed resemblance to the head of a monk. The emphasis in the preceding sentence falls on the word *supposed*. It looks about as much like a monk as the constellation Leo looks like a lion. The early settlers of this region were of a deeply religious bent which enabled them to see in almost every rock some Christian symbol. On Grand Manan, which lies a little distance off from Campobello, out in the Bay of Fundy, there is a rock which is called the Bishop, and another the Southern Cross.

Just across the Bay from Pope's Folly, in full view, is Indian Island. This "sea-nymph of the bay," as it has been called, has a most interesting history. It was the burying-ground of the Passamaquoddy Indians. It was to them a sacred place, to which they carried their dead. They could find no more beautiful spot from which to start their dead on their long voyage to the Islands of the Blessed, the Land of the Hereafter.

Here the first Englishman in these parts made his home and established

FRIAR'S HEAD, CAMPOBELLO, NEW BRUNSWICK.

a trading-post, to which the Indians came from far and near to exchange their furs for the fire-water which made them so warm inside that they could dance and whoop in all kinds of weather. This trading-post developed into a flourishing business place for traders from the West Indies.

It was to this island that during the American Revolutionary War an American colonel sent a company of Indians to make the leading business man of the place declare his love for George Washington. The red invaders were driven so precipitously from the island that they realised that this white man had no love for them whatever he might have for Washington.

It was here that the Fenians in 1866 captured the British flag, which waved over the custom house. The flag was sent to the Head-Centre office, New York, as the first flag taken on the field of battle. A few nights later they made another night attack upon Indian Island and burned four stores. These night attacks awakened intense excitement throughout the whole Province of New Brunswick. Troops and volunteers poured into all the border towns, and, British war-ships arriving, the Fenians folded their tents and silently stole away.

For nearly fifty years no enemy has disturbed the peace of these beautiful islands of Passamaquoddy, where, as President Taft said, Americans and Canadians live as friends and brothers; and we have good reason to cherish the hope that the time will never come when it will be otherwise.

THE LOUP GAROU*

BY ST. CLAIR MOORE

IT was on the occasion of my last visit to St. Bernard that this fantastic tale was related to me by Clovis Melancon, the old sexton. It was about the noon hour of an August day, the sun poured fierce rays upon the parched fields, and the stream lay low between its banks. Clovis, digging a grave near the wall of the little churchyard, seemed impervious to the heat. His dull blue cotton shirt unfastened left his hairy chest bare, and he worked away with a will, throwing up great clods of sun-baked clay. Raising his shaggy head he saw me watching him.

"Ah," he observed, "you have come back after all, but it is a long time since you have been seen in the parish." I answered that I had been away, and he went on:

"Travelling, I suppose. I also have travelled in my day, all over the parishes, and once even to Lewiston, but that was when I was young. But," he continued, reflectively, "if I could have had my wish in my time, I would have gone to France. Not now, of course, it would be too far for an old man like me, but in my time!" Then with an abrupt change of subject, "Would you believe it, this grave I am digging is for a boy who was confirmed with me? He was three years younger, yet I am making his bed, and to-morrow I will toll the bell for him. There, that reminds me; I must ask his reverence for another rope. This is the first death in three years. The very first I put away lies there," and he nodded towards the wall. "He was an old man, near ninety, and I not yet eighteen at the time he told me that strange story. Strange! yes, but true, for he was the son of Bibiane, and Marianne told it to her when they were both old together, many years after the death of M. Carolus."

"But Clovis," I cried in dismay at the rigmarole of names, "what was the son of Bibiane and Marianne and Bibiane herself and M. Carolus?"

"Bibiane," he rejoined obstinately, "was the daughter of Bonhomme Pilote, and M. Carolus was the child of Basile Vaubernier, the rich man. Marianne, she was his niece, a girl of twenty years or so at that time, with a face like the paintings of the Blessed Virgin and the heart and voice of an angel. Her parents were dead, and she lived with Basile, the proud old man whom God punished. He was a widower, and richer than any man in the parish, yet for all his fortune he worked harder than any of his neighbours, worked that he might increase his riches, and so further his ambition in regard to his son. Basile's pride knew no bounds, with his wealth he thought there was

*To restore to his humanity the man who through his evil life or impiety has suffered the punishment of being changed into a *loup garou*, or were-wolf, it is necessary that the blood of the monster, if only a drop, be shed, when the transgressor is restored to his natural form and is given another chance.

no place to which the boy could not climb. There have been other rich men in St. Bernard, men who also loved their children, to whom in time their fortunes descended, but they were satisfied that their sons should remain in the station in which it had pleased God to place them. Basile was not one of these. No, he could not read his prayers, and at his marriage he signed his name with an "X." To be sure, there are many like him even nowadays. Everyone cannot read; I cannot, but then it is not necessary for me. But he, Basile, had his own ideas as to a grand future for his son. So when the boy was about eight years old he sent him to the seminary in the city that he might be well educated, and when he returned he could speak of nothing but the wonderful things he had seen, the great buildings, the beautiful Basilica, and the palace, with its gardens around it, where his holiness the bishop lived like a prince. And he would often explain that he had learned on his trip that a bishop is the same as a prince, because nobody but a prince or a bishop has a palace, which was reasonable enough. But he did not stop at what was reasonable; he began to have dreams of his boy Carolus living there one day, in a purple robe, with a purple diamond on his finger. And he made up his mind that he would educate Carolus for the church. The boy was quick to learn, very talented. His professors praised him, and Basile rejoiced, for no other father in the countryside had such a son, so young and yet so learned. Sometimes on summer evenings when the boy was at home Basile would walk with him to the presbytery to hearken while he chatted with the *curé,* and he himself would say little, satisfied to listen to Carolus and to smoke his pipe.

"He often spoke of the years to come when Carolus should be at the presbytery himself. Indeed, he always had his ideas that in the time to come his son would be among the great ones of the church; yet, with all his pride, he knew that that must take time, that many years must go by before it could come to pass. He looked forward to greater things, but in the meantime a *curé* was always a *curé,* above ordinary men. With Carolus here in the presbytery, while he lived yonder in his big house, he would be like a king in St. Bernard. It was a pleasure to him to dream of having the boy back home to stay, after their long separation. Well, all things went according to his wishes for many years. Carolus was about eighteen when the punishment of Basile's pride began. He had come home as usual that summer, but he seemed changed and sad. He made no more plans to be carried out for the benefit of the parish by-and-bye. And when Basile showed him how he had roofed the church and hung a larger bell in the steeple, all at his own expense, Carolus, either that he feared his father's anger, or that he was grieved to disappoint the old man, said nothing of his new desire, and a week after his return to the college Basile received a letter which the *curé* read to him, and in which Carolus announced that his conscience told him he had no vocation for the church, and he begged to be allowed to study law. With his letter came another from one of the chief professors, advising Basile not to refuse his son's request. In his opinion, the boy would make a successful lawyer, while it was a fixed thing that he would never become a priest. The professor warned Basile at the same time, that if in anger, he now removed his son from the college, not only would all the money he had spent on his education have been wasted, but he would spoil his life, having unfitted him for St. Bernard by too much learning, and for the great world by too little.

"Basile's anger was terrible. He shut himself up in his house, and for three weeks he refused to see or

speak with anyone. Marianne attended to his wants, and in answer to the questions of the neighbours she said the old man's heart was bitter and unforgiving against his son. The first few days she was always trying to bring in the name of Carolus before him, that he might see the matter in a more reasonable light, but the father forbade her to mention his son's name, threatening to curse him should she do so.

"Well, one evening as the *curé* sat on his doorstep taking the air, Basile appeared before him with the letters in his hand, and asked him to answer them and say it was his wish that his son should study to be a lawyer. And all as if nothing had happened or as if he had changed his mind because the church was not good enough for Carolus. That was the nature of Basile, and from that day no one ever heard him say one word of regret that his son had not followed out his plans. He seldom mentioned the subject, and if he did it was to congratulate himself that he had seen fit to give the boy another profession, when, being so young, he might have made a mistake, and become a parish priest, with so little chance of advancement. So few men become bishops! Also it was a very lonely life. His son should marry well, some young lady in the class that he mixed with now, rich, and as accomplished as himself, and let the old man see his grand-children about him before he died. And when in time Carolus became a lawyer, there was nothing in all the world as proud as old Basile. He had a picture of him in his robes hung on the wall, and whenever he received a letter he would have *M. le curé* read it to him every evening in the week, and would take it to church with him on Sunday and wait at the doors as the neighbours came out after Mass, in order to show it to them, and to say, 'I have had a letter from *M. l'avocat*, or M. Carolus.' From that time he never spoke of his son in any other way.

"It was five years since M. Carolus had been seen in the parish, when one wintry night in the holiday season, when the snow was blowing across the fields, and the pines cracked in the wind, he drove up to his father's door. In honour of his return Basile gave a ball on Christmas Eve, and invited the neighbours from miles around. They were all there, the old people of St. Bernard, whose names I have forgotten if I ever knew them, and among the rest came Bibiane and her father. She was then about sixteen years of age, round as a snowbird, with a laughing child's face, big, black eyes, and cheeks like roses. With her came Athanase Thériault, who was courting her. Marianne had decorated the walls with pine branches, and the portrait of M. Carolus was hung between the blessed coloured paintings in their gilt frames. At the farther end of the room a long table was spread for the *réveillon*. The older people gathered about the stove, the men smoking, the women chattering over their knitting. There were many violins for Basile spared no expense, and the feet of the young dancers kept time with the tongues of the elders. But Bibiane, who was light as any butterfly, refused all partners, and Athanase also leaned against the wall with folded arms, and frowned all the time, for M. Carolus was at Bibiane's side from the moment she entered the room, and, flattered by his attention, she seemed to forget all about her lover. By and by when midnight drew near, and everyone was dressed ready for Mass, M. Carolus wrapped himself in his fur cloak and walked by the side of Bibiane across the snowy fields to the church. Here was something for the parish to talk about! Sitting by Bibiane all the evening, and again through the service, M. Carolus, who believed in nothing now, and who was so clever in his speech, that already he had

tripped up *M. le curé* and made the good man appear as a liar even to himself. In words only, of course, I mean, and even of that Basile was proud! Another father would have been breaking his heart to see that his son had lost his faith like that, or would have disowned him, but when it was a matter of M. Carolus it was only another cause of pride for Basile. However, there was Carolus on his knees, with his head bowed, like any good Christian. He was there for Bibiane, she was his religion. From the moment his eyes rested on her he was mad for her.

"Marianne sang in the choir. She had, as I have told you, the voice of an angel. She was a good girl, gentle in her manners, and a famous housekeeper. Wherever there was sickness or sorrow in the parish there would one find Marianne, the nurse and consoler. Nevertheless, she had come to the age of twenty years, and was still unmarried. In St. Bernard our women marry early; in those days there were wives of fourteen and fifteen. An old maid has no place with us. Marianne had been courted by many, but she refused them all, saying that she preferred to remain with Basile and care for him in his old age. This appeared unnatural in a young woman.

"The days following the grand ball left little doubt as to the intentions of M. Carolus. Each day saw him at the house of Bonhomme Pilote, where he went on pretext of visiting the old man, and he did not think it beneath his dignity to bring in wood for Bibiane's fires and water from the well. That must have been an easy time for Père Pilote. While the young man did his work, he could sit by the stove and smoke his pipe and wait to see what would come next. What M. Carolus liked was necessarily perfect for Basile, so he began to show great friendship to Bonhomme Pilote, and often asked him and his daughter to spend the evening at his house. There while the two old men grumbled over their cards, and Marianne spun at her wheel, M. Carolus would pay his court to Bibiane, sitting apart from the others. Before the coming of M. Carolus everyone had expected that the girl would marry Athanase. Now she had neither a word nor a look for him, though he followed her about like a dog, so that the parish was in no way surprised when her betrothal to the rich man's son was made known. Pilote was happy that his daughter should make such a fine marriage. Basile, for all his ambition, loved his son too well to refuse him anything. So the old men clasped hands and blessed their children, but in another house, not far away, Marianne, trying to console him, wept with Athanase. The wedding was to take place the second week after Easter, which fell in March that year. The young people were to remain a little while with Basile, then M. Carolus would return to practise his profession. He made many gifts to his fiancée at that time, such things as had never been seen in St. Bernard: dresses and ornaments, for her arms and neck and her head, such as the ladies of his acquaintance wore, and he would no longer allow her to do any work about the house. Pilote might arrange himself as best he could, Madame Carolus would have servants to do her work for her. The little girl obeyed, and had all her idle hours to think of the new life she was about to begin, among strange people, to whose customs she was a stranger, and of the coming separation from her own friends and family, all she had known and loved, until the coming of M. Carolus. Sometimes she thought of Athanase, who had loved her so long and so well, and whose heart she had broken. M. Carolus truly was a great man, very rich and distinguished, he had seen the world and he knew everything; he had a handsome face, and would have given his life for her;

but Athanase was nearer her own age, full of life and gaiety, and so good. He had never wished to teach her anything, never spoke of things she could not understand, and which confused her, but was altogether pleased with her as she was. From her window, as she sat with her idle hands folded on her knee, she could see the little house in which she would have lived had she married Athanese. Bibiane sometimes cried a little as she looked over her costly gifts and then blamed herself for thinking of such things when she was so soon to be the bride of M. Carolus. Towards the end of the month M. Carolus was called away by his affairs. Had it been possible he would have refused to go and leave Bibiane even for that short time, but much depended on it, so he kissed the little girl many times, promising to write to her every day. Bibiane embraced him, but she did not weep at the separation, and when his sleigh disappeared at the bend of the road she went back to the house, turned up her skirts, and immediately set about her housework. She washed and cooked, taking pleasure in her old occupations, and wondered how, as Madame Carolus, she would contrive to fill her empty days.

It was remarked at this time that she and Athanase began to be much together. At first he had spoken a few words in passing, which showed that his heart was not hard against her, then he had done her some little service; now he was always about the house and helped her with the work that M. Carolus had forbidden. The days went on, the Easter season was drawing near now, and with it the wedding day. M. Carolus, having arranged his business earlier than he had anticipated, returned home. He had not written of his coming, wishing to surprise Bibiane. Night was falling, but there was still a little twilight as he came through the deep snow towards Père Pilote's house. As he drew near he heard the sound of voices, while through the dusk he could discern the figures of a man and woman standing by the well, and as he watched them curiously he heard Bibiane lamenting her folly, declaring to her companion that she loved none but him, Athanase. Then the man let his bucket fall into the well, with a great splash, and took her in his arms, while M. Carolus turned away and went quickly homeward. During the next few days M. Carolus spent his time with Bibiane in the old way, and gave her the presents which his friends, hearing that he was about to be married, had sent to the bride. Athanase avoided Père Pilote's house, you see he was an honest man, and would have thought it a sin to be with her after the confession by the well; and all three were unhappy, but M. Carolus most of all, as he let the time pass, being undecided in what way to act; for he loved the little girl very dearly, and it was hard to give her up, even when he knew that she cared nothing for him. Perhaps he expected her to confess all to him, but that Bibiane would never have done, for she was resolved to bear the sorrow she had brought on herself, and to try and be a good wife in every way, since she had of her own will given her promise.

"Easter Sunday came, but M. Carolus was not seen at Mass. As I have already said, he was an atheist, and believed in nothing. He was too proud, in this he resembled his father; but the old man's pride in his possessions was less offensive to the good God than the young man's pride in his intellect, so that the punishment which had so long awaited them fell more lightly upon Basile. M. Carolus remained at home because he could not see his fiancée, who was making a three days' retreat in preparation for her marriage, and who after Mass spent nearly all the day in the church. M. Carolus, on his part, sat all day long

by the stove smoking and wondering what he should do. At one moment he was minded to give Bibiane to her lover, to leave St. Bernard, and go back to his work in the world; the next moment, remembering how dear she was to him, his heart turned from the thought of so great a sacrifice; then he would resolve to hold her to her word. Young as she was, she must in time forget her girlish fancy in the happy life he would make for her. The day was done, and he sat there, thinking, thinking still. Basile had no idea that all was not well. He had been about all day making preparations for the wedding, and because he was tired he went to bed early. It grew dark in the kitchen, where M. Carolus sat with his head in his hands. It was a wild night, the trees were waving like bulrushes in the wind that whistled around the corners of the house and drifted the snow past the windows, and the moon, shining among banks of clouds, shed a ghostly light. Presently Marianne came in and set a lamp upon the table. She knew of her cousin's sorrow, for that afternoon he had opened his heart to her, and when she, taken by surprise, could find no words to comfort him, he had sighed wearily, going on to say that he was moved to set Bibiane free. He was not one to wed her against her will.

"Marianne went back to the little room off the kitchen and sat there late into the night. Once she rose and looked into the kitchen. M. Carolus sat at the table, with his back to the door, but in a little while he returned to his place by the stove. It was nearing midnight, but M. Carolus took no heed of time. He was thinking of a day when Bibiane had come with her father to his house, and, while the old men played cards, as was their custom, she had scolded him in her pretty way for his irreligion. Seven years since he had fulfilled his Easter duties! It was terrible! She wondered that he was not afraid. And Pilote had warned him over his shoulder, in his great voice, of the punishment that awaited such impiety. A punishment of inexpressible horror, to be changed into a *loup garou!* As he sat and watched the fire through the chinks of the stove, M. Carolus remembered the old man's words. What if this saying should be true after all. That would be a speedy ending to all his troubles. Surely as a beast, he would suffer less than as a man. He did not believe in such things any more than he believed in the Saints, but as he poked the burning wood he blasphemously wished that such a thing were possible, as if deliberately calling down the vengeance of Heaven upon himself. At the same moment a heavy gust of wind struck the house, and it shook as though about to fall. The young man shivered, like one stricken with a palsy, and, looking up at the clock, he saw the hands pointing to midnight. Then the door swung open with a great noise, and Marianne, running out to close it, saw a dark form as of some animal pass noiselessly across the snow, saw her cousin's chair empty, and, understanding, fell like dead across the threshold. When she came to her senses the winter dawn was breaking. She sat up, holding her forehead in her hands, wondering what had happened. Then the horror came back to her, and it seemed to her that she must go mad and run wildly out of the house. She dragged herself on her knees to the table and knelt there awhile, just holding on tight with her hands, unable to think. And then, as her mind became clearer and she remembered her cousin's words of the previous afternoon, she began to cry and to sob, and the band of iron around her head melted away. The shameful truth could remain hidden. It was but natural that M. Carolus should have gone in silence when he discovered that the girl who was to have been his bride loved another.

Marianne was frail to look upon, but she had a will of iron. She took the fur cap and overcoat of M. Carolus to her room, and, slitting open her *paillasse,* hid them in the straw, then she sewed up the rent. When Basile had breakfasted she went over to the presbytery and told the *curé* of that time all that her cousin had said to her, that he was missing now, and begged his reverence to come and break the news to Basile and Bibiane. The *curé* went, Marianne following him sick with shame and sorrow, and when by-and-bye the story went through the parish that M. Carolus had departed, leaving his bride to Athanase, few were sorry, for the most part for all his learning and riches, they had considered him, on account of his irreligion, unworthy of Bibiane, and had blamed Père Pilote. It was better, they said, that he should show himself unfaithful in this, as in greater things, before than after his marriage. At the first Basile merely wondered a little that his son should have left him in so strange a manner, but when the days grew to weeks and no letter came, nor could the old man discover by what means his son had left the village, he began to fear that all was not well, and in time he came to the conclusion that M. Carolus had begun his journey on foot, meaning to walk part of the way, and that in the storm he had missed his footing and fallen from the road to the frozen river beneath, where he would lie buried in snow until the spring, then to be driven with the moving ice down to the sea. This idea took possession of Basile's mind. Carolus, in whom he had centred all his great pride, was dead, and he was an unhappy, lonely, old man, poorer than his poorest neighbour, whose children still remained to him. From that time he began to fail in mind and body.

"Bibiane and Athanase were married within the year, and went to live in the little house a stone's throw from Pilote's. By-and-bye a child was born to them, and they were the happiest young people in three parishes. To the day of her death Bibiane never regretted her choice. As time went on all St. Bernard came to believe in the death of M. Carolus, and attributed to this cause both the weakened mind of the uncle and the strange habit the niece developed.

"Thereafter Marianne, unwatched by prying eyes, wandered throughout long nights among the trees. The leaves fell about her, the wintry winds chilled her; she saw the dawn of spring mornings and heard the frogs trilling in the summer darkness. Five years had gone by since Basile gave the ball to celebrate his son's return. A short time, but it had worked many changes. The once too proud old man, his mind gone, his powerful frame grown feeble as a little child's, seated in his arm-chair close to the stove, counted his possessions over on his fingers, and mumbled of the great things Carolus would do by-and-bye when he came back. Marianne, who had been spinning, arose to put more wood on the fire and trim the lamp, then, wrapping herself in a heavy cloak, she passed out into the moonlight and took her away across the fields to the woods, just as the bells rang out, calling the faithful to Midnight Mass. She crossed the stream and pressed on into the shadow of the pines; her long, black rosary was twisted about one hand, while the other grasped the handle of a keen, long-bladed knife. The frozen snow crackled under her feet, and the moonlight shining between the branches made all the way bright as day. She moved forward stealthily, praying, as she strained her eyes for some glimpse of the fearful form which she had beheld at distant intervals, but which had always fled like the wind at her approach. On she went, and still on, where the

woods were denser and darker, but no sign of life met her eyes, no marks of awful footsteps could be seen upon the hard surface of the snow. Here the trees grew more closely together, and the young hemlocks met above her head and shook snow upon her, and, entangling her in their branches, brought her to her knees; still she pushed her way through and passed on, till she came to an open space, where the moonlight fell like rain, and there within a few feet of her, upon a high mound, looking down towards St. Bernard, stood the *loup garou.* Never yet had she crept so close to him, and her sharp blade flashed in the light as she made a forward step, and then stood still in dismay, for at the light crackling of the snow breaking beneath her feet, the monster stirred uneasily, and, turning his head, his eyes, the eyes of her cousin, Carolus, met hers. Then Marianne sprang forward, and, falling upon the mound, she plunged her knife to the hilt in the *loup garou's* heart, the next moment her strength failed her, and she lay with her face against the snow. 'Oh, tender, faithful heart,' she heard a voice say, and M. Carolus, standing there in his own person, as she had feared she might nevermore behold him, lifted her in his arms, and Marianne, weeping as she had not wept through all the long, sad years, laid her blood-stained hands about his neck.

You can perhaps imagine the excitement in St. Bernard when it was known that M. Carolus, so long mourned as dead, had returned. The church-bells, Basile's gift, were rung, and young and old rejoiced. As for the rich, old man, he never recovered his health, but he recognised his son, and his last days were made happy by his presence. He died shortly afterward, and on his death-bed he joined the hands of Marianne and M. Carolus and blessed them. They were married in the spring-time, when the young leaves were green upon the trees. The *curé* wore his finest vestments, and all the church was bright with flowers and lights and crowded to the doors. In one of the front pews sat Bibiane, smiling, in a bright-coloured dress, with her husband at her side, and her little Philéas (who, as an old man, told me this story) in her arms. In the bosom of her white dress the bride wore a knot of wild flowers M. Carolus had gathered for her in the woods beyond the stream.

Then they departed from St. Bernard, and went out into the world. His birth-place had grown hateful to M. Carolus, and in all the years that followed he never revisited it; but one morning, a half-century or so after that wedding-day, Marianne, a childless old woman, with strange dress and strange speech, came home, bringing the body of her husband to be laid among his own people, and, finding Bibiane still living, and, like herself, a widow, the two became famous friends and lived together all the rest of their lives.

"They lie there, yonder by the wall, Philéas, the son of Bibiane, whose grave I myself dug. There where the broken white stone shows among the vines rests M. Carolus, with his 'faithful heart' by his side; and there where the grass is burned brownest, rests Bibiane, the old-time beauty of St. Bernard. Poor woman! I know the place well, though there is nothing to mark it—she has no cross."

A voice in friendly greeting sounded at my shoulder, and I turned to meet the smiling gaze of the *curé* of St. Bernard, an acquaintance of many years.

"Clovis has been telling you his wonderful tale, eh? I was in time to recognise the names."

"Well, *M. le cure,*" returned Clovis, in his most obstinate manner, "well *M. le curé,* my reverend, you are very learned and wise, but with all your intelligence there are some things you cannot understand."

A JOY RIDE

BY FRANK L. PACKARD

IT is, most people will admit, startling enough to be suddenly confronted in the dark of one's own private grounds by a masked man and, coincidently, to have the muzzle of a revolver thrust between one's eyes, but that is as nothing compared with what followed.

"Lift your voice, utter a sound, make a move other than I direct and you are a dead man!"—was flung at me in a fierce, hoarse whisper.

He came closer until his eyes, and they seemed of abnormal size, glittering from behind the mask, were within an inch of mine.

"You are Josiah Quincy Hepburn, the millionaire, the Wall Street financier?"

This seemed to be more of a self-reassuring statement that he had made no mistake than a question, but by now I had recovered myself a little, and I answered him.

"I am," said I. "What is the meaning of this outrage?"

"No harm," said he gruffly. "No harm if you do as you are told. Now turn and walk ahead of me to the driving-off tee of your golf links."

I had no choice but to obey. There was something in the cold ring of the fellow's voice that did not invite question. I turned, and as I started along the path my steps crunched on the gravel.

"You are making too much noise"—curtly. "Walk on the turf."

"I did. It was quite dark under the trees, but as I reached their fringe and stepped out onto the open ground of the links I halted involuntarily at the sight of a great, white, ghostly and grotesque object a few yards ahead. The next instant I recognised it—as I had every reason to do, since I had spent many days during the fall at aviation meets and in the examination of different makes and models, with the idea of financing and marketing the one my fellow capitalists and myself should conclude was the most efficient and perfected.

"It's—it's a biplane!" I exclaimed.

My captor pushed his revolver into the back of my neck and shoved me forward. As we reached the machine he stooped suddenly and, producing a long, stiff, bulky affair, handed it to me.

"Put it on," he directed.

"But——"

"Put it on!"

I put it on. It was a wind jacket of some hard, unyielding material that wrapped me from my knees to my neck.

"Now this," he growled, and held out a face mask, punctured with great glass eye-goggles.

I put that on, too. It was like his, I saw, which accounted for the uncanny glitter of his eyes when he had first confronted me.

"Get in, and take the seat on this side," was the next order.

But here I balked. "I won't!" I said stubbornly. "I don't know what the meaning of this deviltry is nor what you're up to, but you've gone far enough. I don't propose to——"

"You'll get in there alive," he snarled, and the revolver punctuated

his words as it tapped my breast, "or you'll stay here—dead!"

I got in. In an instant he had given the thing a shove, jumped in beside me and the aeroplane on its little rubber-tired wheels began to coast gently down the slope from the driving-tee. Then suddenly, as it gained momentum, there came a crackle of fierce explosions, a mighty tugging strain, and, with a whirr-r-r like the drumming of myriad partridges taking wing, we rose into the air.

The most agonising sensation seized me, as of a deathly nausea, while my stomach became bottomless. I yelled and stood up. He caught me by the tail of my wind jacket and yanked me violently back onto the seat. Then he laughed—and the laugh sounded to me like a pæan of ghoulish glee.

"You can make all the noise you like now and yell your lungs out," he jeered. "I've got you. Only keep still in your seat, that's all, or I'll throw you out."

I gasped and clung desperately to the hand rails. We were going higher and higher, up, up, up; and, with a shuddering glance through the open framework at my feet I caught, through black depths below us, the twinkling lights of a house—my house, perhaps.

The man at my side was chuckling to himself.

"I'm Christopher Kelb," said he. "You've heard of me."

"No, I haven't!" I managed to fling back, with some spirit.

"You have!" he shouted fiercely. "I tell you, you have. Everybody has. I'm Christopher Kelb, the inventor of the only air craft in the world that is practical."

My blood, which was chilly before, froze in my veins. Much better that I had risked a shot from his revolver than this! I was up, great God, I was up in mid-air with a maniac! I understood it now only too bitterly well. I was in the hands of a mad inventor and utterly helpless.

"I saw you at the aviation meets," he went on, as the biplane soared higher in dizzy spirals and I lurched horridly in my seat. "You were talking to some of those poor fools who think they have solved the problem of the air with their pitiful toys. I heard you. You were talking about buying some of their patents. Now you'll see mine, and then we'll form a company together, you and me. You put up the money and we'll make millions and millions."

I tried to control myself and answer him with some degree of composure. There was only one thing to do—humour him.

"All right," said I. "I'm interested. Let's go back to my place and talk business. We'll go into the figures and see what kind of an agreement we can come to."

"So we will, so we will," he chortled. "But not yet. You haven't seen what my machine can do. That's what you're here for."

"I'm satisfied," I said. "And the details, of course, would belong to the mechanical side of the business, which would devolve on you."

"Satisfied! Satisfied!" he screeched. "What are you satisfied of? You've seen nothing. You know nothing. You're trying to deceive me. Now watch!"

A row of tiny electric bulbs at my feet, each over some recording instrument, burst into light. The roar of the exhaust from the engine behind quickened and rose into the deafening reports of artillery. A needle on one of the dials began to creep around.

"See it, see it, see it!" he cried. "That's the speed meter. A hundred, a hundred and twenty—forty—sixty—two hundred miles an hour. I can make four hundred—a thousand! I'll show you. Oh, the poor fools!"

"Stop it! Stop it!" I yelled frantically—and the words were

beaten back into my throat by the terrific rush of air.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" he screamed. "I'm going down now closer to earth so's you'll see. I'll give you the altitude test after. Look at the aerostat now; then look below."

He whipped over a plane as he spoke, and in a sudden swoop, fast as the bullet from the muzzle of a gun, we shot earthward. Mechanically, my eyes fastened on the aerostat for measuring the altitude. The pointer was flying backward from 2,000 to 1,800 to 1,500—down, down, down. A white, fleecy mist was around us, shutting out the stars above. In an instant this was gone and we were plunging through a dark, vaporous mass of cloud and I could see nothing either above or below. 1,000—with clinched teeth and hanging grimly to my seat, my eyes, fascinated, held on the aerostat. It swung back to 900, and then, as though a gigantic enveloping curtain had in a flash been wrenched aside, a panorama of dark-blotched masses of trees, interspersed with clearer spaces, where little points of light scintillated like diamonds in the night, was opened out before me.

"Whoop! Whoopee, whoop-whoop!" shrieked the maniac, readjusting the planes. "Now, we'll go. Straight ahead. I invented the engine, too. This is the controller, see? A million revolutions a minute."

The engine, which in the course of our drop he must have shut off, now broke into a soul-terrifying uproar far greater than before—and the biplane streaked forward like an arrow.

Beads of cold sweat were on my forehead. Desperately I grasped at the madman's shoulders. "Mr. Kelb!" I shouted. "Mr. Kelb, take——"

He shook me off savagely and pointed his revolver at me.

"I'll kill you," he bellowed, "if you touch me again!"

I sank back nerveless. The needle of the speed meter was mounting steadily on the dial. We were skimming the earth at an altitude of 800 feet. I stared below and ahead of me. A red flare from a wide-flung furnace door shot suddenly upward, a thin, luminous streak played along two white, glistening ribbons of steel, came a faint, dull, muffled rumble—and a train was lost in the distance behind.

"Ha! Ha, ha!" sneered the inventor. "The snail! Everything is a snail to me. See that?"—he pointed ahead. "That's New York."

A glow on the horizon, in colour like simmering molten metal in a foundry pot, caught my agonised glance. It grew brighter, with incredible rapidity. Masses of buildings took transient form, and millions of lights blended into one, I saw a bewildering chaos of cars, streets, pygmy, black, shadowy objects that were people and horses, towers, spires, roofs, a fantastic checker-board—and that, too, was gone.

And now, stretching out as far as the eye could reach was a silvery, undulating sheen—the Atlantic was below us. My mouth was dry. I tried to speak and could only rasp out brokenly:

"Turn back! Turn back! You're—you're going out over the ocean. I'll—I'll——"

He punched me playfully in the ribs with the revolver muzzle.

"Turn back!" he echoed, with a wild laugh. "We haven't started yet. Ha, ha, you old geezer, what do you say to doing Piccadilly at midnight. That'll please you, you old reprobate, eh? We're going to England, and we'll be there in three hours."

The wind was whistling by us, playing on the tight-stretched plane-cloths above with a noise as of the rustle of heavy silk; the vibration of the tense-strung frame from the flying engine shook me until my teeth knocked together like castanets. A

mad impulse to spring upon him, throttle him, murder him swept over me, and only the realisation that even if I succeeded I would be worse off than ever, since I would then be in the toils of a still more insensate master, the aeroplane itself, held me back. Then, as I thought, inspiration came to me.

"If—if you go to England," I argued cunningly, through chattering teeth, "I won't be—be able to finance the company to-morrow."

"We'll be back in time," he snapped, glaring at me balefully through his goggles.

"But we might not," said I, craftily. "Piccadilly is very enticing and we might be delayed, you see. We can't afford to take any chances."

"No. He, he! He, he;" he tittered. "No, that's so. I'll show you the altitude test, then."

"No," I protested earnestly. "There really isn't any necessity. I am thoroughly convinced——"

"That'll do!" he snarled. "We're going up. Ha, ha! We're going up —way up. These fellows with their ten thousand feet make me sick. What's ten thousand? I can make fifty!"

I huddled, weak as a condemned man, back into my seat. The aeroplane was dancing in long spirals upwards. Then the circles became shorter and shorter and it seemed as though we were shooting like some spinning top up a vast, interminable aerial path. Banks of flying mist, stratas of heavier, darker clouds whisked by us. It began to grow cold.

"Yah!" yelled the maniac, rising half up in his seat and leaning over his levers. "Yah! Look at that! Twelve thousand and we're going up, up, up!"

We swept in a breath into a denser mass of cloud than any before. It closed upon us, enwrapping us like a pall. A splash of rain struck my face.

"Up, up, up!" he screeched. "Up, up—higher and higher——"

A terrific boom of thunder rolled through the atmosphere around us. Then a great forked-tongue of lightning cut the blackness, while a gust of wind, which seemed to come from all quarters at once and converge upon us, set the aeroplane to rocking on its outstretched pinions like a ship in an angry sea.

"Now I'll show you what she can do in a sawbuck," he screamed. "We're between two impinging laterals, but that's nothing. We'll go right up into the storm centre and——"

Another crash of thunder, wilder than the first, swallowed up his words, another followed, and another; lightning flash after lightning flash rent the heavens around us; the wind, a mad tempest now, tore fiercely at the planes until they bent and quivered; the aeroplane, like a straw in a vortex, spun now this way, now that, diving, rocketing, careening; above, around, below, the elements warred in wild delirium. I shrieked. I cried. I raved. It was as though the very gates of inferno were burst wide open.

Peal on peal of demoniacal laughter came from the madman. His form seemed to grow into gigantic proportions; and then, in a sudden, fearful plunge as the biplane pitched forward, he lost his balance. Before my eyes, as I clung with superhuman effort to the hand rail of the seat, flashed a shuddering vision of a spinning form, with great staring eye goggles; in my ears rang a blood-curdling scream—and he shot over the side and went hurling into space.

A clap louder than the thunder sounded above me, and, ripping, tearing, a tangled mass, the plane-frames and cloths beat down upon my head, enmeshing me. In the winking of an eye the wrecked and shattered aeroplane turned upside down and dropped with me into the yawning gulf toward the sea, twelve

thousand feet or more below.

I fell. Down, down, down through the void. Horror struck at me. A great cold, chilling, numbing was upon me. And then through the abyss and the abysmal awfulness, through the folds of entangling plane-cloths that were suffocating me, choking me, a clarion voice called my name:

"Josiah Quincy Hepburn!"

What mockery of my reeling brain was that! I was tumbling down, ever downward, sick with the horrid, fearful dizziness of falling. Down, down, down. The aeroplane whirled over and over. I caught a glimpse of the ocean. Mad with terror, I fought frantically to free myself from the plane-cloths that ensnarled me. I was nearer the water now, nearer. I tore at the cloths, my arms and hands beating furiously over my head like a windmill. In another instant I—thud!

"Josiah Quincy Hepburn," cried the voice again, and I recognised it now as my wife's voice—the tones colder than the chilly blast that blew in upon me from the open bedroom window, "I have no objection to you sleeping on the floor if you prefer it, but hand back those bedclothes and be right smart about it!"

MODERN PAIN

By HILDA RIDLEY

I MET him on the noisy, crowded street,
And sought for tokens of abiding pain
In pallor and in scars, but sought in vain;
For calm and strong his face was and so sweet,
He hath forgotten quite, the years are fleet,
I thought, and they console, and we who fain
Would stay their course must yield, though we complain
Beneath the march of Time's triumphant feet.

But, ah, I wronged him—I forgot his pride—
And even while I pondered thus he turned
And knew me. It was late, too late to hide
What I in eagerness and love discerned;
For all the anguish that his soul had tried
In one illumined, transient look I learned.

THE SEPARATION OF SANDY

BY A. CLARK McCURDY

"YOU'S all mixit up, Sandy McIntyre. You's full of business when you's to home an' full o' sentiment when you's to store, an' that's no way to be, at all, at all. You's killin' me narves wid your shop talk, an' killin' your business wid your sentiment. Can't you keep them separate, Sandy, mon!" Mrs. McIntyre's eyes gleamed with her great discovery as to what ailed Sandy. She had been reading in an old family newspaper that the great Mr. Gladstone used to lock up his cares in the House of Parliament, but she did not divulge this to Sandy. She wanted him to think that she had thought out the grand explanation unaided.

"Aw be sensibles, Kate," grunted Sandy.

"I'll sensibles ye——" but her husband was out of earshot, striding with a rapid, slouching gait, down the hill from the house to the store.

Sandy chuckled. His wife's outbursts always did amuse him, but then he had a knack of seeing the funny side of things; this time, however, he knew her to be right, but was convinced that conditions were to blame rather than he.

He was a tall man of splendid physique and remarkable muscular endurance, but with a lazy, loafing, social attitude towards everything; whether sitting, standing or what not it was always in this lazy, lounging, social fashion which showed even in the droop of his sandy moustache, and in the expression of his broad, good-humoured mouth. He knew he was too easy in the store and that his wife's accusation "that he gives credit to every *calyah* (old woman) in the country" was only too true, but he had neither the heart nor any plausible excuse to change. He knew also that he talked a lot of shop at home, but he had to talk something, and there were several reasons why he could not talk on social subjects.

First of all, Mrs. McIntyre had inherited the store and all their property from her father, and most people knew that if it was not for that he would have married Nellie Morrison, who was now the Widow Finalson, with four hopefuls. So Sandy thought it his duty to talk over business with the owner of things. Moreover, Mrs. McIntyre wasn't sociably inclined, and always made him keep the four legs of his chair on the floor, and Sandy wanted to know who could be sociable sitting on a chair in that fashion. Not he. He was used to throwing a leg on each side of a chair and balancing himself on its hind legs, with a good T. D. clay pipe in his mouth, and then he could talk! But when he wasn't allowed to smoke in the house and had to sit on a chair in his wife's outlandish fashion, how could he be expected to show any sentiment?

Moreover, the house was scrupulously clean, and wasn't that an insurmountable obstacle to sociability?

Neither could he kiss his wife for she had grown both beard and moustache, which she kept stubby

with scissors, and who in the world could kiss a mouth like that? Of course, he would like to be sociable —it was his nature—but his wife surrounded herself with circumstances too preposterously impossible.

So Sandy continued to talk business "to home," for want of some easier topic, and continued to give the *calyahs* lots of credit "to store" until Mrs. McIntyre made her momentous discovery as to his ailment.

"Separate yourself, Sandy, mon," his wife would din into his ears. "Locks your sentiment up in the house when you goes to store, an' locks your business up in the store when you comes to home—that's the ways."

Mrs. McIntyre became greatly filled with this grand idea. All the neighbours heard the ins and outs of Sandy's character, what ailed him, and the grand remedy. Indeed, the good woman spread it abroad so much that when people came to the store they would jovially inquire: "Is you still mixit up, Sandy, or is you separated yet?"

Sandy took this question in good part fifty times a day, but slowly began to grow desperate. Nor could his good wife see what a laughing stock she was making of herself, for the idea possessed her like a monomania, and she buttonholed everyone who would listen to her and told of what ailed Sandy and of her grand remedy if he would only take to it.

"Tells him, Mrs. McDonald, tells him yourself an' maybe he'll listen to yous, he's tired o' hearin' me tells him."

"Maybe if you'd gets the Widow Finalson to tells him he'd listen to her," retorted Mrs. McDonald, for it was well known that the Widow was an old sweetheart of Sandy's.

"Shut up, you *calyah*," roared Mrs. McIntyre. "You knows well enough Sandy wouldna dares to talk to hers nor her brats neither, or I'd turns him out onto the street, for don't I owns everything? Tells me that, don't I owns everything? and what business has he to be talkin' to Widow Finalson? Widow Finalson, indit!—that *calyah!*"

"Is you still mixit up, Sandy, or has yous been separated yet?" The question had been asked a million times that day, Sandy thought, and now it was late and dark and he sat alone on a chair in the store, with the four legs on the floor, with murder in his heart.

Suddenly a waggon stopped at his door and a round, plump stranger entered. He had light hair, auburn moustache, and, rather inconsistently, very dark eyes.

He proved to be a smart, jolly, commercial traveller, who stood still in astonishment to see death-dealing destruction written on his good friend Sandy's face, with the four legs of his chair on the floor, and hear him chewing a clay pipe stem, grinding it in his teeth and spitting out the pieces. Clearly, he would have to get Sandy into good humour before he could sell him goods.

Sandy was nothing loath to unburden his heart to a sympathetic listener, and did so fully, and with such explosive wrath and fury that it took the traveller's breath away.

Soon, however, under the genial companionship, Sandy's natural good-humour returned and he ended by laughing at his own predicament and tilting back his chair in a natural manner. "The worst of it is, though," he finished up, "my character, past, present, and future, has been raked over the coals so much that I'll never gets it all back even if I don't murder someone before they gets tired of separating me."

Suddenly a light shone in the traveller's eyes. He leaned back and roared, then expounded such a remedy to the harassed storekeeper that that gentleman sat up and stared at his companion with a wild

bewildered expression, mingled with dawning hope. The very audacity of the idea frightened, yet appealed, to him. And, as the traveller grew eloquent and argued its plausibility, Sandy began to chuckle, then Sandy began to laugh, then he rose and grasped the hand of the traveller as a drowning man would grasp a rescuer, and they both laughed.

"Have you any black hair dye? My hair and moustache are too light in colour."

Sandy hadn't, but when two desperate men get together they can improvise something.

It was half-past nine when the traveller drove off. Half an hour later Sandy, still chuckling prodigously, strode up to his house. He went cautiously in the kitchen way, then crept up and listened to the voices in the front room. Apparently satisfied that the time was ripe, he went back, slammed the door, and slouched in as usual, then tramped into the parlour.

A Hindoo, very dark skinned, black hair and black, slick moustache, sat cross-legged on the parlour table, rolling his eyes, with the entire iris showing, weirdly around the room.

Mrs. McIntyre was excited, extremely so. This Hindoo was the most wonderful man ever born. He had a marvelous mystic charm which could separate Sandy's two natures at will, and Sandy must take advantage of it; the opportunity was too good to lose.

"Hawch," grunted Sandy, disgustedly, and slouched out into the kitchen.

His wife pounced after him, however, and brought him back. "You must, Sandy. It's the chance of your life."

"I'd rather be mixit," growled Sandy. "I don't want to be separated."

"Talk to him, Mr. Singh," implored the excited woman.

"Here, sir," began the Hindoo, holding up what looked to be the bull's-eye from a lantern shade, dangling on the end of a small brass chain. "Notice this, sir. It is the great mystic crystal pendulum taken from the wonderful magic clock of the great Abdhur Rahman of the Punjab. That clock, sir, was famed for ten thousand years, and, when the British fired a cannon-ball through it, instead of breaking, it merely separated and each piece was endowed with the extraordinary mystic power of separating the two natures of man. This is the amazingly marvelous crystal pendulum, sir, that was given me by the great Abdhur Rahman himself for a valuable service rendered. I have been offered untold millions for this same mystic charm; but what no money could buy I am pleased to offer gratuitously to the pleading, siren eyes of your winsome wife to be used by her for the grand, noble purpose of separating the business and social nature of her husband, which accomplishment is so dear to her fond, gracious heart. The details of how it is used, Mr. McIntyre, can only be told to you yourself, and will be used upon entering and leaving the store; and no power on earth can change your nature until you come again under the mystic influence of this wonderful crystal pendulum."

So spake the great Hindoo, and, though Sandy remonstrated strongly, he was finally persuaded by his determined wife to accept the mystic charm, but growled: "Well, I'll takes it, but I won't be responsible for consequences. Mind you doesn't hold me responsible for consequences?"

"No, everything will be all rights now," declared the happy woman.

Sandy didn't dare sleep at his home that night, but went down to the store, where he could laugh and roar.

He kept the charm in his safe, and next day business was business, strictly. He answered the old ques-

tion by saying yes, that he was separated, and that there was going to be no credit for those who had not paid their bills; and, moreover, all had to pay up or he would sell their farms and nets. There was not an atom of sentiment in him in business hours, and he was going to make them stand around. Nor could they help matters when his social nature was uppermost, for then he knew not one particle of business, and it was no use talking about it.

Business was business, and Sandy's debts got paid in a hurry without him making an enemy, for no one could be angry with a man separated in such a terrible, pitiful manner.

Business was business and Sandy, unfeeling Sandy, devoid of sentiment, brought his wife to task and made her deed over to him the store and all business property.

Nor, indeed, was the social side any better; in fact, it was much worse as far as Mrs. McIntyre was concerned. Sandy, good-naturedly, cared not a straw for her clean house, but balanced his chair on its hind legs, smoked his clay pipe and knocked out the ashes wherever convenient. He kissed her till she loathed a kiss, he stuck his dirty feet sociably on the table or wherever he wished. He went continually to see the Widow Finalson and sat on her doorstep playing with the children, of whom he was mighty fond, not having any of his own; he frequented Donald McLean's disreputable shanty on the beach of Ben Dhual's twin mountain at the mouth of the harbour. Here he took a social glass of McLean's inexhaustible whisky, with numerous convivial companions. This place had been strictly tabooed under the old regime, but his wife could not now hold him responsible, for was it not the dictates of his social nature devoid of business?

His wife scolded and threatened, but it was no use. Sandy was just smilingly sociable, with not an atom of sense in him, or else he was all sense, with not an atom of sentiment, and then he didn't care a rap.

Mrs. McIntyre bravely held out to the neighbours that things were going smilingly, until she finally unburdened herself in wild torrents of complaint. The neighbours laughed. Was it not her fault that they had to pay up their bills and had such a hard business man to deal with? What did they care for the way he acted while in his social state? They liked it. No, Mrs. McIntyre needn't expect any sympathy from them.

"For God's sake, Sandy, get mixit up again," exclaimed the woman who used to consider profanity a crime.

She was in despair. She wailed and she pleaded, but Sandy was either a hard-headed business man, or else jovially devoid of any sense whatever. No satisfaction could she gain from him one way or the other. He would either swear at her in his one mood or kiss her in the other.

In this strait the distracted woman finally decided to gain access to the wonderful mystic charm and smash it to smithereens. But here she had to decide which state she would leave to her poor husband. She finally decided that she would leave him in the business state, for he would be no manner of use in the social, and she "wasn't goin' to has him foolin' round that Finalson *calyah* and her dirty brats of kids."

She had, however, to gain the charm while he was in possession of his business nature, and here two difficulties presented themselves; first, he was always in the store at that time, and, second, she was mortally afraid that in handling the mystic charm she would herself become separated, which wouldn't do at all, at all.

So she watched the store stealthily at all times, and one day Sandy left her in charge, saying that he was going down to the beach to drive some codfish deals.

Here was her chance. Sandy would of a certainty have his business

nature in driving a hard bargain with the fishermen. She watched him out of sight, then went to the office and opened the safe. There, in a drawer, was the marvelous crystal pendulum. She looked at it fascinated, then jumped back fearful that she would get separated. She went in search of a shovel and finally, with the aid of a stick, got it onto the blade and carried it outside and up to the house to the woodpile. She wiggled it onto a stone and hit it some resounding blows with the axe. She rained the blows upon it in furious hatred until it was pounded to dust. Then she took the shovel, gathered earth, and sprinkled it all over the horrid thing to bury it far from her sight forever; then she shivered because she had left its remains so handy to her house. But, God be praised, Sandy would have no more social nature. There would be no more trips to Donald McLean's horrible place; no more visits to that Finalson *calyah;* no more of those kisses she had come to loathe; no more smoking in her clean house, nor dirty boots on her parlour table; no, no, she had chosen wisely, the business part was all right; and now that it was all over she felt that if she had seen him in his social nature for one more day she would have collapsed. So she sighed a sigh of contentment and praised God for his manifold mercies. Of course, she had given Sandy the business property, but he was welcome to it—his social side was dead.

She sang gaily as she made some biscuits for supper, and smiled when Sandy came in, but when he took the first chair he came to, tilted it back and rested his muddy boots on her bread-board, she stood stiff and straight; she lost her breath and when it came she could only vociferate: "Sandy McIntyre!"

"What's up?" asked Sandy, sociably.

"Oh, God, it's the death o' me."

"What's the matter, Kate, dear?" trying to kiss her.

She jumped aside. "Where did you goes when you left me in the store? Tell me that."

"Och, just to call on pretty Nellie Finalson, and see the bonny bairns."

The good wife knew that no more sense would she ever get from Sandy. The skys had fallen; the cataclysm had come. "Oh, God, I's a dead woman," she exclaimed and sank into a chair, while Sandy's unwelcome face bent solicitously over her.

Sandy began then to have the time of his life. No more work, all sociability, with not a single business care—his own lazy master, while his wife tended store and bewailed her lot to the laughing customers.

On that first evening after supper Sandy balanced himself on the hind legs of his chair, looked into the glowing bowl of his clay pipe, and chuckled softly. "I'll takes a two weeks' good, roarin' high holiday, then I'll gets on one glorious spree, an' then I'll lets on that that has mixit me up again. You sees, I musn't be too hard on the good wife, for, after all's said an' done, whisperin' it on the quiet to me pipe, I knows mighty well I could nevers a got a better one." Without, however, having any intention of letting this last sentiment interfere with his holiday, he dropped the fore legs of his chair to the floor, placed his pipe between his teeth, picked up his cap, and slouched off for Donald McLean's.

THE picture reproduced on the opposite page from this was painted recently by Mr. Archibald Browne. It interprets a mood of nature with which the artist is in full sympathy, and it is executed in a manner that harmonises well with the poetic majesty of the scene. Nature in this form is epic in significance, and when an artist properly interprets it, he achieves something worth while. This painting will be exhibited next autumn in London, England, together with other canvases by the same artist.

N. MacT.

INDIAN SUMMER

*PAINTING BY ARCHIBALD BROWNE

MRS. SIMCOE IN WELSH DRESS — FROM A MINIATURE AT WOLFORD

MRS. SIMCOE AND HER DIARY

A REVIEW

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

NO doubt every student of the history of Upper Canada has formed, consciously or unconsciously, some idea of the character of the valiant soldier, the conscientious Christian gentleman, who was the first Lieutenant-Governor of this Province. In biography and sketch the personality of John Graves Simcoe has been limned for us by different historical writers, who with varying success have attempted to reproduce the form and the hues of life. Hitherto, however, the Governor's wife and helpmate, Elizabeth Posthuma Simcoe, has been presented to us in no portrait more realistic than an old-fashioned, almost featureless silhouette. Yet, all the time, lying forgotten among the family ar-

"OLD COURT," NEAR ROSS, HEREFORDSHIRE — FROM THE J. ROSS ROBERTSON COLLECTION

chives at Wolford, in Devonshire, there was material for a singularly effective sketch, and at last this has been given to us by Mr. J. Ross Robertson in the shape of a volume entitled "The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe . . . With Notes and a Biography." I have been favoured with the opportunity of examining the proof-sheets of this most interesting book. Some of the illustrations are here reproduced by permission of Mr. Robertson.

To speak first of the notes: These are incorporated with the text, though by the use of different-sized type they can be readily distinguished from it; and they deal with every man and woman and with a multitude of places and circumstances mentioned in the diary. Of course, they add immensely to the size of the book; but Mrs. Simcoe was in a position to meet many remarkable people, and these notes contain a store-house of information regarding the "makers of Canada" of a century ago. In fact, they might almost be regarded as a Canadian "Who's Who" for the period they

WOLFORD, NEAR HONITON, DEVON — FROM THE J. ROSS ROBERTSON COLLECTION

THE GARRISON AT YORK (TORONTO), 1796

SHOWING FIRST HOUSES IN THE FORT AND MAGAZINE ON THE SHORE.
FROM A DRAWING BY MRS. SIMCOE

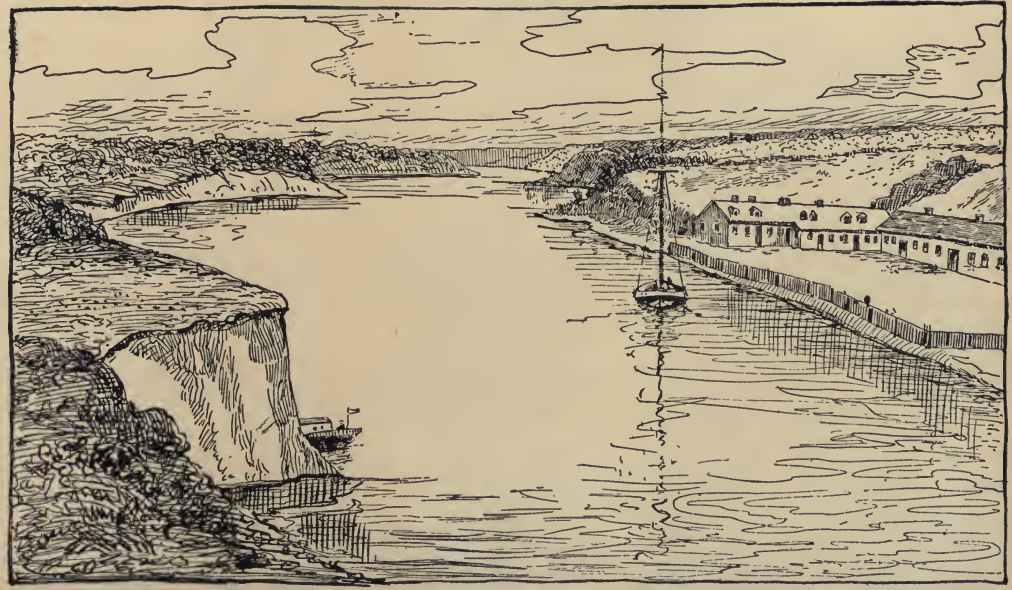
A BEND IN THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE — FROM A DRAWING BY MRS. SIMCOE

touch. The labour involved in the gathering together of this mass of information, which will be rendered available for reference by a full index, can scarcely be imagined by those who have never themselves attempted the same kind of investigation of minute historical details. Much of the material both for the notes and the biography has been furnished by descendants of the persons mentioned in the diary or is the result of a close study of such unimpeachable documents as army lists, church registers and the like. In addition, the work is most liberally illustrated with reproductions of original drawings and portraits of the more important persons mentioned, and the task of obtaining these illustrations has been almost as onerous as that of verifying the biographical details. One portrait, for instance, was discovered, after a long chase, in California, and another in the Hebrides. Indeed, the toil has been so great that Mr. Robertson says he is resolved "never again to edit a woman's diary."

That the publication of this particular woman's diary will be warmly welcomed by all interested in the history of Canada, especially of Upper Canada, goes without saying; and the editor has wisely prefaced the diary with a brief account of its author.

Mrs. Simcoe's history began sadly, for "she never saw her father, and in the first twenty-four hours of her life she lost her mother." "Her father was an officer in the army," who "served in Canada and was one of the three Majors of Brigade of General Wolfe at Quebec." He had married an heiress and the one little daughter of the pair, named Elizabeth Posthuma—the first name after her mother, the second in commemoration of the sad circumstances of her birth—inherited a large fortune, including the picturesque, many-gabled mansion of "Old Court," at Whitchurch, in Herefordshire, where she was born.

Her family, the Gwillims, "came of noble lineage," tracing their descent "from the early kings of North and South Wales," and from another monarch, the redoubtable William the Conqueror. Left an orphan



NAVY HALL, NIAGARA, 1792—FROM THE RIVER

FROM A DRAWING BY MRS. SIMCOE

KING'S HEAD INN, BURLINGTON BAY — FROM A DRAWING BY MRS. SIMCOE

so early, Elizabeth was brought up by her aunt, the wife of Admiral Graves, spending her girlhood at a house called "Hembury Fort," some three miles from her future home at Wolford. The child was bright and clever. "She loved to ramble through the woods, where she could reproduce bits of landscape that are still so charming all around Hembury Fort. Her delight as a girl was to be skilled in pencil, pen and water-colour work," and "some of her water-colours that hang to-day on the walls of Wolford bear excellent evidence of her artistic skill." She was a good linguist, speaking French and German fluently and Spanish a little. "She was fond of gaiety and outdoor life. To whirl in the dance,

CASTLE FRANK IN 1796 — FROM A DRAWING BY MRS. SIMCOE

QUEENSTOWN, OR THE LOWER LANDING

FROM A PAINTING BY MRS. SIMCOE

to cross country with the hounds seemed second nature to her," but, "though she had an excellent ear for music, she never sang nor played on any instrument." In figure she must have been small, for a brocaded satin skirt which she wore at Niagara "at the opening of the first Legislature of Upper Canada" measures no more than thirty-seven inches in length.

She was only sixteen years old when Lieutenant-Colonel Simcoe, who had won laurels and been wounded in the American Revolutionary War, came to visit his god-father, Admiral Graves. "It is said to have been a case of love at first sight," and before the year was out the very youthful little heiress was married, at the parish church of Buckerall, to the gallant colonel, who was then in his thirtieth year. For a short time the newly-wedded couple lived at Exeter, the old cathedral city, where the Colonel had passed much of his boyhood. He wished to settle down in some quiet spot in lovely Devon, and soon his wife bought Wolford and the surrounding estate, though they did not actually go there to live for several years to come.

The Gwillim wealth "was liberally spent, not only in improving the estate, but in making life enjoyable in the manor house." In those days the guest-rooms at Wolford were rarely unoccupied, but in the summer of 1791 Colonel Simcoe was offered an appointment as Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada. He accepted it and Mrs. Simcoe immediately prepared to accompany him to Canada, taking her two youngest children, Sophia, aged two, and her only son, Francis, a baby of three months old. The four other children, of whom the eldest was only seven, had to be left behind. No doubt the parting with these little ones was a great trial to a mother so loving as Mrs. Simcoe is said to have been; but she left them in good keeping.

At this point begins the diary, which is practically a Canadian book throughout, covering the period from the latter part of 1791 to October, 1796; that is, the whole term of Colonel Simcoe's government of Upper Canada. It is full of vivid glimpses of the writer herself, of her husband (in his private capacity), of the notables and humbler folk, with whom they came in contact, and of the social life of the time. Probably under this last head it will appeal to the widest circle of readers, for who amongst us does not like to have some idea how our ancestors dressed and dined, amused themselves and travelled? Which of us does not welcome a little glimmer of light cast into the shadows of that not very far-away past, when our country was all in the making, when our great railways were unimagined, when our cities were only a dream, when eagles flew where the air is now darkened with the reek of factory chimneys, and when bears and wolves made dangerous places which now menace the community as city slums?

But, besides writing crisp little touches of description, Mrs. Simcoe still practised the art that had pleased her in childhood. Everywhere she went she made sketches, which give a better idea of the changes that have taken place in a hundred and twenty years than pages of elaborate explanation could do. In this book ninety of Mrs. Simcoe's sketches have been reproduced. "The originals of these drawings are nearly all at Wolford," says Mr. Robertson, but, thirty-two in sepia (some of which are copies by Mrs. Simcoe of sketches made by Lieutenant Robert Pilkington) were presented by Colonel Simcoe to George III., and are now in the Royal Library of the British Museum.

Of course, the diary has its limitations. The writer is strangely silent on some events of the family history, and the narrative adds very little directly to our knowledge of the political history of the time. This is

hardly surprising, however, when we remember that it was written and sent home week by week to the ladies who had been left in charge of the elder children at Wolford; and many of its details may have been intended for the amusement of the little ones themselves. Moreover, Mrs. Simcoe was far too good a wife to indulge in political gossip which might have embarrassed her husband in his responsible and difficult position. This diary is not one of those, presumably intended to take the place of confidant or remembrancer, into which the writer pours every kind of reflection that comes into his or her head. Its contents are indeed just such as might naturally find their way into letters from a somewhat reserved woman to an intimate friend.

The first entry, dated Saturday, 17th September, 1791, records the arrival of Colonel Simcoe's party at Weymouth, in Dorsetshire. This port was then a fashionable watering-place. The king, who was there at the time, had a house at Weymouth. The *Triton* frigate was awaiting Simcoe's convenience in the harbour, but some delay over the sealing of his commission hindered his departure. The travellers thus lost a favourable wind, and there was much discussion amongst naval men as to the possibility of their making the passage so late in the season.

At last, on September 26th, they set sail, and "Mrs. Simcoe's description of the trip from Weymouth to the New World forms an interesting commentary upon the ocean travel of a century ago. Long was the voyage and great was the discomfort even upon the *Triton*, which compared most favourably with the usual sailing craft of the day. With wind as the only motive power, the man-of-war which bore the Simcoe party towards the West took forty-six days upon a voyage which the fleet liner of to-day would make in less than five. And the gain in comfort has been no less marked." Mrs. Simcoe was soon well enough, however, to be "rather diverted at the difficulties we meet with at dinner, when, in spite of all care, the dishes are often tossed to every corner of the room." But, "after a very stiff gale," a temporary fit of depression inspired a vigorous account of their manifold discomforts. "Fine weather makes me very happy, but when it blows hard this abode is certainly horrid beyond the imagination of those who have not experienced it. The noises on board a ship, till one becomes accustomed to them, almost deprive one of one's senses; in bad weather they are doubled, every place wet and dirty, besides being bruised by sudden motions of the ship and half drowned by leaks in the cabin. . . . Those who are of a sanguine temper think we may get to New York; others foresee that we shall be driven to Barbadoes, where we must pass the winter, and in May sail for Antigua to refit. Colonel Simcoe is the only person who supposes it possible to reach Quebec. It will be so late before we come into the River St. Lawrence that the pilots will probably have quitted the Isle of Bic. . . . and the master of the *Triton* cannot carry her up without a pilot. In this case we must return to the Gulph, and, the season being too severe to keep in a northern latitude, we must steer for Barbadoes, and there shall meet with millions of those black beetles I so much detest . . . lizards, centipedes and scorpions besides."

Mrs. Simcoe's cabin was only "just large enough to swing a cot," and in rough weather the said cot struck against the side of the cabin most uncomfortably, until Colonel Simcoe "thought of the method used by the ancients to lessen the force of battering rams by hanging up feather beds to receive them. This device made the cot slide up and down very easily."

Another trial, already referred to, was the leakiness of the cabin. "One

tempestuous night," says the diarist, "it rained upon my bed, but a thick great coat covered me, and I slept well. This ship is a good sea boat, but so leaky in her upper works that the floor of my cabin is scarcely ever dry and the baize with which it is covered retains the wet. Therefore I always wear clogs."

Even during the weeks at sea, Mrs. Simcoe never lacked employment, for when other amusements failed, she could always fall back upon her beloved drawing, copying maps or pictures of ships, and sketching the sea birds that flew about the vessel.

Off the coast of Gaspé, the *Triton* fell in with a terrible gale and snowstorm (it was now November 4th) and the ship "pitched her forecastle under water continually." The tackle and ropes froze and had to be thawed frequently with boiling water, and the sailors, who had "no clothing more than they would have on a West India voyage," suffered severely. It seemed that at the eleventh hour they would be driven to New York, or even to the West Indies, "the men being so disabled by the frost and so many on the sick list that there are not enough to work the ship against adverse winds." Even in this doleful situation, however, Mrs. Simcoe had spirit to conclude triumphantly, "The dinner overset, the tea things broke, but I eat broth without spilling it!" Happily, just in time the weather moderated, and the *Triton* went gaily up the St. Lawrence, all sails set, "even the sky scrapers," to land her passengers at Quebec on November 11th.

The old town looked so dismal under heavy rain that Mrs. Simcoe, after all their troubles, was by no means eager to leave the ship, but she was destined to spend many months in Quebec, and to enjoy its gaieties. Her husband, she says, complained of the Canadian capital that he found there, "few men of learning or information, literary society not being necessary to the amusement of ladies;" but, she adds, "I am very well off amongst the women and really find this a delightful place. In the evening I go to balls, concerts, suppers . . . and to have every one I see assiduous to please me, and to have nothing to do but to follow my own fancy is a satisfactory mode of living, not always attainable on your side of the Atlantic." Of course, as always, she sketched diligently scenes, buildings and *calashes,* but it must be allowed that she was not very successful in the drawing of horses, and the pictures in which they appear are decidedly droll.

She anticipated with pleasure the thought of the long journey to Upper Canada in store for them, and "the perpetual change of scene" it would afford; and was not at all alarmed by the descriptions of the hardships of the way. Her account of the journey made in "batteaux" gives a hundred quaint glimpses into the life of the time, but it is impossible in the space at my command to make many or long quotations, though there are temptations to do so on every page. The "delightful lake-like river," the sunsets, the songs of the boatmen, gave her a pleasure which offset the discomforts occasioned by the hot June sun, the attacks of mosquitoes, and undesirable stopping-places—in one case, indeed, the bed looked so unpromising that Mrs. Simcoe "slept on a blanket upon the table." Often she preferred to sleep in a tent, though at first she was surprised that she did not catch cold.

Exclusive of a few days spent in Montreal, the travellers took fourteen days to make their way up the river to Kingston.

In that little town, then the most important place west of Montreal, Mrs. Simcoe was much amused to see Mississaga Indians sauntering up and down "all day, with the apparent nonchalance, want of occupation and

indifference that seems to possess the London beaux in Bond Street."

After some months' residence at Niagara, Mrs. Simcoe wrote, "the climate is delightful and the country plentiful and a pleasant society within a certain circle; in short, we have nothing to complain of but not seeing the children and the absence of some friends. . . . There are as many feathers, flowers, and gauze dresses at our balls (held every fortnight) as at a Honiton assembly."

In the summer of 1793, Mrs. Simcoe paid her first visit to Toronto, and she writes of the oak groves on the shore, and "the long spit of land, covered with wood," which "breaks the horizon of the lake" and "greatly improves the view." Here it is almost as hard to recognise "the Island" of to-day as it is to realise that then "the Bay" was "beautifully clear and transparent." In those days, too, the rivers and creeks about Toronto abounded with salmon, and quantities of whitefish and maskalonge were caught in the lake.

On the other hand, rattlesnakes figure frequently in the diary, though fortunately for herself the only ones seen by its author were imprisoned in a barrel; and wolves and bears were numerous. Once, when walking on the ice up the River Don, near Castle Frank, the dwelling named after her little son, Francis, Mrs. Simcoe saw the tracks of wolves and the head and hoofs of a deer they had destroyed.

But perhaps most of all the accounts of the modes of travelling in that day impress us with the changes time has wrought. The Governor himself made long journeys on foot, once travelling four hundred miles in that way. In spite of soldiers sent as "expresses at regular intervals by way of post," news travelled slowly. For instance, Marie Antoinette died by the guillotine in October, 1793, but the tidings did not reach York till the following March 1st, when the official society in the embryo capital of Upper Canada put on mourning for the hapless queen.

With all its drawbacks, Mrs. Simcoe liked life in the wilds so well that when she had to bid farewell to York and her friends there she "cried all day;" and it was a passport to her favour when an acquaintance "spoke with delight of Canada."

The voyage home was rendered exciting by fears of the French, with whom England was then at war. The diary ends with the homeward journey, but the story of the after life of Colonel and Mrs. Simcoe is touched upon by another diary—the quaint work of an old man-servant, much given to moralising, who spent over thirty-seven years in service at Wolford. In her latter years, at least, it would appear that Mrs. Simcoe was something of an autocrat. There is a family tradition that she would not allow her daughters to seat themselves, uninvited, in her presence, and she resolutely set her face against the marriage of any one of the seven who lived to womanhood. But if she showed a somewhat tyrannical disposition in her home relations, Canadians, at least, owe her a debt of gratitude for her vivid pictures, with pen and pencil, of our country in its day of small things. Gratitude is also due to the painstaking editor and biographer, who has rendered Mrs. Simcoe's delightful work accessible to the general public. "All who take interest in the pioneer days of the Province" will surely read the book* with pleasure, and will be eager to give it a place in their library.

*"The Diary of Mrs. John Graves Simcoe." Edited by John Ross Robertson. Toronto: William Briggs.

COUSIN DIADEM

BY NINA E. BACON

A MOTOR CAR of long defunct pattern wheezed its asthmatic way up the smooth, weed-bordered slope of the Dollcart farm-road. Its driver was an unsophisticated farm-hand, with black, shaggy hair, bulging blue eyes, a narrow head, and a thin, long, red neck twisted to one side above a crimson string neck-tie. The whole gave him the appearance of a turkey looking for refuge from a hawk.

The one passenger was in no way remarkable. A snapshot of a college campus after lectures would show dozens of his type: smooth face, thick, brown hair, light tweeds, straw hat, and, for the rest, the freshness and verve of youth. The car itself was a derelict, which its disgusted owners had abandoned after many breakdowns. Mr. Benjamin Dollcart, with an acquisitiveness which had descended to him from some progenitor of the Eastern bazaars, had taken it in and tinkered it into a semblance of locomotion.

Alighting at Brome flag-station, the every-day young man had flushed at the sight of the equipage and the palpable amusement of the bystanders, and then, because he had always esteemed himself as above small vanities, he reddened still more.

"How is my uncle, Dave?" he asked the perpetually startled driver.

"Not to say well, Mr. Dollcart. Don't look as if he'd stand the racket long. He sot up to-day, and he didn't look wuth three cents' wuth o' cat meat, he didn't."

"Too bad," muttered Mr. Dollcart, junior.

In silence, but for the puff and rattle of the car, they finished the long, gradual ascent, and drew up before an old farm-house, with verandah on three sides, a green, wooden settee on each division, and in front, great spruces towering above the main roof.

Young Dollcart dashed up the steps, softly opened the French window, and as softly approached a great, roped bed, which had originally been a four-poster, but long ago had been bereft of its pristine wealth of posts, canopy and valance. Benjamin Dollcart, senior, was educated as to the haunts of germs.

A strong, old, dark face lay against the pillow. The thin aquiline nose and piercing eyes were the more striking, in as much as they were surrounded by a frame of soft, silvered curls.

"Well, uncle Ben," said the boy, when he saw he was noticed, "sorry to see you so knocked up. We'll have to get you out of here and have some of our tramps about the farm."

"Knocked up for keeps, this time, boy. Got my wire, did ye? I wanted someone around that didn't get on my nerves so. That fool of a Dave! He twists his neck and cocks one eye at me whenever I speak to him till I can't keep my hands off'n him hardly; and he can't come or go without lookin' in the glass at that fool gold tooth o' his, an' polishin' it up with the corner of his handkerchief. More money than brains, I tell him. A

decent gap would look a sight better. What time'd ye get my wire?"

"Two-thirty, sir, and I came immediately. Just caught the three. Does it tire you to talk, uncle?"

"No, it doesn't," said Dollcart, testily. "I'm spoilin' to talk to a human being. That Dave isn't one. He's an ostrich at the table and a giraffe away from it. But, Ben, one thing does tire me. It's that young lady notion you've picked up of choppin' 'immediately' up into inch pieces, like ox-tails for pie. Im-med-i-ate-ly!" mimicked he. "Old-fashioned way's good enough for me."

"All right, uncle," laughed Ben. "We'll rub the corners off or melt 'em down."

"Well," said the old man, with a twinkle in his eye, "I'm going under —all in, you fellows say. I'm not exactly a pauper. I've scraped and niggered and put the best foot foremost. Folks used to say I took a hen along when I went in the buggy, to eat the oats scattered about at the tavern, but that's a lie, boy; just one of their jokes on the old man." He stopped to chuckle feebly, and then resumed: "One thing did happen to me once kind of comical. One day I see some good brush stuff, all right fer firewood, layin' along old Queen Street, and so I hitched Mark to the waggon and was gatherin' it up one day, when that new fellow that bought the Gample place come along, and he took a squint at Mark and a squint at me, and then he says, 'Do you live about these parts?' 'Yes,' says I. 'Well,' says he, 'if ye tell me where, I'll fetch ye a load of wood when I'm hitched fer town. Don't say a word. I can afford it well,' says he, holdin' up his hand. Well, when I'm told to shut up, I shut up. I just says, 'I live in the frame house, top o' Dollcart Slope.' 'All right,' says he, smilin', an' off he went."

The old man laughed softly to himself.

"It must have been on account of Mark," said Ben, with a sly grin.

"I think myself it was my old green overcoat," responded Dollcart, senior. "Anyways," he went on, "along he come with the wood—good, generous hardwood. I was hoein' them pet strawberries by the gate. The wheat and oats looked great on that hundred, and, over beyond, the ensilage corn was flutterin' its ribbons and whisperin' happy things to itself. He kind o' started when he saw me. 'Oh, do you work fer Mr. Dollcart,' says he. 'Most days,' says I, as serious as the spink. 'Where 's your house?' says he. 'That's it,' says I, pointin' my hoe at this one. Well, he give me one look, wheeled his horses and went, lickety-scoot, down the hill. I didn't git the load of wood, an' I cracked my good hoe-han'le leanin' on it to laugh, but I swan, it was wuth it! I think, though," he ended, musing, "it added some to my reputation."

Outside was the droning of flies, and from the rear of the house was wafted by the light breeze the aroma of new milk. Ben was silently stroking the work-worn hand with his tanned, shapely one. Though breathing quickly, the old man gave occasional chuckles at thought of his practical joke, while his nephew hoped he would drop into the slumber he seemed to need.

"Ben, my boy," went on Mr. Dollcart, rousing himself, "I've talked around quite a bit, but I haven't reached the point yet. I want you to promise me to marry my little cousin Diadem. They say she's not little, though, now. She's a tall, fine frame of a woman. What do you say to it?"

"Uncle, don't ask me. Marriage is the last thing I'm thinking of. I'm going to take time for some research work when I finish."

"Just like me, my boy. Too busy to marry till that wet harvest. Wouldn't ha' done it then, but 'twas too wet to work at the grain. Oh, yes," he mused, with a far thought

for his wife of but one short year.

Ben was busy thinking out a line of defence.

"Besides," said he, after a pause, "we've probably grown a thousand miles apart in every way. She, I have no doubt, would not consider for a moment the thought of me as a husband. It is utterly impossible, uncle."

"You remember her, Ben?" pleaded the old man, "a pretty little red-haired thing, with the winningest ways, and a strong head, yes, a strong head."

"She's probably developed into a suffragette," said Ben, cynically.

"See here, Ben, you'll never regret it. You'll get all I have if you please me in this."

"I can't think of it, uncle. It's degrading to me."

"Well, I made my will to that effect. It was drawed last Wednesday by Lawyer Staples, and I signed it a Thursday. It's short, but it's got the gist o' things there."

"Ask me anything else, uncle. I'm not given to getting smitten on pretty girls, and I have only the haziest remembrance of this one. She could beat me at most things, I know, but—— My work engrosses me, and this would spoil things."

"Marry her, Ben, my boy, and you'll be able to go into research work hullsale if you want to. You won't need to run any one-horse show."

"But doesn't this savour of the popular girls' novel?" said Ben, trying the effect of mild ridicule. "I can hardly think you wish to be taken seriously."

This touched a matter on which Dollcart, senior, held strong views.

"Lyin' romances! Ly-in' ro-mances!" he repeated, with increasing emphasis. Then he fell into reverie. "Never read one but once, boy. 'The Count o' Monte Christo,' it was. I wan't but twelve year old. It was a cortion sure enough." His eyes lighted up with the treasured joy of youth. "It was on'y a made-up story, ye know, but fer two weeks I moved an' lived an' had my bein' with them people, all manafactured by one man, an' him a furriner, mind ye. I had the book hid between the ticks o' my bed, an' I used to read by candle-light till I was scairt to go to sleep without searchin' behin-all the bar'ls in the dark room—a store place acrost the passage. That hunt used to scare me worse nor ever, but I had to do it. It was the neardest like a crypt I could sense, never havin' seen the real article. Mother nearly caught me one night when I was tuckin' away the book, an' made the husks rattle in the ticks; an' ol' Daniel Flynn, the school-teacher, got it at last, when I hadn't but two more chapters to read, an' I had it shoved in betwixt my shirt an' britches on the chance I might get at it an' find out the wind-up in study-hour."

The old man laughed to himself over what had been a boyhood tragedy.

"Didn't he give it back?" queried Ben, with fervour.

"No, but I bought another with the first money I 'arned pickin' berries—an' done more jugglin' than a Hindew-Chinee contortionist to get out o' lyin' about what I done with my berry money."

Ben laughed heartily, inwardly praying that this digression from the distasteful subject under discussion might lead to some other line of thought, but presently the old voice took up the theme again.

"Well, I went around limper than fried fishworms, an' doin' chores was worse'n chawin' saw-dust. So I thought if that was what readin' romances done to me I'd not be sucked in again by no malestorms o' that description." He paused, thinking. "No, Ben, this is the real thing. I want to do the square thing by both of you, an' you need a likely woman to look after you (perfessional men never have enough brains left over from their business to take care o'

theirselves with), and this plan'll fix everything up fer both of you. Don't argue any more. I've sent fer her, an' you can't help liking her."

Ben tried to whistle softly to himself, but his lips would persist in compressing themselves too closely, reflecting his condition of mind.

Wearied, the old man slept, still holding fast to the boy's hand.

The evening matured into night. In the kitchen, Dave, who was of a roaming habit like the turkey he resembled, laboriously penned a valentine-like epistle to the seventh damsel he had favoured with his affections within a month. This production was headed: "In rembrans of David," and dwelt upon "loanly spots" and "fer-git-me-nots" for the space of four very crooked and hard-wrought lines.

"Dave," called Ben softly from the door.

"Consarn it," snarled Dave, under his breath, "I never git worked up to the poetry stage without someone comes along an' spiles it. Yes, sir," he said aloud.

"There's a vehicle coming up the road—coming here."

"A what?" ejaculated the chronically startled Dave.

"A carriage," said Ben.

The carriage proved, upon inspection by lantern-light, to be the station-master's democrat, with two loose spokes and a rattling tail-board. This conveyance and an attendant steed, with what the pretty schoolma'am at the corners called "many salient points," had brought a visitor and her baggage to Dollcart Farm.

Before Benjamin could offer assistance she had climbed down and stood revealed in the smoky light, a tall, angular young woman, with a mass of rather beautiful hair of a rich auburn shade. She was habited in a dark cloth suit of severe cut, with ill-fitting shoulders and collar, which betrayed its amateur origin.

"How is cousin to-night?" she asked brusquely and unceremoniously.

"Resting quietly now," replied Ben, observing her coldly.

"And you are Ben, I suppose. You don't look the same boy at all. But you were just a little gaffer when I remember you."

"Yes, there have been some long years since then."

There was a tone of finality in Ben's voice. She looked at him critically with eyes too sharply blue to suit his taste.

"Well, I'll see cousin Benjamin. Who's been taking care of him?"

"Me," said Dave, looking as if the idea had never occurred to him before.

In one comprehensive glance she reviewed his characteristics.

"Humph!" she commented.

Removing her coat and hat she hung them on the hooks in the hall, smoothed back her glossy hair, pulled out the ends of her tie and walked into the bed-room.

The old man had wakened.

"Oh, it's cousin Di, isn't it?" said he, studying her with his fine, old, long-sighted eyes, while she bent over him.

As he looked, something funny seemed to dawn on him.

"Why, cousin Di, I've got two—Shut the door!" he commanded.

Outside Ben had hurried Dave to the kitchen.

"Come, let's find something for that lady to eat. You've reduced me to starvation. My uncle is famishing, too. That's what's the matter with him. But I defy you to try it on her. Get busy! Where's the kindling?"

By this time Ben himself was breaking up some pieces of board, and Dave was standing with the kettle in one hand and the lid in the other, looking as if his surprise would certainly be fatal.

"Oh, Mr. Dollcart, sir, don't her eyes bore ye through an' through? I'd ruther have a lead bullet-hole shot through me with a shootin'

gun, I would. Wouldn't you?"

Inwardly, Ben fervently assented. Outwardly, he said with haste:

"Ring off! Ring off! she's coming!"

Dave looked vaguely around. "We ain't got no bell, have you?" said he, as cousin Di sailed into the room, with a look of indignant protest on her face.

"No food since noon, eh?"

"Perhaps I am to blame," said Ben. "You see, he wanted to talk to me, and then he fell into a doze and I feared to wake him, Miss Diadem."

If Miss Diadem could descend to sniffing, she sniffed.

"I hope your talk relieved his mind. I'd hate to think he suffered in mind and body, too."

Ben felt an inward qualm, but no sign appeared on the surface.

Meantime, Miss Di seemed to have found the pantry wanting. She turned on Dave.

"Where's the milk?"

"The cows ain't givin' much now. They was a little to-night an' I et it fer my supper."

"Oh, you et it fer yer supper?" mimicked Miss Diadem, pausing to let her contempt soak in. It ran off, however. "And why ain't they givin' much?"

"Well, the pastur's done, an' I don't get time to milk 'em reg'lar—an' two laps of orchard fence is down (I used it to mend the line fence), an' I can't put 'em in there."

Something savoury—minus milk, to be sure—was heating on the stove by now, and Miss Di stirred it vigorously, muttering to herself:

"It would take two laps to hold some babies. We'll see if we can do something to-morrow."

She looked at Ben, walking about with an air of assumed nonchalence.

"Here, stir this a minute," she ordered. Dave watched her disappear into the pantry, and in the moment which elapsed before her return with the frying-pan and a piece of ham, he whispered to Ben, with a dispairing look:

"Say, ain't she heart-rendering!" Ben's grin and a doleful shake of the head from Dave were interrupted by the lady's crisp tones.

"I'll cook you a slab or two of this," she said. "Mind it while I feed that poor famine victim in there. Bad enough to starve humans to death in Indy without doin' it here in a Christian country like Canada. It don't seem to have took you down yet, judgin' from yer complection," she went on, looking at Dave, who had already reached the superlative appearance of surprise and so seemed unmoved. "Guess it's like lightnin', can't strike twice in the same place."

The door closed and Ben relieved his feelings by a grotesque, but silent, war-dance.

"Oh, Diadem, I'll die o'dem!" he choked, with both hands over his mouth.

Dave stared, opened the door and betook himself to the yard, whence he gazed back open-mouthed at the kitchen door.

"Well, bald-headed gooseberries!" he said, solemnly.

Next morning was all blue and gold, with the lake in the basin beneath the hill kissing back every tree and cloud that caressed it. Ben had sat far into the night with his uncle, whose female relative had already made her capable and efficient touch felt to the comfort and physical betterment of the household, and more especially of the invalid. Rising somewhat late, the young man bathed, dressed hurriedly, and descended, lilting a bit of favourite song. He was surprised to find everything very still, his uncle propped up with pillows, the white curls about his forehead lifted by the breeze laden with the spicy perfume of flowering currant.

"Say, Ben, I've been fairly hankerin' to get a taste of that sweet-

ness. Ain't it good? It smells like honey tastes."

Ben made a mental note of the preference for honey.

"Dave's gone to town fer things: stuff fer two panels o' fence, and cookin' stuff. And look out there! The cows ain't goin' to wait till he gets back, either, fer a good feed o' orchard grass. No, not if cousin Di knows what's what."

Ben glanced from the window. The cows were feeding luxuriously in the lush grass and clover so long denied them. Across the gap, where the two laps were missing, was stretched a stout cord, one end fastened to the fence, the other wound loosely about Miss Di's arm at the nearer side, thus guarding the yellowing grain beyond from the inroads of the herd. A hand sewing-machine of primitive fashion, which she had brought in her trunk, was screwed to the top fence-board, and in this improvised sewing-room a night-shirt was being made with despatch. Her whole attention was concentrated on turning the crank with one hand and guiding the work with the other, since the vibration of the string warned her of the cows' proximity to the gap.

Ben laughed with huge enjoyment of the scene.

"Uncle, she's a brick! She caps anything, but I couldn't marry her if she'd have me, which she wouldn't."

"You might do worse—an' my will's made, young man," retorted the invalid.

"Can't help it! You're getting better, uncle. You'll out-live me yet. You don't need a will," said Ben largely.

Arrested by the sound of voices Miss Di turned.

"You'll find your breakfast in the warming oven, Mr. Benjamin Dollcart, junior," said she, mildly sarcastic. And Ben took the hint and went in search of it.

About ten o'clock Ben "did a stunt" with the string while preparations were made for dinner. He balked at using the hurdy-gurdy, as he disrespectfully christened it. So the little sewing-machine, after generations of useful toil, perched idly on an orchard fence in the scented whirring, song-filled air, while a college youngster lazily sat beside it, and dreamed great careers, his eyes aimlessely following a cloud of dust on the distant road. This presently resolved itself into a slow-stepping team drawing a heavy waggon, whose contents were not clearly defined. Something vaguely brown loomed up in front and then faded into the general dust-cloud as the vehicle moved around the hill out of the range of vision. That anything in so common-place a scene should help to make the fabric of his future could not have been conceived by Ben in this absorbing moment filled with fame and dignities. We do not always know what is just around the corner in our lives.

The cows were content to eat and dream and switch their glossy sides with their tails far from the corded gap, and Ben had gone off into a series of trills and cadences in imitation of some wild canaries in the sun-flecked greenery, so that the advent of Dave with the team scarcely drew his attention.

That worthy approached now, with neck out-thrust and mouth opened ready to speak, but Ben finished elaborating the cadenza he was engaged on before he deigned to notice him.

"Mr. Dollcart, sir, she's out there," he said, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder.

"Oh, she is? Well, give her my compliments and tell her she's very welcome," said Ben, airily.

Dave paused, irresolute.

"She's got red hair, too," he insinuated.

"What! Another!" said Dave, with mock surprise.

"Yes, consarn it." Dave felt that

he had sympathy now. "I brung her in the waggon."

Ben, beginning to find his position on the fence irksome, sprang down and strolled nonchalently around the corner of the house.

And there she was, sure enough. Rich masses of dark red hair, whose heavy braids could not gather in all the tendrils; translucent eyes, brown, with a glint of amber; laughing lips, curving about even, white teeth; and something in the poise of her tall, young figure which made one think of a great, simple, unaffected queen.

Ben stopped, for one instant altogether carried out of self.

"Ben," she said, holding out both hands, her eyes smiling into his.

"Why, it's—it's Diadem," stammered Ben.

"Yes, Diadem, your old playmate of so many years ago," she answered, with a far look, still holding Ben's hands in her light clasp.

"Then who in the hocus-pocus is this imposter here?"

Ben thought he had never heard chimes so sweet as her laugh.

"Imposter! Why it's my great, splendid cousin Diana, who does such noble things always, and who came to see what she could do till I arrived, I was so far away. Imposter!" She laughed again, and Ben wished she would never stop.

He held her at arm's length from him.

"Diadem," he said, as if some glorious light were dawning on him, "my uncle has laid a binding injunction on me. He says I must marry his cousin Diadem, and what my uncle says I will do."

"There's no command in the Bible to that effect," she said, her warm colour deepening.

"Diadem!" he muttered, with vast reproach, "would you have me disregard the wish of my aged relative?"

"You still plunge head-long into things, as you used to into the mill-pond!" she taunted him.

"Come, we must see uncle Benjamin," he urged, drawing her through the open door.

"Here is Diadem, uncle," said he, humility and triumph mingling in his voice. The old man's smiling eyes showed his comprehension as he looked at the laughing pair.

"You know you absolutely refused to marry her, Ben."

"You dismay me, sir," cried Ben, with gay humour.

"Besides, I have quite decided to alter my will."

"Ironic fate!" sighed Ben.

"I must find cousin Diana," said Diadem.

"So must I," chanted Ben, following her.

"I am going to leave everything to Diadem, provided she doesn't marry anyone else," called Dollcart, senior, after them.

THE PASSING OF THE SAILING SHIP

BY CHANDOS ST. JOHN BRENON

IN spite of the fact that the merchant service is the strongest link in our chain of commerce with foreign countries, very little is known or heard of that branch which comes under the head of "cargo ships" or "tramps." One reads very elaborate descriptions of the palatial moving hotels, which transport visitors to and from the various parts of the world; of the wonderful records broken; of the occasional disasters to those palaces, the news of which is flashed to the farthest ends of the earth and which stagger the whole civilised world. But the "tramp," which does the dirty work, which pokes its nose into the highways and byways of the world's markets is entirely ignored. If it goes down with all hands who ever hears of it? Such is, however, always the case, the silent toiler gets no credit. Their gaudy sisters, with their turbine engines, their exquisitely decorated quarters, their perfect equipment, and their full complement of crew who are well housed and well fed, get all the glory and all the *kudos*.

One does at intervals come across the name of some magnificent freighter capable of carrying thousands upon thousands of tons of cargo, but who ever hears of the sailing ship which Ruskin, alluding to a vessel under full sail, said was the only work of man which harmonised with nature.

These, far more than even the tramp steamer, were truly the "silent workers" on the deep. These were the true empire-builders, who forged the chain that has bound the commerce of the world together, and who helped to make the British Empire what she is to-day, who were the forerunners of civilisation, and who, as civilisation advanced, made the way possible for their gaily caparisoned sisters, who have now so nearly destroyed their usefulness. Dependent on the fickle breath of Aëolus for their motive power, they slowly ploughed their monotonous way to their ports of discharge, facing unlimited danger, ever at the mercy of the elements, and nine times out of ten short-handed and the few men they did carry underfed and underpaid.

Thousands of otherwise well-read people are to-day under the impression that the sailing ship is obsolete, but such is not the case. Far from it, though the number of their days of existence is coming perilously near their ending.

In 1909 the number of sailing ships belonging to the United Kingdom and the Colonies amounted to 1,883, with a tonnage of 1,209,995 tons, not including any ships of sail under 100 tons, or Canadian-owned sailing vessels on the lakes. In the British colonies during the year 1907, ninety-seven merchant vessels were

launched, of which some thirty odd were sailing ships of more than 100 tons. While it is admitted that the present-day proportion of sailing ships to steamers is comparatively insignficant, the fact still remains that there are sail-propelled vessels, manned and victualled, which, with unfailing irregularity, sail practically around the globe continuously. Only thirty-five years ago the proportion of sail to steam was equal. *En passant,* it is to Canada that belongs the credit of having built and engined the first steamer to cross the Atlantic. This was the *Royal William,* launched at Wolfe's Cove, Quebec, in 1831. Two years later she steamed from Pictou, Nova Scotia, to Gravesend, England, in the wonderful time of twenty-two days.

It is not so much that no more sailing ships are being built as that steamships are being turned out in much greater numbers. While the sailing ship tonnage is gradually dwindling they still hold an important, if unobtrusive, position in the maritime world.

The splendid passages made nowadays by the ocean "greyhounds" leave no opening for the famous old clippers to put forward their claims, but there are many passenger steamers at the present time, known as "intermediate" boats, which take from nine to fourteen days to cross the Atlantic. With these trips some of those made by the old clippers compare very favourably.

The *Red Jacket* in 1854 crossed from New York to the mouth of the Mersey in thirteen days. In 1862 the *Dreadnought,* a full-rigged sailing ship of 1,413 tons, from Sandy Hook to Queenstown, left a record of nine days and seventeen hours that is still spoken of with pride in the forecastle of the present day "windjammer," and which will never be forgotten by the sailing ship man. These records hold their own with the average passage of a modern freighter covering the same trip, and, as a matter of fact, are a good deal better than many can boast of at the present time. A good trip from England to Australia takes thirty-five days, and this time is only made by the most modern ships of the latest design, specially built and under contract with the British Government to carry the mails. In 1868 the *Thermopylae,* a full-rigged ship, made the passage from London to Melboure in sixty days on her maiden voyage, which is not at all behind the same trip made to-day by ordinary tramp steamers. The *Patriarch,* another full-rigged ship, belonging to the famous old Aberdeen line, which firm likewise owned the *Thermopylae,* made the passage from the metropolis of the world to Sidney in sixty-eight days. The *City of Benares,* of which the writer was third officer in 1899, voyaged from New York to Freemantle, Western Australia, in the record time of seventy-seven days, and on her arrival in port found the remains of her sister ship, the *City of York,* which had left New York twenty-eight days ahead of her, piled up on the rocks, and the first news that greeted the captain of the *City of Benares* when he was priding himself on his wonderful passage, was that the coast guardsmen were then dragging for the body of his only son, who was the second mate of the ill-fated ship, and who had been drowned, with twenty-two more, when she struck the reef.

Many are the tales that could be told of the handling of these vessels, which carried in the neighbourhood of 40,000 square feet of canvas when all sail was set. How the captain of the *Thermopylae,* when his ship, tearing along "lee rail under" in half a gale, with all sail set, would padlock his upper yard haulyards so that they could not be lowered while he was below having

a "nip" or sleeping, with the knowledge that his ship could sail even faster and her sticks still remain upright if she had a greater spread of canvas. How the captain of the *Red Jacket* swore a mighty oath that he would drive his ship to Melbourne in better time than that of the *Thermopylae* or else drive her to hell. How after raising Melbourne Heads in fifty-seven days he ran his ship on the rocks and lost his own life, as well as many of his crew. The whole history of sailing ships for fifty years back to the present time would make the most fascinating reading, for, at sea nothing is impossible and everything is probable, and the most seemingly improbable and impossible stories are known to be facts by the men who themselves were the heroes or the sufferers, as the case may be.

Uncomfortable, badly fed and badly housed, as was the merchant service sailor, he who had twice rounded the Horn and twice run his "Easting down" could at least say, "I have served my apprenticeship of suffering and truly earned my miserable pittance."

Try, for instance, to realise a passage, not a voyage, of 265 days' duration. Only once seeing land and that when the ship put into Batavia for water. Living on the coarsest of food, dished up in but three varieties, week in and week out. Seeing the same faces day after day until you get so that you want to punch them to alter their appearance, and thus in a measure break the monotony of their continual reappearance at the same hour for months at a time. Hauling on braces day after day, night after night. Trimming heavy yards to take advantage of every breath of air that might help to get the vessel farther on her way. Yet, such was the experience of the bark *Grace Harwar*, New York to Yokohama, in 1897. Not because she was a slow ship, but on account of either adverse winds or maybe no wind at all.

The food in those days, but a short fifteen years ago, had just commenced to earn the consideration of the Board of Trade, urged to the step by Havelock Wilson, M.P., sailors' friend and champion. When the outward-bound ship was moored at her berth in the dock waiting to take in her salt horse and salt pork, an inspector who had never been to sea would pick out a few barrels indiscriminately, knock out the bunghole plug and drive a wooden "fid" or sharp-pointed stick into the meat. If the odour did not make him blink when he placed this stick gingerly in the direction of his nose it was passed as fit for food. If by any chance he got the "fid" too close to his nasal organ and he seemed to be struck a blow in the face and had not previously interviewed the skipper in the cabin he would hold it up. The ship chandler would take it back and eventually some other ship, whose captain was more, shall we say diplomatic? would get it. It was a common and well-known habit of the ship-owners to buy up the condemned meat from the navy and pass it off on the unsuspecting mariner who was to toil so that this owner might benefit, and eat rotten meat in the toiling. I know whereof I speak. But that is done away with now and matters are improved, thanks to a few energetic spirits, who had the sailors' welfare at heart.

Numerous hardships were encountered then and are to-day at sea, be you a sailor on floating palace or on some wheezy old tramp furrowing her way out to the west coast of Africa. There are always the discomforts one expects, but it is the devil you don't know rather than the one you do that makes the life all the harder. The sailor knows that some day he will have to "round the Horn" in thirty degrees below zero, to shorten sail in the teeth of a freezing wind, laden with spindrift, as the gale whips the tops of moun-

tainous waves into a froth that is carried high into the air. Reefing sail twenty minutes after "taking them in," when the little dead, white spots on your finger tips tell of frost bites, but you had no time to look to it nor any sympathy to expect. Hanging eighty feet in the air, battling with a thundering, whipping sheet of canvas stretched to the hardness of a steel plate, frost bites did not matter. The main thing was to try and keep your perch, for if you failed, frost bites would never trouble you more. Sleeping in wet clothes for weeks at a stretch, because everything you had was lying in the half a foot of water that had either oozed into your quarters or else had come helter-skelter through the scuttle by the liquid ton. Hauling on ropes, with cataracts of green water pouring over your head, frequently being washed and smashed from side to side of the ship as she rolled and staggered with the added weight of a goodly section of the ocean on her decks. If at night, uncertain as to whether you had been washed overboard or not. Abused by "bucco" mates. Living on cold, half-cooked, rotten beef, when you would have given half a month's pay for a piping hot cup of coffee. The food was cold because the galley fire and the galley itself had been inundated for two or three days. Hungry, worn out, half-frozen and wretched, anxiously watching for just the right slant of wind to get you round the "corner." Once around, however, the warm weather and the fact that misery had in a great measure been left behind cheered a great deal, then the trip ashore in the new land and finally the start for home. Home! For what? Yet the sailor always longed to be home. To be robbed of his hard-earned monies by the finest aggregation of crimps and thieves each and every port could muster. I have seen a sailor claimed by a woman as her husband, a woman who had never set eyes on him before, but who caught the poor devil in the right degree of drunkenness and when she was backed up by the crimps the sailor eventually believed that she was his wife. This and many other schemes to get hold of the homeward bounders' pay day. But the more the shellback was robbed the less he seemed to guard against it, and were conditions the same to-day the sailors' harpies would still haunt the dock front and read the maritime papers to get news of the ship that was coming in. But it is hardly worth while now, there are so few sailing ships anywhere.

The explanation is simple. Before the reaching of the steamer to the position it now holds, the sailing ship was the popular means of conveyance. It was cheaper. She carried less crew, had no coal to buy or expensive machinery to get out of order, and, because she could be operated at less cost, she could carry freight cheaper to any part of the world, with exceptions of Mediterranean ports and one or two other seaport towns. Their greatest trade was on the west coast of South America, going around Cape Horn and back by the Cape of Good Hope to Europe, with a cargo of saltpetre. The completion of the Panama Canal will drive them from this trade as the opening of the Suez Canal drove them out of the Indian Ocean. The time saved by the Panama route will cut so much off both time and distance that the steamer will be able to compete on an even basis with the sailing ship, and, with speed in her favour, her rival, the sailing vessel, will lose the control of the trade.

Calcutta offers an example of the decline of the sailing ship. Fifteen years ago Garden Reach, where all the sailing ships would anchor, looked like a veritable forest, so thickly was the horizon studded with masts and yards. To-day, four sailing ships at the same time would cause a great deal of comment. Yet at one time

vessels of sail had to wait their turn to get into their tier to unload and captains would fret and fume about delays and speak threateningly of demurrage. New York was a veritable gold mine to the crimps and boarding-house runners, who would sail down as far as the Highland Light in their iniquitous endeavours to land a "windjammer" sailor and bleed him of his well-earned wage. To-day, if a deep-sea sailing ship comes alongside the pier, hundreds of people visit her as a wonderful sight. And so it is all over the world. They can still be found in Chilian ports, in Yokohama and here and there in Australia, but their arrivals are few and far between, and the mighty oceans, once dotted with their glistening sails at every latitude, to-day cradle them but very rarely.

The look-out man of the gorgeous mail boat watches for the black pall of smoke on the horizon that tells of a sister ship steaming her way at some wonderful speed to some port, but he never gives a thought to sighting a graceful clipper under a full spread of snowy canvas, her weather rigging singing to the strain as she leans over to the stiff breeze, reeling off her twelve knots, silent as the night, clean as a hound's tooth, in harmony with nature, a sight, if once seen, never forgotten.

The steamer has outpaced the "windjammer." It is faster, but not one whit safer. Any old salt will tell you he would rather be in a sailing ship "hove to" in a gale of wind than in any steamer that was ever built, under the same conditions. The sailing ship has no propeller to lose. She has masts upon which to spread her sails, not little toothpicks gummed to the deck, which are far too small to allow the old and rotten canvas that is put upon them to be of any use. Canvas that has in all probability been stowed away for months until it has become like paper. The sailing ship is safer in every way and will ride out any gale more staunchly and more gracefully than any steamer ever launched.

Just as the vessel of sail is disappearing, so is the real sailor becoming a thing of the past. These ships were too often under-manned, but every member of the crew was a sailor in the true sense of the word. He could splice anything in the way of a piece of rope and in many different styles. He could furl a royal alone, was never at a loss how to handle any job, a splendid helmsman, a wonder at all kinds of useful and fancy knots, and, above all, a "sailor man." Hard drinking, hard swearing, hard living, hard working, and hard to manage, he was generous to a fault, and always boasted that "every tooth in his mouth was a marlin spike, every hair on his head a rope yarn, and every drop of blood in his veins Stockholm tar. Now, as the steamship is driving the "lime-juicer" off the ocean highways, the shellback is gradually becoming as rare as the dodo. A different brand has sprung up and taken his place. Admittedly, a good brand, for "those who go down to the sea in ships" are a hardy race. But they do not have to be sailors as sailors were known a few years ago. Yet, to-day the man who applies for a berth on any ship, from A. B. to captain, gets the preference if he can show "wind-bag" discharges. But the time will come when even that fact will make no difference, for the march of modern improvement is making it unnecessary.

The enthralling stories that could be told of sail . . ., but why talk of that? Public taste calls for tales dealing with flying machines, automobiles and *super-Mauretanias*. The ship of sail is out of date. The day the Panama Canal opens its gates to the shipping world the obituary on the sailing ship can then be prepared, and with its writing goes the real romance of the sea.

THE GWYNNE RESIDENCE, DUFFERIN STREET — ONE OF THE FEW REMAINING LANDMARKS OF TORONTO

FORMER LANDMARKS OF TORONTO

BY MRS. FORSYTH GRANT

GOING down to the National Exhibition, towards the lake, one has often seen from the cars a long fence of wooden boards, with a small barred gate leading to an almost impenetrable growth of splendid old spruce and fir trees, the branches of which interlace across the driveway. At the end of this is the pretty old bungalow in which for many years lived the late Dr. Gwynne. A wide lawn surrounds the house, the grass growing up close to the verandah, which runs around three sides; and at the south end of the lawn, almost hidden by the over-growth of bushes and bracken, is probably the very last piece of snake fencing left in Toronto. When this homestead was built, in the early years of the last century, it was considered, of course, quite in the country; and the difficulty of bad or no roads made the distance a long one for a ride or drive.

At the east side of the grounds, bordering now on the street pavement, is an enormous willow tree, with huge gnarled trunk, reminding one forcibly of the splendid old willows in Annapolis Royal, planted two hundred years ago by the French. The story (a perfectly true one) is that Dr. Gwynne, in returning from a walk one day, plucked and carried in his hand a willow branch, and before going into the house carelessly stuck it in the ground, where it took root, and to-day is a magnificent tree. There must have been moisture in the ground from springs, streams, or what not, to have encouraged such wonderful growth. On one side of the house a break in the fence leads one into a dear old garden, where beds of flowers riot at their own sweet will; a glass grapery is also there, and another small garden has a wealth of bloom from dahlias, stocks, zinnias, nasturtiums,

salvia, asters, etc. Groups of old buildings, wood-sheds, stables, laundries, ice-house, root-house, dairy, take one back to the days of one's childhood, when all these were considered necessary adjuncts to a gentleman's home.

Returning to the veranda, the open front door hospitably ushers one into a pretty, square hall, with the quaint old yellow "marble" paper familiar to one's early recollections. The hall is furnished as a sitting-room, and thence one goes into a bright,cheery room, with open fire, and long window opening on the veranda, from which one sees the lake. The drawing-rooms are well-proportioned, with high ceilings and walls, some two feet thick, the French windows also opening to the veranda on to the green lawn. The dining-room is a beautiful room, with deep window seats and quaint wooden fireplace. Across the hall, passing the entrance to pantry, storeroom and kitchen, is the tiny, queerly-built staircase, with a dangerous curve to its twisting steps, mounting to the upper floor, with its irregular ceilings and air of musty dinginess. There one finds fine gable windows, with such pretty vistas of lawns and gardens. The ghosts of a dead time seem to flit before one in the dim light of the oil lamps in the early twilight of the autumn day; and the glimpse of the long, crimson bell ropes on every wall, their tasselled ends descending from a big rosette-like ornament, bring long-forgotten memories to one's mind. Such a charming old home it might still be made; but the relentless march of advancement in property value has debarred any such thought. The many acres surrounding the house mean that dormant wealth must be realised, and soon this most picturesque and delightful old Toronto home will be a thing of the past.

The shriek of the engine, the rattle of the electric cars, the hoot of the automobile, all go to disturb the quiet of the erstwhile deep stillness of the place, so dear to the heart of the lady who inherited it from her parents that absolutely nothing has been changed in any way. Even the splendid old trees were cut only when the stern necessity of driving to the door on the sad day of the owner's funeral had to be faced, and some of the great intertwined branches had to be cut off to make way for the procession. The kitchens, with their pantries and cupboards, were rambling and roomy, and the thickness of the walls was a wonder when contrasted with the thin, crumbling brick of the present day. In times past, the place must have been quite charming, and the contrast between the hurry and bustle of life now, and what must have made the peaceful, even work of the days gone by, when the master of the place could have occupied himself for hours in the daily duties of a man of leisure, devoted to his home and its surroundings, is a thing one cannot quite take in in this country, where the towns make the life such a hurry-scurry.

One saunters down the broad drive, under the magnificent pines and firs, and, pausing at the primitive little wooden gate, one takes a last look at the low, white house, with the veranda shadowing the front door; at the long-grassed lawns, and glimpse of gardens beyond, with the trees everywhere, all ghostly in the gloaming. Then one passes out and the next moment is caught in the racket of another world, as though such an hour had been but a dream of an "Auld Hoose," with the "touch of a vanished hand and the sound of voice that is still" lingering pleasantly in the memory.

And, likewise, in going down time after time to the Woodbine race-course, or to the eastern country clubs, to anyone with a love for that which is indicative of by-gone days, it is a most interesting pastime to watch from the tramway for the

queer old places. No doubt, in the past these were scenes of gaiety and true hospitality in the small but brilliant society of Little York. Before one really leaves the city streets there are several houses which have been pointed out by those who knew as "where they used to give such parties and dances!" Then the men arrived in uniform, with clanking swords, set off, no doubt, by the simple frocks of daintiest embroidered muslins and sashes of pink and blue; with flowing curls and handsome cameo brooches and earrings (I have some now, belonging to a former belle, three inches long, set in swinging gold frames). The smooth parting of the ringlets was often marked by a delicate gold chain and tiny jewelled ornament on the forehead, called "drops."

One dear old house stands on the south side of King Street, near the bend of the erstwhile cow paths, along which now thunders the big electric street cars. The old porches and small-paned windows are as they were generations ago, and the queer twists and rooms lead into the pretty old garden, in which not so long ago the late Mr. John Small and Mrs. Small were photographed, with happiest results. The Don River still preserves a peaceful country aspect in part, especially the road which winds up the east side, and in the forties was a favourite ride and drive for the many who in those days rode and drove their own horses and ponies.

The road leading up to Chester was a great rendezvous for sleighing parties (all gone now, alas!), when the beautiful black bearskin robes made the pretty sleighs and cutters so comfortable. I can remember several of these great robes being used as rugs in Sleepy Hollow after the sleighs were gone, and the silvery music of the hills was quite enchanting in the wintry air.

Farther on is a fine old red brick wall, with big wooden gate, solid as iron almost, deep inset, with a smaller gate near by; behind are some splendid old trees, but the home formerly there has gone forever. Still farther on is the site of the first church in that part, the land being given by my grandfather, the late Sir John Beverley Robinson, whose sister, Mrs. Heward, had a delightful old home on the lake side of the road, where the remains of the orchard are still to be seen.

In those days a drive to "Aunt Heward's" was considered quite a country expedition. The big carriage was ordered, with the stout grays, the same team that drew Sir Peregrine Maitland, when Governor, on his historic Sunday drive from St. James's. As he came out of church the fire-bell rang (a dire sound at that time), and His Excellency, uniform, cocked hat, and all, jumped into the first carriage standing near by, and, with my father on the box, a small boy, delighting in the fun of the race, hurried the old coachman into a speed he had not allowed his beloved animals to attain, in the general anxiety to find out if the fire had attacked Government House. The roads being bad, no doubt it was a long drive to the homestead, but the hearty welcome, with delicious home-made dainties, was always ready to greet the visitors. My great-aunt was a notable housekeeper, and scarcely ever went out of the house, devoting herself to looking after the comfort and well-being of her home.

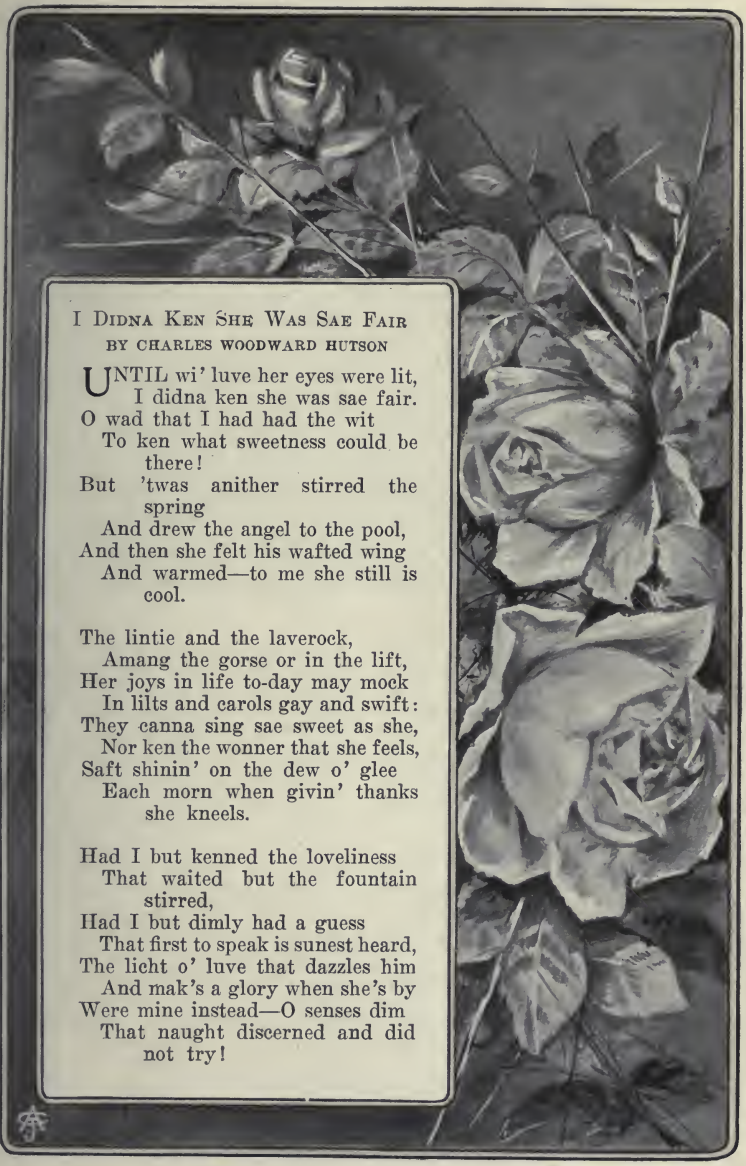
On the north side is a still charming site of an old home, where a pretty, placid lake lies embosomed in lovely green-wooded banks, with the remains of a long avenue, and glimpse of white palings beyond. Imagine for a moment the different vehicles which must have gone along that far-reaching highway! Old, old waggons, stage coaches, with passengers, and parcels galore; omnibuses, with their little wooden painted panels (I heard of a man mak-

ing a most interesting collection of these from all parts of the country); with their neck-breaking flat roofs; old-fashioned barouches and landaus, pony phaetons and sleighs, with steps for the footman to stand on behind—winter and summer—four-in-hand tandems, for which the military men were famous; horses, with riders in flowing habits and high hats, the men with strapped riding trousers and beavers, and, years ago, a man and wife with pillion, (I have seen one in an old farm-house, used by the grandparents of the owners). All these are gone now to make way for the crowded tram cars, and the evil-smelling, rushing automobiles. Beyond all lies the lovely blue of Lake Ontario, which, however its surroundings may change, will ever be the same great inland sea.

MANITOBA

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

MY ways are simple and my speech is plain.
I am no weakling of an easy birth,
Caressed and humoured by indulgent hands,
But came to man's estate by dent of toil,
Youth in my blood and courage in my eyes.
Son of the West and daughter of the East,
I am no bastard of unworthy strain,
But, bred of man's ambition, woman's love,
Laugh in the sunlight of my own domain.
My youth is on me yet, to fear unknown!
Laggard discretion and slow penury
Whine at my gates, unwelcome, ill-at-ease.
Full quick to love and quicker to resent,
Free-handed, open-hearted, careless, gay,
I make you welcome at my common hearth,
Blood of my blood, kin of the West and East.
My dreams of yesterday are true to-day;
My visions—"fool" you called me in your pride—
Were but God's premonition of the wealth
You see to-day in market, store and street.
I bear no malice for your lack of trust;
A land of plenty, won by my own hands,
Is greater far than even your largesse.
Smiling, I reap the harvest of my toil.



I Didna Ken She Was Sae Fair

BY CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

UNTIL wi' luve her eyes were lit,
I didna ken she was sae fair.
O wad that I had had the wit
To ken what sweetness could be there!
But 'twas anither stirred the spring
And drew the angel to the pool,
And then she felt his wafted wing
And warmed—to me she still is cool.

The lintie and the laverock,
Amang the gorse or in the lift,
Her joys in life to-day may mock
In lilts and carols gay and swift:
They canna sing sae sweet as she,
Nor ken the wonner that she feels,
Saft shinin' on the dew o' glee
Each morn when givin' thanks she kneels.

Had I but kenned the loveliness
That waited but the fountain stirred,
Had I but dimly had a guess
That first to speak is sunest heard,
The licht o' luve that dazzles him
And mak's a glory when she's by
Were mine instead—O senses dim
That naught discerned and did not try!

Drawing by A.J. Clark

SEIGNEUR JULIEN DU BUQUE

BY SIPKO FRANCIS REDERUS

THE early settlement and development of that part of the United States known by the name of Middle-North-West, embracing parts of the States of Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, and Illinois, furnishes a story which is of a highly fascinating nature. It is teeming with romance, acts of daring and charming adventure, and especially interesting to those who are possessed of a vivid imagination, are of a practical nature and admire those stern virtues that are productive of happiness and progress.

The chief actors on that interesting stage of history are the men generally known by the name of "Voyageurs," who came to the aforesaid region from the French colony, in the north-east of America, then known as New France, and now chiefly embracing the Province of Quebec and parts of Ontario, in the Dominion of Canada, descendants of French colonists, and of mixed French and Indian blood. They were a hardy and adventurous race, full of ambition, energy, courage, and perseverance, and, as a rule, religious, too. To such qualities they added the virtues of honesty, lightheartedness and sympathy. They would come to these territories in their canoes, by the way of the Great Lakes and rivers that flow into them, until they reached the Mississippi, which they also traversed, keeping themselves busy with hunting, trapping, and trading with the Indians. At first they came for the latter purpose, and were very successful in establishing commercial relations with them, which grew often into intimacy to such an extent that some of them married Indian wives and became members of the tribes.

There was, as a rule, very little quarrelling going on between the Aborigines and the Canadian Voyageurs, and there were natural reasons for this condition. These French-Canadians were of a romantic turn of mind, fond of the chase and adventure, courageous and persevering, and of roving tendencies, characteristics which were especially strong in the Indian nature. So they suited each other and worked together for a common weal. Thus it happened that permanent trading posts were established, which became villages, in which Indian and Voyageur lived in peace and comparative prosperity and from which developed, in the course of time, some of the prosperous towns and cities that now flourish in the Upper Mississippi Valley. Some of these places bear still the French names which the old Voyageurs gave them, whereby they tried to perpetuate the names of some of their important leaders, or to express the character of the region as they found it, or to immortalise some marked or important event in their history.

We never grow tired of reading the records of that long ago, of its men and events that paved the way for a grand civilisation, which commands now the respect of the world.

They stimulate our imagination, and when we read of them the panorama of that past comes vividly before us, and we see the old Voyageurs, Indian Tribes and early pioneers before us. We see them in our imagination, once more travelling up and down the grand rivers, amid superb scenes, in beautiful Wisconsin, charming Minnesota, and the scenic parts of Iowa and on the great Mississippi.

Here we detect them as solitary travellers in birch-bark canoes, of Indian fashion, and there in the larger bateaux, in groups, all wearing a picturesque dress of a mixed French and Indian pattern, their cut and colours happily blended, bright red being prominent in the latter, sometimes relieved by the sombre hue of the habit of some Jesuit father who accompanies them, to teach them the elevating doctrines of the cross, to keep in check their turbulent spirits, and who following them into the Indian camps teaches the Red Man the same principles.

We see them in happy mood in spring and summer-time as they come floating down the "Father of Waters," lightly plying the oars, with hope in their bosom, singing songs of love, adventure and patriotism that awaken the echoes of forest and glen. We hear them relating their anecdotes, which relieves their weary feelings, breaks the monotony of the journey, and shortens the trip. We see them in fall returning from their trading expeditions, in their loaded canoes and bateaux, their faces beaming with joy, highly satisfied with the trade, although not so boisterous, because of the weariness of body and mind, caused by the tear and wear of long journey, their eyes steadily looking forward eager to catch the first sight of the landing place, which means a temporary rest and a season of amusement, both necessary for the recuperation of their strength and revival of their drooping spirits. And as we thus travel with them, on the bosom of the grand "Father of Waters," in

THE GRAVE OF JULIEN DU BUQUE

spring, summer and fall, what unique and ever charming scenes we see. Here castellated rocks, majestic and imposing, towering high above the stream, there picturesque hills, swelling gracefully from the river, covered with primeval forests, where the woodman's axe never made havoc, and the oak, having undisturbed outlived his thousand years, falls quietly into the arms of his sturdy fellows, who bury him out of sight, beneath their luxuriant foliage.

It is the paradise of wild creatures, of wolves, bear, and deer, and we sometimes see the latter rushing along the forest edge until lost sight of in the thicket, pursued by the hunter; or stealthily emerging from the forest, coming to the river to slake his thirst, but to flee for safety when suddenly he sees the Voyageur's boat emerging from behind a projecting precipice in the stream. And how glorious are some of these scenes in the quiet autumnal days, when the landscape is wrapped in a transparent veil of purple haze, through which the golden foliage is gleaming and the fire of the maple is glowing.

But we see the Voyageur also in very unattractive surroundings and in a serious mood in the dreamy November days, when the winds blow fiercely and rain comes pouring down in torrents, cold and penetrating, drenching him to the skin, still toiling onward, supported in his plight by the anticipation of home, with rest and comfort, which he is nearing with each sturdy stroke of the paddle. And in the winter months, when the snow lies thick, travelling through the forest on snowshoes, hunting and trapping, the thermometer at forty below zero, sometimes wandering, having lost the trail, with frozen limbs, half-starved, till he finds the Indian lodge, where the friendly Red Man nurses him back to health and strength. Or at another time we may find him engaged in the hard work of mining, under the most unfavorable circumstances, which slowly undermine his vigorous constitution.

Thus we picture in our imagination the old Voyageur in prosperity and adversity, eking out a bare subsistence or gathering wealth (the adventurer of the eighteenth century in the Middle-North-West of America), who, unknowingly, was preparing, under the direction of an all-governing Providence, for that broad civilisation which now flourishes in these interesting regions.

One of the most conspicuous of these romantic adventurers was Seigneur Julien Du Buque, who was born January 10th, 1762, in the village of St. Pierre les Brecquets, on the banks of the St. Lawrence, in the Province of Quebec, some fifty miles above the city of that name, in the district of Three Rivers. His parents appear to have been people of the better class, who gave him the best education which the Province afforded, having him reared in the Jesuit School of Sorel. There he made a fair show of his mental abilities, made fine progress and won the esteem of his instructors for his good behaviour and close application to study. His character was such that he made also a very favourable impression outside of the school, and people esteemed him for his gentle disposition, honesty, courage, and moral character. He was very popular also with the village urchins, whose superior he was in dash and daring, and who, as a rule, chose him as a leader in their sports and adventures, which were often imitations of exploits and explorations, characteristic of the times. These he loved in a marked degree, and it was his ambition some day to become a Voyageur, too, of whose discoveries and exploits such wonderful things were told.

At a very early age he gave already expressions to these desires, and he told his parents what wonderful things he would do in the untrodden

wilderness beyond the Great Lakes if they would let him go. But his kinsfolk did not take a fancy to his wonderful ideals. They tried to discourage him, picturing to him in dark colours the hardships connected with such a life. But their arguments were of very little avail, and the more they talked against his wishes, the more he desired to go.

They did not try, however, to suppress his ambition altogether, but put him off with the gentle advice to wait until he was of age, hoping that by that time he would see the folly of such a course. But they were mistaken. Julien's desire to depart became at last a fixed purpose, and when he had become of age he begged them, still respecting their position, to let him go now. Seeing that it would be of no avail to oppose him any longer, and that his project might be to him a success, as it had been to others, and that, successful or not, he might anyway some day return, they gave at last their consent, and in the spring of 1785, at the age of twenty-three, he entered upon his journey. He was by this time a strong, muscular youth, of medium height, with dark complexion and keen, piercing eyes, in every way well fitted physically and mentally for such an arduous undertaking.

There was again a company of Voyageurs ready to make their annual trip up the St. Lawrence to try their luck along the Great Lakes and in the wilderness beyond. These he joined, and thus forever bade farewell to his dear ones and sweet scenes of youth at St. Pierre les Becquets, (for his plan some day to return would never ripen into execution). The party stopped for some time at the city of Montreal to purchase supplies, and a light-hearted throng it was, who sang as they worked. When all the necessities had been secured they paddled westward, leaving soon the last vestige of civilisation behind. It was a hard and wearisome journey, and the paddles had almost incessantly to be plied to make headway against the strong current of the mighty St. Lawrence, and when they entered the lakes many a violent squall threatened them with destruction. To this was added the inconveniences of portages, when the boats had to be carried from one river to another through dense forest, over hills, and through marshes. But the occupants of the boats were not all bound for the same place. Some now and then would drop off to trade and trap in regions where they had been before, while others, having already journeyed for some distance, would get discouraged and return with the first party they met on their way homeward. Some, however, would continue the voyage to penetrate the wilderness and try their luck in regions where only a few had ventured or no white man ever had set his foot.

Julien Du Buque belonged to that venturesome remnant, pushing their way vigorously until they struck the Wisconsin River. This stream they descended and entered the great Mississippi, which reminded our young adventurer of the majestic St. Lawrence, of his native land, which filled his soul with a sweet homelike feeling in the strange country. Floating down the mighty stream, they came at last to a lonely trading-place, where they found some of their countrymen, who had established themselves there permanently, trading with the Indians. The place had already been settled by some of their predecessors in 1737, who had called it "Prairie du Chien," having named it after an Indian Tribe, which went by the name of Dogs, and was already a very busy place. They found here several log cabins and Indian lodges and a population of about two hundred people, Indians, Canadians, and Half-breeds, with their wives and children. The new-

comers were received with great hospitality and Du Buque made up his mind to stay there, and try his luck. He had made a good choice, too, for the settlers remained friendly to him, because of his honest character, pleasant disposition, and good counsel.

With the Indians he became in particular a favourite and they trusted him and followed his advice, and soon he was engaged with them in extensive trade that brought him great profits. A greater white man had never lived among them, and they adopted him as a member of their tribes and gave him the poetic name of "Little Cloud." In the course of time Du Buque explored the region on both sides of the river and soon came to the discovery of rich lead ore, which might be turned to valuable account. He spoke of this to the Indians, who were well aware of the existence of the metal, but who had made very little use of it, because they did not find it beneficial nor valuable. They told him also how it had been discovered. In 1780 a certain squaw, by name of Peosta, had found it first in a specified region, where there was still an abundance of it, and which, perhaps, by some cunning white man could be used for more useful and profitable purposes. That was good news for young Du Buque, and he made up his mind to come in possession of the region, and by mining to obtain greater profits than by mere trading, for he was some kind of minerologist, and had also some knowledge of mining.

With this end in view, he opened up negotiations with the Indians, trying to obtain their permission to develop the mines, which they had abandoned. Being a very diplomatic man and possessing their confidence, it was not a hard matter for him to obtain their permission. In 1788, November 22nd, the chiefs and warriors assembled at Prairie du Chien to consider the matter, and their decision was most favourable for "Little Cloud," for they drew up a document, duly signed, which gave him the right asked for, and which is still in existence. It runs as follows: "We sell and abandon to Julien Du Buque all the coast and contents of the mines discovered by the wife of Peosta, so that no white man nor Indian shall make any pretensions to it without the consent of Seigneur Du Buque." The grant was written in the French language, and the amount of territory claimed by Du Buque, thus ceded to him by the Indians, was about nine miles wide, back of the river and reached from the little Maquoketa, several miles above the present city of Dubuque, near the mouth of the Tetes des Morts, then known by the Indian name of Mesquabygonques, several miles below.

Du Buque now moved across the river and occupied his territory, near the Fox Indian village, ruled over by Kettle Chief, taking with him ten French-Canadians from Prairie du Chien to assist him in the new work as miners, smelters, wood-choppers, and river men. Thus the first local industry was established in the wild regions of the Mississippi valley, which became an incentive to others to begin afterward enterprises of another nature, and which now are so numerous in the towns and cities of that region, especially in the beautiful busy town that bears the name of this first prospector and trader, Dubuque.

The mines were operated in a very primitive way by running drifts into the bluffs, from which the ore was removed by the simple instruments of shovel, crowbar, and pick-axe without the aid of powder or any other explosive, because they could not be obtained, and when the ore was separated from the rock it was carried out in baskets to the smelting furnaces.

Aged Indians and Squaws also helped in the work, for the young and

middle-aged braves considered it to be beneath their dignity to engage in such a labour. Du Buque did not find it difficult to secure a market for his product. He could at once sell the melted ore in St. Louis, several hundred miles down the river, where he found also a profitable market for his furs and other material obtained by bartering with the Indians. Twice a year all that he had to sell, the lead being the principal material, was gathered together in the bateaux and the boats, which were well manned, and they floated down the river to the aforementioned large trading post below. The flotilla presented a unique spectacle, full of life and colour, of gaily-dressed Voyageurs, and Indians in gorgeous trappings and feathers, and when they started on the journey all uttered loud "hurrahs" while the gayest of the Voyageurs sang their lively tunes, which often were repeated when they passed lonely trading posts along the river.

Du Buque, when health permitted was always one of their number to superintend the voyage and the trading in St. Louis, and, as a rule, he was happy in mood like the rest. When they arrived at their destination they were received with shouts and songs, and in connection with the work there followed always a time of some sport and amusement. Thus attending to duty and pleasure, the days there rapidly passed by, and the last day of their stay was usually wound up with a Grand Ball in honour of the grand "Seigneur" Du Buque, whose position and cultivated manners had made him a favourite with the best feminine society of that peculiar period, for, notwithstanding his associations with rough characters, he remained the dignified and polished gentleman.

When the boats left, there were again enthusiastic shouts and songs on the shore and bateaux and the cheery Voyageurs, plying the paddles with the full strength of their sinewy arms, rowed stream upward, a heavy task, which, through their energy and perseverance, terminated as a rule in a safe landing at their destination. Their home-coming, too, was also a happy occasion, and friends and relatives would receive them with great demonstrations of joy. A busy time followed then, and there was for many a day great hustle and bustle at the settlement.

In 1762 France had ceded the Province of Louisiana to Spain, and so at the time when Du Buque operated the mines it belonged to that country and was governed by the Baron De Carondelet. Well knowing that his territory in the course of time would grow in importance, but fearing that his title to it, which he had obtained from the Indians, might no be binding enough to leave him in permanent possession of it, he petitioned that official, in a very suave language, to confirm his grant with his official seal. The Governor was satisfied with his explanation and being also favourably impressed with his polished address, granted him the request and confirmed him in his claims.

Thus firmly established in his rights by the Spanish Government, he called his territory now, in compliment to its generosity, "The Mines of Spain." The order was issued November 10th, 1796, and it was accompanied with the good wishes of the Governor that prosperity and health might remain the portion of His Honour Seigneur Julien Du Buque. Thus an important point was gained by the prospector, and his industry began to flourish and expand, and soon Du Buque's name was known all over the North-West. His influence with the Indians, which was very marked already, became now greater too, not merely because he had become a more powerful man, but a better man, too, their greater friend. They found out more and more, now, that his advice followed, which always had been

good, was still the very best advice.

In establishing his own prosperity and that of his race, he established that of the Indians, too. A greater and better Medicine Man had never spoken to them. He was the greatest mounth-piece of the Great Spirit for the Indians. So Du Buque became more and more the esteemed leader of the whites and the Indians, and it seemed as if an unclouded future was opening up for the great prospector and trader. But Providence had not destined it to be so. Reverses were soon to come and to multiply, and the sunny day of the good and in many respects wise man was to terminate in tempest and darkness. His great prosperity had been noised abroad, and it had lured other adventurers to his place, who were not only persistent competitors, but often cunning and unscrupulous schemers. Du Buque came sometimes in collision with some of them, and that terminated often in litigations, in which he became the loser, which impeded his progress and crippled his resources. Thereby he had made the fatal mistake, after having secured from the Spanish Government, as he thought, a permanent title to his land, to operate his business on too large a scale, with the result that his expenses far exceeded his income.

But he flattered himself with the idea that some day his enterprises would pay and cover all his losses, because of the inevitable development of the country, which was daily going on before his eyes. So he continued his policy and borrowed larger sums of money, which involved him gradually deeper in his debts. He owed the largest sums to Auguste Chouteau, a merchant of St. Louis, and finally in order to extricate himself partly from his incumbrances he settled with that man by turning over to him seven-tenths of his possessions, October, 1804. This loss did not discourage him, however; on the other hand, it gave him new energy, being set afloat free, and then he believed also that the changed political condition of Louisiana was most favourable now to his interests, for the Province had again changed masters. Spain had transferred it back to France, and France in turn, at the command of Napoleon, had sold it to the newly established Republic of the United States, in which he saw his safety and progress. Like all French-Canadians of his time, Seigneur Du Buque had no liking for England, which had conquered his beloved New France and severed it from the mother country. He had always expected that that country would some day also secure Louisiana, and in such a case he feared for the safety of the title of his land and enterprise. But now when it had come into possession of the young Republic—the country of the free—that so emphatically had proclaimed the rights of the individual and no doubt would grow to magnificent proportions, reaching beyond the Mississippi, including his territory, and which therefore would increase in value, he worked harder than ever.

But Du Buque would soon find out how mistaken he was. The new Government proved to be fatal to his interests. It would not recognise the legality of his claim, as he had first secured it from the Indians, though the former Spanish Governor had affixed his seal to it. Litigation followed, which incurred to him great expense. This continued till the United States courts and the law decided against him and he lost his land. It was the severest blow that ever fell upon him, but the indomitable man was not crushed yet. He rose from the fall with new courage, for he was still in the vigour of life, and he saw, as he thought, his opportunities. Once more he placed himself with firm hand at the helm of the ship that was foundering, and, with the tempest thickening around him, he tried to steer the

prow in the direction of the Promised Land. Alas! for poor Du Buque, he was never to see it, for his ship went down in mid-ocean, swept asunder by the tempest that caused also the death of the master.

The March winds had swept the valley, chilly and penetrating, accompanied with rain and sleet. Du Buque's robust constitution, which for so many years successfully had withstood all kinds of weather, not minding November squalls nor wintry blizzards, had this time found March weather too severe a strain. He caught a cold, it penetrated his vigorous system, it developed into pneumonia, and after a short and painful illness heroic Julien Du Buque breathed his last March 24th, 1810. He was fated never to see his beloved native land again, with dear relatives and friends, whom he had expected to meet some day as a wealthy man, to spend with them his last days amid familiar scenes. His death came as a shock to all who had known him and felt his good influences for hundreds of miles around. They knew that a great man had fallen, which was all the more deplorable, because much was yet expected from one who was only in the forty-eighth year of his life at his death.

He was unquestionably the greatest of all the French-Canadians who have been instrumental in building up civilisation in the Upper Mississippi Valley and adjacent regions, and the greatest friend of the down-trodden Indians. In consequence of this there was great mourning about him among both races, especially among the Fox Indians, with whom he had lived so long, and who knew him best. He was buried with great honours and the impressive ceremonials of the Roman Catholic Church, and laid to rest upon a promontory towering more than two hundred feet above the Mississippi, from which he had so often looked down upon the mighty stream and magnificent country.

White people and Indians had come from far and near to form the long procession that followed his bier, which was a wonderfully picturesque train, composed of different ages, and of men and women, prominent among them, the Voyageurs, in their unique garment, and Indians, in gorgeous attire and feathers. As they bore his body slowly up the hill, along the winding trail in the forest, the Indian women chanted their doleful death songs and the braves looked sad and grave, and many a sturdy Voyageur wept, some loudly sobbing as they went along. Arriving at the grave, impressive speeches were delivered and rare oratory uttered by the chiefs, such as the Indian only can render, extolling his virtues, calling him the father, the brother, and the great friend of their race. When all these honours had been paid to him his body was reverently lowered into the sepulchre, which was excavated in the rock and carefully covered with slabs of stone. They made the tomb an elaborate affair, partly of wood and partly of stone, and erected over it a large cedar cross, the grave itself bearing this inscription in the French language in large characters:

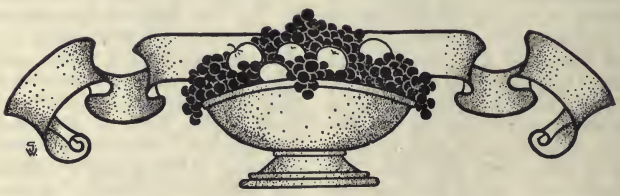
"Seigneur Julien Du Buque, mineur des mines d'Espange, mort, March 24, 1810—48 ans et 6 mois."

In 1896 his remains were taken up by the Old Settlers' Association and reinterred in the same place, the body now deposited in a stone sarcophagus, over which they erected a substantial stone monument forty feet high, in the form of a castle-tower, surmounted with battlements, emblematic of his strong character and the conspicuous place he held and still holds in the hearts of all who love noble energy and great usefulness. And there it may be seen by the tourist to-day, a conspicuous point in the landscape, as he approaches it by land or water, reminding him of a

great man's deeds and influences even on generations to come. And he will feel well paid if he ascends the rock and meditates a while by the lonely sepulchre, thinking about the sleeper beneath the tower, his life and his times. He will vividly bring before his imagination such scenes as we referred to at the beginning of the sketch, and, awaking from his reverie and looking around, be wonderfully impressed with the grand scenes of civilisation, of which Julien Du Buque laid the foundation. For a moment he may feel the pathos of the termination of the great man's career, ruined after an active and successful life; of his heroic efforts to retrieve his fortunes, when death struck him down in the strength of his years.

How that valley has changed since Du Buque and his associates disappeared from it! The wilderness is no more and a great civilisation thrives in its place, with busy towns and cities, cultivated fields and charming hills, sprinkled with lovely homesteads, intersected with a network of roads and railways. And, at our feet, is the river, with floating palaces, all for the service of a peaceful and prosperous population. And there before us is the magnificent city, stretching along the Father of Waters, built partly on towering rocks and partly in the valley, with spires and graceful towers that locate temple and legislative hall and school in which lessons for time and eternity are taught and the rights of men defended. And from numerous tall chimneys we see the smoke ascending that indicates extensive industries—wonderful improvements on Du Buque's attempts in that locality. And as we stand there thus impressed we may indulge in the poetic fancy to see Seigneur Du Buque looking out from the battlements of his tower with a smile of satisfaction on his pallid countenance, seeing the development of his "Mines d'Espagne."

Their sun has set, their fascinating presence
Has fled fore'er from the romantic vale.
Bateaux, Tepee, the Voyageur, the Indian,
France and Castile, they all have told their tale.
But listening to the story, fancy wanders,
And dreams sweet dreams of the enchanting past,
To the sweet music of the river listening
And by the gentle, roving winds caressed.



"FLANNELS"

BY FREDERICK C. CURRY

"WHO'S that short-sighted chap that comes late on parade every night?" asked the drill sergeant, as he crammed a load into his pipe.

"Guess you mean our future war correspondent, Mr. Travis, of B Company," was the answer.

"When I was with the Battery —Kingston—you know," he added, as if we didn't, "I met a chap of the same sort, same stupid face, same string tying his specks to his ear, and same gorilla-like walk, only more so. Thought he was a bloomin' Kipling. We let him think it; it paid us, too.

"We caught sight of him outside the gate reading the enlistment poster, and the sergeant, thinking he could rope him in and get his little bit of graft, went out to bring him into the fold. He returned, leading this little innocent by the ear so to speak.

" 'What 'ave you got,' says one of us, 'a rooky?' 'Gawd 'elp the Batt'ry when it comes to that,' says the sergeant, ' 'E's a reporter. 'Ere trumpeter, show this man around the barracks.' And he leaves the dear boy on my hands.

"I showed his nibs around, pointing out the old souvenir cannon and the canteen and other points of interest. He didn't seem properly amused, and finally said, 'I wish they'd let me stay in that cell-room.'

" 'Guard-room,' I snorted, 'if you ever get in the cells you will know the difference.'

" 'Anyway,' he says, 'it's just like one of Kipling's stories. I suppose you have read them all.'

" 'No, but Mickey Dolan and I acts parts of them sometimes at the Christmas concert.'

" 'What!' he almost yells, 'where is he? He's just the man I want.'

"I explained cautiously that Mickey was at present doing a tow-path at the far gate. This was a lie, but it would afford me time to think. Mickey was back in the guard-room, wondering what was keeping me so long.

"I added, as a precaution, lest we miss anything good, that we would both be off duty the following afternoon.

"He gulped the bait down whole. 'Meet me,' he says, 'at the head of the bridge at three o'clock, and we will go for a row on the river. The Canadian soldier has been neglected too long! I'm going to write him up! I will be the Canadian Kipling.' And for the first time I saw even a spark of interest showing back of those black-rimmed goggles. Just then the sergeant came down the path, asking me, oh so politely, if there was any part I had forgotten to show the gentleman, as, if so, he would show him round personally and save time. Mr. Kipling, junior, disappeared. I was glad, my mind was so full of ideas I needed a little rest to develop them.

"When I got back I tackled Mickey while the irons were hot.

" 'Mickey, my boy,' I said, to begin with, 'will you come with me to-

morrow on an innocent little scheme of mine or will you not?'

"'What's the lay-out?' he asks. 'Last time you took one of these mystery fits ye trotted me all over Barriefield after a red-headed girl you were afraid to speak to.'

"'Is it doubting me you are, you potato-lipped Irishman?' I answered scornfully. 'Does the District Officer Commanding inform you of the nature of the inspection? No! As sure as you prepare for a review he will order a field day, and if you pray for manoeuvres he will order parade. Will you come or will you not?'

"'I'll come,' he says finally, 'for anything that will make you talk sensible for ten minutes must have some special attraction.'

"So when we came off duty we hustled over to the dry canteen and dug up the book and studied it up.

"For the first time in six months, I guess, we missed the moving picture shows, and when the battery boys tried to sing the chorus of "Meet me in Rosetime, Rosy,' they fell flat without me and Mickey's tenor voices to guide them.

"Well, sirs, next afternoon we was down at the bridge, the whole three of us (we had took on Hank Moore because he could talk Cockney, which was my idea), and I'll be hanged if we didn't think we'd been hoaxed. At last he came, rounding the bend in a little livery skiff, and, faith, when we crowded in we had to hold some of the refreshments in our arms to make room.

"'Where to?' says Mickey, as he rolled up his sleeves. 'Whisky Island,' says the boy, 'there's a fine nook there.' 'Faith, and I know that one,' says Mickey, and he landed us in a shady little spot near the old tower there.

"Say, when we carried up the stuff it near broke our hearts by making us think of Christmas festivities. Everything a man could want except a corkscrew. We showed him how to open a bottle without breaking the neck or pulling the cork, though, and, man alive, but he was tickled.

"'*Carpe diem,*' he says. We never could find the regiment that motto belong to; maybe you chaps would know, heh?

"Well, anyway, '*Carpe diem,*' he says, 'we might as well enjoy the day before *tempus* has *fugited.* So we fell to.

"Presently he notes the bits of ribbon we had sewed on our pockets. 'What's those,' he says, 'I don't recollect them.'

"'Oh,' I said, careless, 'strike dooty, Hamilton, ask Mickey. He's got the silver tongue.'

"But Mickey didn't seem to hear him. He says to 'Flannels' (for such we called him for his clothes), 'was you ever crossed in love?' and the boy says 'No.' 'Then,' says Mickey, 'you've never been in love,' and the boy allowed as he hadn't.

"'Well, sorr,' said Mickey, 'there was a gurrl up in Hamilton as nigh broke my heart in that strike affair, an' 'twas no fault of mine. To think that by now I might be rockin' a couple of kids to sleep instead of combin' the dust out of a battery hoss.

"'She was a peach, sorr, an' I wish you could have seen her. She had red hair, with more or less freckles, but her eyes was as soft an' blue like the water out yonder. She was sellin' books in a de-part-a-mental store when I met her, an' she says to me, "You soldiers must be lonely without your old friends." I took to her at once, an' the next Sunday walks to church with her and had half the detatchment jealous.

"'We was there a couple of weeks, an' things grew worse, but I didn't care, for as soon as I come off dooty I would round to Kathleen's. Her pa was one of the big guys among the strikers and wore a cork leg. He used to hop up on a box at the corner and preach to the

bunch that were hangin' round rubbin' the dirt into our boys, and stirred them up ferocious.

"'Finally one day they started in with the boulders and several of our chaps got hurt. The old man was dancin' around yellin', "Kill the whelps," an' me as good as engaged to his daughter.

"'Then someone started shooting. Captain Jones, who was bleeding from a cut in the head, says to me, "Do you see that old devil with the whiskers?" I says, "Yes." "Well," says he, "wing him in the leg." So I shot and busted up the works in that forty-dollar leg so that he drops as though kilt.

"'Then Kathleen run out from the crowd, for the women was as thick as the men and swearing as bad, too, more shame to them. "Are you kilt, father?" she cries. "Yes, an' 'twas your Mickey as done it, the deceivin' hound," he answered, and his language was terrible.

"'So I never called on them again. In a couple of days we was called home again, and I left without makin' up to her. An' it wasn't my fault, for I often went into the bookshop to speak to her, but she would start and dust or do something so that the other gurrl there would have to wait on me. And since then I've been trying to ferget her, but there's no such gurrls as Kathleen Donovan bred on this side of the watther. I have her picture taken with me in uniform in my kit box yet, an' I'll show it to you some time, sorr.'

"That is about as much as I can remember of the way Mickey told it. Indeed, if it had been Mickey that had done the writing the story might have got into print, but, as 'Flannels' confessed afterwards, he mishandled the dialect shameful.

"We had made that one yarn last all afternoon, and it was near sunset before we drained the last bottle to Mickey's favourite toast, 'Women, the whole bloomin' bunch,' and the boy closed his pocket notebook.

"So one way or another we kept ourselves in drinks the whole summer, to the astonishment of the whole battery and the joy of the colonel, for we didn't come up on the mat during the whole season.

"Then Mickey spoilt the whole campaign by introducing 'Flannels' to his girl one Sunday afternoon. He had spoken to me about it, and I had warned him not to, but he couldn't see the harm.

"Then one afternoon when we saw the two of them crossing the bridge towards the volunteer camp, we knew we had killed the goose that layed the golden eggs.

"So we went back to the canteen and drunk the old toast, ' 'Ere's to women, the whole bloomin' bunch,' and I guess we must have overdone it, for when the canteen sergeant ordered us out we started to argue, and along came the guard and run us in.

"Well, it's getting late, but let's have a drink to the old times before we break up. Come on, boys, 'The Times that was; the Times that was!'

"And then we filed out to where the arc lights were twinkling in the rain."

The WAY of LETTERS

THE "girl in" we have had in almost every combination that would catch the popular fancy—the American girl in London, the English girl in America, and the English girl in France. It remained for Marthe Troly-Curtin to present the brightest of them all in "Phrynette and London," obviously a French girl in the English metropolis. A "delightful" book would probably be the feminine description of this feminine story. *Phrynette* is a French miss of quaint ideas, and the ability of presenting them in the cleverest, most effective phrases and descriptions—a girl whose English life is the result of the death of a hand-to-mouth father who left her nothing but her artistic instincts and a great, blind affection for his memory. The heroine is a delightfully—funny how that word clings in discussing the book—a delightfully frank, ingenuous, inexperienced, entrancing girl, with a *penchant* for picking up English slang and misusing English words most embarrassingly. Everybody loves her, including herself; and everyone is surprisingly frank about it—also including *Phrynette* herself, who presents the book as a diary. *Phrynette* is as Frenchy as an English writer could have made her. It would be unkind to suggest that events meaningless to the innocent girl, but most evident to the more sophisticated, are dwelt upon with undue force when there must have been so many things happening full of import to this guileless student of English life and customs. The story is insignificant, but the brightness of judgment and cleverness of phrasing make the book worth while on every page, and the kindly criticism of English life is essentially from a French point of view. That it is for the most part commendatory naturally impels approval from the Canadian or English reader. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

IN "None Other Gods," Robert Hugh Benson has given us something to make us think. It is not a sermon and it does not point a moral, yet it has a message for us if we care to look for it. This implies that the message is not obvious; one may not read it running, but must study a little and turn it over in the mind. Even then, it is probable that no two people will find exactly the same message. In this lies its value for the seeker. On the other hand if one does not care to bother about messages one may enjoy a good story, well-written, and go one's way. A young man quarrels with his father and leaves his college, in the night and without a cent, to study life upon the *road*. At first this is merely an escapade, an excursion, more or less amusing, into the unknown—how it changes into something very different and very wonderful the book must

tell. In a word, the young man loses all, but gains his own soul. But the book is not an evangelistic tract; it does not draw conclusions; it does not preach or dogmatise—it tells a story—and makes one think! (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

A SOUTHERN story of stormy old times in North Carolina and Tennessee, is "The Prodigal Judge," by Vaughan Kester. One is so accustomed to prudence, poise and all other estimable virtues in association with the office of "judge" that the title proves suggestive and piquant, thereby fulfilling the author's ideal. The story of the criminal clan and its doings is as thrilling as the most ardent lover of adventure could desire, while the delineation of the *Judge* and his incorrigible friend, *Solomon Mahaffy*, is an excellent blending of boldness and delicacy. The villains of the tale are of the requisite blackness, without the vestige of redeeming virtues, and it affords the gentle reader pure joy when they are tumbled over cliffs or into dark rivers, to meet due punishment. *Betty Malroy*, the heroine, is of the traditional Southern type—sweet, spirited and most daintily feminine. She has the old-time tribulations and is almost carried off by the darkest of the villains. However, the reader will follow all these diverting adventures for himself. But the unforgettable feature of the book is the reprobate old judge, whose tragedy is never without its comic aspect. To read the book is to fall under the spell of a crumpled and yet pathetic character, and it is quite impossible not to love *Judge Slocum Price*—whose final name would betray the secret of the story. The illustrations of the modern novel are not, as a rule, either suitable or inspiring. In this matter, the artist of "The Prodigal Judge," M. Leone Bracker, is a joyous exception, and one recognises with gladness an illustrator who is actually in sympathy with the spirit of the narrative and the essential humanity of the character. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen).

*

THE society of modern London appears to afford an inexhaustible field to the novelist. The latest writer of fiction to- reap a harvest of epigrams and character study from this soil is Patrick Rushden, whose first novel, "The Sea Lion," is much better than the average "best seller." There is the old situation of amazing physical similarity between two characters, who belong to different moral hemispheres. How the fastidious heroine, *Sybil,* is so purblind as to mistake *S. Thornfield* for the original "sea lion" is difficult to explain, and one is strongly tempted to expostulate with that young lady concerning her infatuation with an absolute "bounder." However, as she has her eyes effectually opened in time to save her from matrimonial disillusions, the reader is consoled by the escape from *S. Thornfield's* enthralling power. *Sir James Ripley* is, perhaps, the most arresting character in a group where no one is commonplace. His uncanny influence over his wife—who is a rather tiresome and flabby personality—and his desire to play the *deus ex machina* in the affairs of his acquaintances lead to dramatic consequences. The occult element in the plot is subtly and not sensationally handled. The book arouses unusual interest. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

DIOGENES'S celebrated pervestigation has furnished the basis for many a later occupation. *Gilead Balm,* in the book of the same name, by Bernard Capes, undertook something of the same task in his Quest—don't forget the capital—for the

truth—here omit the capital. Capes's use of the capital was innocently well-advised, since the Quest was a much more important thing than the truth. About the only truth revealed throughout the story is one not intended by the author—that *Balm* was rather over-poweringly a fool. The hero, with his great instincts for the truth, was fortunate (or unfortunate) enough to have untold wealth left him; whereupon he encounters the opportunity of revealing through his investigations of the Agony Column of *The Daily Post* that Providence made a slip by not selecting someone with brains for the handling of so much money. It is not the intention of the author to have *Gilead Balm* (the name's bad enough to forecast the book) appear in anything but a favourable light, but both of them failed in the search for the truth. A prolific theme has been spoilt for some more capable writer. (Toronto: the Copp, Clark Company).

*

"A BOOK of Dear Dead Women," is the singular title of a volume of short stories by Edna Worthley Underwood. Doubtless, some readers would be fascinated by these tales, but just wherein their fascination lies one can scarcely say. For instance, the author takes Napoleon and weaves a romance into his march on the retreat from Moscow. Throughout, the stories are highly imaginative and full of colour, but perhaps that is the most that can be said for them. (Boston: Little, Brown & Company).

*

"I'VE never cared for anybody in my whole life, I think—I want to be honest for once—I've done so much pretending." This avowal, which comes towards the end of "The Legacy," by Mary S. Watts, just about sounds the keynote of *Letty Breen's* character. Here is a woman who was confronted in the heyday of her life with a legacy in the form of family traits and relatives. She married a man, after having carefully calculated the prospect, and one would judge that her case almost proves that it is possible to compel happiness to oneself even in the face of unpropitious surroundings. The story of this woman is compelling, notwithstanding its treatment of sordid aspects of life. But one does not wonder at that, coming, as the book does, from the author of "Nathan Burke." (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

NOT many years ago, Mr. George Pattullo, whose home is in Woodstock, Ontario, was engaged in reportorial work on one of the Montreal newspapers. He got the idea that he could make his way in a larger field, so he went over to Boston and gradually drifted into magazine work. He wrote short stories and sketches for several publications, and now his first book appears under the title of "The Untamed." This book deals mostly with animals, but they are strong common-sense character studies, reasonable in conception, and excellent in execution. They form a most interesting set of modern animal tales. (Toronto: McLeod & Allen).

*

SELDOM in a work of so much significance and importance as "The West in the East" does one encounter a clear and unbiased report with respect to affairs that are of international and inter-continental moment. The author of this book, Mr. Price Collier, is an American, and a good many persons would naturally conclude in advance that he would write about India with a bias against British rule there. While one could search in vain for anything that could be regarded as partial in any sense, Mr. Collier writes in a

charming manner about one of the most fascinating countries and peoples in the world and with the keen insight and broad sympathy that should follow long experience in travel and social study. The author seems to have approached the subject with an open mind, with an abundance of excellent credentials and introductions, and with sufficient residence in India to enable him to write after good observation, but not too close to the matter in hand. He was received into the highest circles in India and was enabled to form an opinion of diplomatic relations there, with the result that his book is one of the most valuable of the kind that has appeared within recent years. (Toronto: McClelland & Goodchild).

*

NOW Arnold Bennett gives publicity to a new book, entitled "Mental Efficiency." The title indicates something very different from "Paris Nights," "The Old Wives' Tales," and "How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day," and, indeed, it is different. But, while it is philosophical under the crust, it is not dry philosophy, for the author has the happy knack of beguiling his readers into the meshes of his reasoning and pleasing them while he administers culture and good advice. The book is divided into chapters, such as "Marriage," "Success," "The Secret of Content." (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

A GOOD many illusions about Japan are dispelled in the reading of "Behind the Screens in Japan," by Evelyn Adam. Miss Adam lived six years in Japan, and during that time she was enabled to observe things from the inside instead of, as is usually the case, from the outside. The book is written in a chatty, entertaining style, and is well stored with illuminating anecdotes and incidents. The author touches on the dress, manners, habits, sports, pleasures, pastimes of the Japanese people, and contrasts their life with that of the English. Temperament, training and custom count for much, and she has found that, while a foreigner will be bored unbearably by a succession, for instance, of *Geisha* dances, the natives will watch the same thing over and over again for hours without displaying the least semblance of fatigue. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons).

*

OWEN WISTER'S latest book of Western tales, "Members of the Family," promises to be almost as popular as "The Virginian." It consists of a number of short stories, each distinct in itself, but all more or less related one to another. The novel part is the preface. In a book of this kind one hardly knows why there should be a preface at all, but if any reader should find the tales dull (which is not probable) he can turn for amusement to the preface. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

"THE hammock or the after deck is the place for "The People of Popham," the latest novel by Mary C. E. Wemyss. But in any place it is an amusing story of country life and characters in England. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

The Easiest Way

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston wouldn't let Frances Starr play in that city in Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way."

The young lady had a conference with the Mayor about it. The Mayor was firm.

"Well, Mr. Mayor," said Miss Starr, "next year I'll come back with a play you can't object to."

"We shall be glad to see you, Miss Starr," said the Mayor. "What will that play be?"

"Why, I am going to have that book, 'How to Know the Wild Flowers' dramatised."—*Saturday Evening Post.*

"Oh, you've heard it before."
"Well, not exactly the same."
—*Jugend*

Shifting the Blame

An Indiana assessor had trouble getting people to list dogs for taxes.

"Got a dawg?" he asked.

"No," was the answer.

"Well, I'll 'sess you one anyway—not my fault if hain't got any—plenty of dawgs."—*Success.*

*

"Party gowns will be cut lower in the back this year."

"Is that so? Then we'll have to make our belts narrower."—*Toledo Blade.*

*

Uncommon Sense

Dr. Abernethy, the famous Scotch surgeon, was a man of few words, but he once met his match—in a woman. She called at his office in Edinburgh, one day, with a hand badly inflamed and swollen. The following dialogue, opened by the doctor, took place.

"Burn?"

"Bruise."

"Poultice."

The next day the woman called, and the dialogue was as follows:

"Better?"

"Worse."

"More Poultice."

Two days later the woman made another call.

"Better?"

"Well. Fee?"

"Nothing. Most sensible woman I ever saw."—*Everybody's.*

DOLLS —*Life*

THE WAY OF THE TRANSGRESSOR

When Miss Cheney, one of the popular teachers in the Swarthmore schools, had to deal with a boy who played "hookey," she failed to impress him with the evil of his ways.

"Don't you know what becomes of little boys who stay away from school to play baseball?" asked Miss Cheney.

"Yessum," replied the lad promptly. "Some of 'em gits to be good players and pitch in the big leagues."—*Philadelphia Times.*

*

ON HIS WAY

Patient—"Say, that isn't the tooth I want pulled."

Dentist—"Never mind. I'm coming to it."—*Boston Transcript.*

*

COULDN'T LOSE HIM

Patience—"And did her father follow them when they eloped?"

Patience—"Sure! He's living with them yet!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

SACRIFICIAL

Sweet Girl (affectionately)—"Papa, you wouldn't like me to leave you, would you?"

Papa (fondly)—"Indeed, I would not, my darling."

Sweet Girl—"Well, then, I'll marry Mr. Poorchap. He is willing to live here."—*New York Weekly.*

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THE OTHER SIDE OF THE CASE

"This car," said the agent, "will be just as good twenty years from now as it is to-day."

"It looks it," said Blinks. "What I want, though, is a car that'll be a darn sight better to-day than it will be after I've had it twenty years."—*Harper's Weekly.*

*

REVENGED

"Johnny, I have great news for you; I'm going to marry your sister. What do you think about that?"

"I think it serves her right."—*Houston Post.*

"Aunt Mary, this is my frrend, Mr. Spiffkins."
"I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch the name."
"Mr. Spiffkins."
"I'm really very deaf; would you mind repeating it."
"Mr. Spiffkins."
"I'm afraid I must give it up—it sounds to me like 'Spiffkins.'" —*Punch*

In the Light of Reason

A farmer, returning home late at night, found a man standing beside the house, with a lighted lantern in his hand. "What are you doing here?" he asked, savagely, suspecting he had caught a criminal. For answer came a chuckle, and—"It's only mee, zur."

The farmer recognised John, his shepherd.

"It's you, John, is it? What on earth are you doing here this time o' night?"

Another chuckle. "I'm a-coortin' Ann, zur."

"And so you've come courting with a lantern, you fool. Why, I never took a lantern when I courted your mistress."

"No, zur, you didn't, zur," John chuckled. "We can all zee you didn't, zur."—*Answers.*

Three Times and Out

He—"Is Miss Smith in?"

Maid—"No, she's out."

He—"Well, then, call Miss Smythe."

Maid—"She's out, too."

He—"I guess I'll sit by the fire and wait."

Maid—"I'm sorry, but the fire is out."—*Sphinx.*

*

The Proof

"You say he has untold wealth?"

"Hasn't filed a tax statement for years."—*Washington Herald.*

*

Cured

The Smitten Man (fervently)—"Love you, darling? Why, before I met you, I thought only of having a good time in life."—*Puck.*

PROTECTION

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR DRAWING BY LAURA MUNTZ

THE

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THE MYTHICAL TOWN OF BREST

BY W. S. WALLACE

THERE are few people, except perhaps professional historians, who realise the extent to which "History is a pack of lies." In ancient and in mediæval history, of course, it is recognised that mythical elements exist; but modern history, at least, is commonly supposed to be free from them. Sir Robert Walpole's sarcasm, "Anything but history, for history must be false," is unintelligible to the average man if applied to anything later than 1485. And yet any historical specialist knows that the mythopoeic imagination has been at work in modern history also, and that we have there, too, fairy-tales and legends as baseless and unfounded as any of Greece or Rome.

In Canadian history there is no more interesting myth, no more instructive example of the way in which history is sometimes manufactured, than the legend of the town of Brest. The story is to be found in such recent books as Professor Packard's "Labrador Coast" (1891) and Judge Prowse's "Newfoundland" (1895). Brest, it appears, was a town of some size, on the Straits of Belle Isle, which flourished during the French régime in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Judge Prowse's account of it is as follows:

"In the Dictionary of Commerce, by Lewis Roberts, printed in London, 1638, there is an account of the French settlement of Brest, afterwards Bradore, on the Straits of Belle Isle. 'It was,' he says, 'the chief town of New France, the residence of the Governor, Almoner, and other public officers; the French drew from thence large quantities of baccalao, whale fins, and train (oil) together with castor (beaver) and other valuable furs.' It is computed that it contained two hundred houses, and a thousand inhabitants in winter. About 1600, Brest began to decay. In 1630, a grant en seigneurie of four leagues of the coast, embracing the town, was granted to Seigneur Courtemande." (p. 596).

And in a footnote it is added:

"The remains of works at Bradore are still traceable, though all the buildings have long since disappeared. The settlement was deserted by the French early in the seventeenth century, on account of the hostility of the Eskimo and the decay of the fur trade." (p. 596).

Professor Packard's version of the history of Brest is as follows:

"On the shores of Bradore Bay are still to be seen, it is said, the ruins of the ancient port of Brest, which was founded by the Bretons and Normans about the year 1500. The ruins are situated about three miles west of the present boundary of Canada at Blanc Sablon. Samuel Robertson states in his Notes on the Coast of Labrador: 'As to the truth of Louis Robert's remarks there can be no doubt, as may be seen from the ruins and terraces of the buildings, which were chiefly constructed of wood. I estimate that at one time it contained 200 houses, besides stores, etc., and perhaps 1,000 inhabitants in the winter, which would be trebled during the summer. Brest was at the height of its

prosperity about the year 1600, and about thirty years later the whole tribe of the Eskimos was totally extirpated or expelled from that region. After this the town began to decay, and towards the close of the century the name was changed to Bradore.' " (p. 108-9).

That there was a harbour of Brest in the Straits of Belle Isle in the sixteenth century, we know from the *Relation Originale* of Jacques Cartier. When Jacques Cartier passed through the straits in 1534 he found a Breton fishing-vessel looking for the harbour of Brest, which was already at that time apparently a rendezvous for the fishermen on the banks. Cartier knew the harbour, and he directed the fishermen to it. But the harbour he directed them to was not the present Bradore Bay; it was a bay eight or ten leagues farther along the coast. And Cartier says nothing about any settlement at Brest; he spent several days in the harbour, taking in wood and water, and if there had been any houses on shore he would have been sure to mention the fact.

It must be clear to anyone with even an elementary knowledge of Canadian history that these accounts of Brest are almost wholly fabulous. Brest, says Judge Prowse, began to decay about the year 1600. Its decline and fall, therefore, appear to have been contemporaneous with the founding of Quebec, which took place in 1608. While Champlain was struggling to establish a colony, first at Port Royal, and afterwards at Quebec, there was already a settlement on the Straits of Belle Isle which had flourished for nearly a century. What is remarkable is that this pioneer among American towns is not mentioned in any of the contemporary records. Champlain, who was Governor of Quebec up to 1635, does not refer to it, nor does the lawyer-historian Lescarbot. There is no mention of it in the Jesuit Relations nor in the "Correspondence Générale" of the French Government, and even travellers along the Côte du Nord are silent about it. In 1702, the Sieur de Courtemanche (who is the original of Judge Prowse's *Seigneur Courtemande,* sailed along the north shore of the St. Lawrence to the Straits of Belle Isle; we have the account of his voyage written by himself, in the archives at Ottawa; but there is in the manuscript not one word about a settlement, or the ruins of a settlement, on the Straits of Belle Isle. And Jean Allefonce, in his "Routier," or course from Belle Isle to Quebec, is equally silent.

The conclusion is irresistible that the settlement of Brest never existed. It is a bit of mythology. Quite recently the source of the legend has been discovered by Dr. S. E. Dawson, of Ottawa. Dr. Dawson's curiosity was roused by an entry in Harrisse's *"Notes pour servir à la bibliographie, etc., de la Nouvelle France,"* in which is given a title, the translation of which runs as follows:—

"Copy of a letter sent from New France, or Canada, by the Sieur de Combes, a gentleman of Poitou, to a friend, in which are described briefly the marvels, excellence, and wealth of the country, together with the appearance and manners of the inhabitants, the glory of the French, and the hope there is of christianising America."

This letter, it was added, was written from Brest, in Canada, on the 13th of February, 1608. It had been sold in Paris, at the La Coste sale, and bought by a library in America.

The book was found by Dr. Dawson in the Lenox Library, New York. It had been bought by Mr. Lenox in 1854, and 125 francs had been paid for it. So far as is known, it is a unique copy; and the imprint of the printer, Leon Savine, Lyons, is, so far as can be learned, not met with again. All that one can do here is to reprint the passage dealing with Brest:

"We arrived at Cape Bellisle the twenty-seventh of the month of August, of the year 1605, about three o'clock

in the afternoon. This cape is one of the finest that exists in all the ocean and especially in the northern sea; and you should know that there are two large rocks a gunshot's length into the sea, and there they meet in a crescent on the south side, so that one might suppose that nature had set herself to build a port as safe and more beautiful than any which human skill could construct. A league and a half from there is a small town named Surfe, inhabited since a long time by the French. We began to make acquaintances there and received great courtesies from the inhabitants and were made very welcome.

"This place is the beginning of Canada, but we did not want to prolong our sojourn there, because we desired first to go and see the Sieur de Dongeon, who is Governor, and resides ordinarily at Brest, the principal town of the whole country, well provisioned, large and strongly fortified, peopled by about fifty thousand men, and furnished with all that is necessary to enrich a good-sized town; it is distant from Surfe about fifty leagues."

The rest of the letter is in the same fictitious strain. The principal towns of Canada are described as being "Brest, Hanguedo, Canada, Hochilaga, Foquelay, Turquas, Brinon, Bonara, Forniset, Grossot, and Horsago, Poquet, Tarat and Fongo, all large towns and well provided. . . . The rivers are Anacal, which is a great river; Saguenay, Bargat, Druce, and Boucone, the last of them being larger than the Seine, besides an infinity of other streams." The Sieur de Combes, if he was a person who ever existed, had obviously never been in Canada himself; his acquaintance with the country was limited to a sixteenth-century map. For the rest he drew on his imagination. The reasons for the publication of the letter are not difficult to find. There was evidently in 1608 some demand for information about Canada. Ten years before, the French Government had taken up the project of colonising New France, and people were talking about the new country. Under these circumstances, the letter of the Sieur de Combes was written evidently to sell as immigration literature.

Some one must have taken the Sieur de Combes's account of Brest *au grand sérieux;* for in the "Merchant's Map of Commerce," by Lewis Roberts, printed in 1638 (not the "Dictionary of Commerce," as the book is wrongly cited by Judge Prowse), Brest appears again. In his enumeration of the countries of America, Roberts says:

"The seventh is Terra Corterialis, on the south whereof runs that famous river of Canada, running nine hundred miles, and found navigable for eight hundred thereof. . . . The chief towns thereof are Brest, Cabomarso, and others of little note."

Cabomarso is plainly a cape named by the Portuguese; but Brest is the "principal town" of the Sieur de Combes.

The finishing touches were put on the myth by Mr. Samuel Robertson. Mr. Robertson lived at Sparr Point, on the Labrador coast, during the first half of the nineteenth century; and he posed as an authority on the traditions of the coast. In a paper read before the Geographical and Historical Society of Quebec in 1843, he gave a graphic picture of Brest in its palmy days. "I estimate," he said, "that at one time it contained 200 houses, beside stores, etc., and perhaps 1,000 inhabitants in the winter, which would be trebled during the summer. Brest was at the height of its prosperity about 1600. . . . After this the town began to decay, and towards the close of the century the name was changed to Bradore." In 1630, he goes on to relate, a grant *en seigneurie* of four leagues of the coast, embracing the town, was made to the Count de Courtemanche, who was married to a daughter of King Henry IV. of France. *Et voilà justement comme on écrit l'histoire.* There was a Sieur de Courtemanche who lived on the Labrador coast from 1702-1716, but he was not a count, nor did he hold any land in Labrador *en seigneurie,* and he was married at Levis to the daughter of a tan-

ner named Charest. M. de Courtemanche was the commandant appointed by the French Government at the Straits of Belle Isle; and it is perhaps worth while adding that the ruins which Mr. Samuel Robertson mistook for the remains of Brest were the ruins of the block-house and other buildings which de Courtemanche constructed near Bradore Bay about 1704.

It is not possible to trace the development of the legend in all its details. Some links in the chain are missing. Mr. Robertson had never seen either the Sieur de Combes's letter or Lewis Roberts's "Merchants' May of Commerce," for he does not mention the first, and he misquotes the title of the second. In some roundabout way, the story has been handed down. And it would be interesting to know where Judge Prowse found his quotation from Lewis Roberts, for it is not to be found in the copies of "The Merchants' Map of Commerce," preserved in the Bodleian Library and in the British Museum, and Lewis Roberts's "Dictionary of Commerce" is a book which does not exist, except in the pages of Mr. Samuel Robertson. But Judge Prowse was, it is probable, merely helping the myth along, and giving it an extra fillip as it passed.

SASKATCHEWAN

By CARROLL C. AIKINS

FAR-FLUNG and fenceless, naked to the eye,
Lonely and solemn, dreary, endless, still,
I am no mistress of an idle hour,
But with slow sureness win the hearts of men.
My plains have many moods and many ways;
Arid, relentless in the parching sun,
Softer than velvet 'neath the moon's caress,
Forlorn and savage where my dust-clouds swirl,
Peaceful and happy at the twilight's fall.
Sometimes the trailing shadows of the clouds
Sweep like huge argosies of mystic sail
Across my trackless, tranquil prairie-land
Into some silent haven of the hills.
To you these things mean nothing, but to me
They bring glad visions, dreams and phantasies!
London and Paris, music and the dance. . .
A rare gamut of lost and precious things
My children speak of when the embers glow
And, Memory, unloosed, ranges the world.
And yet, they love me, they who know the world,
Finding in me the spell of solitude
And wizardry of wit to bring them dreams.
Softly my moonlight lingers on their sleep;
Make me, O God, more worthy of their love.

THE WOODS IN SUMMER

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF CREEN GABLES"

THE spring woods are all spiritual. They charm us through the senses of eye and ear—delicate tintings and aerial sounds, like a maiden's dreams set to music. But the summer woods make a more sensuous appeal. They know that they have lost the freshness of their first youth, that something is gone for which all their luscious shadows and mellow lightings can never quite atone. So they offer us delectable things to tickle our palates. Who that has eaten strawberries, grass-new, from the sunny corners of summer woods, can ever forget them?

Strawberries are very delicious, even when eaten with cream and sugar, among the haunts of men. But would you know the real flavour of the strawberry in its highest perfection? Then come with me to a certain sunlit dell, along which white birches grow on one side and on the other the still, changeless ranks of the spruces. There are long grasses here at the roots of the trees, combed down by the winds, and wet with morning dew, long into the afternoon Here we shall find berries, fit for the gods on high Olympus, great ambrosial sweetnesses, hanging like rubies to long, rosy stalks. Lift them by the stalk and eat them from it while they are uncrushed and virgin, tasting each berry by itself, with all its wild fragrance ensphered within. If you try to carry it home that elusive essence escapes, and then it is nothing more than a common berry of the fields and sunshine, very kitchenly good, indeed, but not as it should be when gathered and eaten in its uncharted haunts until our fingers are stained as pink as Aurora's eyelids.

There are blueberries, too, growing on the sandy hill where we gathered May flowers in the spring. The blueberries are not sung in song or enshrined in romance; but I do not see why they should not be, for they are beautiful to behold; and, if eaten in their native haunts, are delicious enough as well, although, of course, not to be mentioned in the same paragraph as the strawberries. Perhaps it is because they are somewhat too lavish of themselves, in their great, heavily-hanging, plainly-seen clusters. They lack the charm of comparative rarity and exclusiveness; they need not to be eaten one by one, like the strawberries, but may be crunched together in generous mouthfuls. See how pretty they are —the dainty green of the unripe berries, the glossy pinks and scarlets of the half-ripe, the misty blue of the fully matured. To sit on this hill, steeped in languid summer sunshine, rife with odours of fir and of nameless growing things in their golden prime, with the sough of winds in the shaking tree-tops, and eat blueberries, is something that the mighty ones of earth might envy us. The poor inhabitants of palaces, how we can pity them, from this, our hill throne of the wilderness, fronting the gateways of the west! The afternoon is a great, dulcet, golden

dream of peace, through which the heart of summer throbs with lazy rhythm.

Pigeon-berries are not to be eaten. They are woolly, tasteless things. But they were created to be looked at and they have the beauty that is its own excuse for being. They grow in the places of shadow, preferably the fibrous banks under the boughs of the spruces, knowing, perhaps, how the green and the gloom set off their glowing scarlet. Such scarlet! They, too, are true children of the wood, in that they lose their beauty elsewhere. Dare to take them home with you, and they seem hard, flaunting, obvious things, void of all charm. But in the spruce wood they are vivid and brilliant, the jewels with which the sombre forest of cone-bearers loves to deck its brown breast.

The woods are full of summer flowers, and rich spoil may be ours for the seeking; but it is a pity to gather wood flowers. They do not bear it well, not even so well as the strawberries. They lose half their witchery away from the shadow and the green and the flicker. The gay ones look too gay and crude when unsoftened by the backgrounds of the ancient wood; and the little, shy, sweet things seem lost and timid and homesick. No, we shall not pluck the wood flowers. The way to enjoy them most is to track them down to their remote haunts, gloat over them there, and then leave them, with backward glances, taking with us only the beguiling memory of their grace and fragrance.

In late June and early July the spruce woods are given over to the June-bells, which have another and more scientific name, of course. But who wants a better name than June-bells? They are so perfect in their way that they seem to epitomise the very secret and charm of the forest, as if the old wood's daintiest thoughts had materialised in blossom, and all the roses by Bendameer's stream are not so fragrant as a shallow sheet of June-bells under the boughs of fir.

Starflowers grow here, too, spirit pale and fair; and ladies' lips are found in abundance by those who know just where to look for them, but never reveal themselves to the casual passer-by. They are not, as their name might suggest, red, but creamy tinted. Perhaps it is their surpassing sweetness which accounts for the name. Their perfume is richer than that of the June-bells and every whit as haunting and mystical.

In July the waste places of the wood, which axe has scarred and flame scorched, are aglow with the purple pomp of the fireweed, which depends, and not vainly, on its colouring alone for its beauty. The fire that defaced and blackened must have awakened some answering glow and fervour in the veins of the wood, which has outbroken in this wave of royal magnificence, surging against the pine hill and overflowing the brushwood to our very feet.

The ladies' eardrops are twinkling jewel-like from hanging boughs on all the brooklands; and along the lanes and among the birches the buttercups are smiling at us, quite as much at home here as on the breezy uplands.

In August the goldenrod makes glad the sunny woodways, and the asters shake out their frilled lavender gowns. The country people have such a pretty name for them; they call them "farewell-summers," because they come when summer is beginning to walk westering. She is with us still, but her face is turned from us.

Look, I pray you, at the tints on the trunk of that birch tree before us, whence some vandal hand has torn away the white-skin wrapper in several places. They range from the purest creamy white through exquisite golden tones, growing deeper and deeper until the inmost layer re-

veals the ripest, richest brown, as if to tell us that all these birches, so maiden-like and cool exteriorly, have yet warmly hued feelings at their hearts.

It is so easy to love your neighbours when your neighbours are all trees; and it is so easy to live with trees. They are the most friendly things in God's good creation. To hold converse with pines, to whisper secrets with mountain ashes, to listen to the tales of old romance that beeches have to tell, to walk in eloquent silence with self-contained firs is to learn what real companionship is. And then, too, trees, unlike so many humans, always improve on acquaintance. No matter how much you like them at the start you are sure to like them much better further on, and best of all when you have known them for years and enjoyed intercourse with them in all seasons, staunch, loyal friends that they are.

Trees have as much individuality as human beings to those who love and learn them. Not even two spruces are alike. There is some kink or curve, or bend of bough to single each one out from its fellows. Some trees love to grow sociably together, branches intertwining, like girls with their arms about each other, whispering interminably of their secrets. There are more exclusive groups of four or five, and there are hermits of trees who like to stand apart in solitary majesty and hold commune only with the winds of heaven. Yet these trees are often the best worth knowing, and have all the charm that attaches to the strong and lonely and reserved. It is more of a triumph to win their confidence than that of easier trees.

Pines are the trees of myth and legend. They strike their roots deep into the traditions of an older world, but wind and star love their lofty tops. What music when old Aeolus draws his bow across the branches of a pine! What a sense of two majesties meeting when a pearl white planet seems resting on its very crest! Have you ever witnessed a thunderstorm in a pine wood, especially when evening is drawing on? I have, once. And since then I think I have known what God's voice must have been speaking to Job out of the whirlwind.

We are not going to have a thunderstorm on our walk of this evening, but I verily believe a shower of rain is coming up. Have you noticed the veiled hush that has fallen over the woods lately, while we have been wandering from tree to tree? All the young breezes that were whispering and rustling so importantly a while ago have folded their wings and are motionless and soundless. Not a leaf rustles, not a shadow flickers. The maple leaves yonder turn wrong side out, until the tree looks as if it were growing pale from fear. And now a cool shade falls over the woods; the cloud has reached us; it is not a big cloud; there is crystalline, untroubled sky below and above it. 'Twill be but a passing shower, and the thick boughs of this fir copse are all the protection that we shall need. Creep under and sit at ease, on the dusky soil, compact of many dead and gone generations of fir needles, which no passing shower can moisten.

Ha, there is the rain now, with a rush and sweep of wind, really more noise than anything else! Yet the shower is a good, smart one while it lasts. It patters down sharply on the maples and dimples the faces of the wood pools. It dances along the lanes and byways and pelts the brook right merrily. It makes quite a fuss for the time being, this impertinent, important shower. But not a drop touches us through our staunch fir, and presently it is all over. The cloud is away and the low sun is shining out on the wet, glistening trees. Far away we see a hill still dim with rain, but below us the cup of the val-

ley seems brimming over with peach-tinted mists. The woods are all pranked out with the sparkle and glitter of jewels, and a bird begins to sing overhead as if he were cheated into believing it is springtime again, so wondrously fresh and sweet is the world all at once.

The rain is a marvellous alchemist. It has extracted the aroma from tree and shrub and blossom, and flung it lavishly on the cool, moist air. It has taken from the firs the tang of their balsam, from the lanes the warm breath of the asters and grasses, from the blueberry hill its savour of ripening fruit, and the wind comes down from the wild places spiced and poignant with the breath of drenched and tangled fern.

A bird comes tiptoeing along the lane, with a worm in her mouth. After a shower is the blessed time for birds. It is a robin, a plump, reddish-breasted thing, that is not even afraid of us. I know her nest is near by, for I found it last week, half-built. Let us look to see if any eggs are in it. Ha, Madam Robin, this disturbs your complacency somewhat, does it? Even the worm is dropped and forgotten, and you fly to a bough above us, chirping frantically. Dear, we are not going to hurt your little home, nor yet this most wonderful egg in it, though we touch it with reverent fingers.

Think what is penned within those fragile, pale-blue walls . . . not, perhaps, "the music of the moon," but an earthlier, homelier music, compact of wholesome sweetness and the joy of living. This egg will some day be a robin, to whistle us blithely home in the afterlights.

It is afterlight now, for the sun has set. Out in the open there is still much light of a fine, emerald-golden sort. But the wood is already wrapping itself in a dim, blue twilight and falling upon rest in bosk and dell. It will be quite dark before we reach the end of this long, wetly-fragrant lane. There goes the first firefly, or is it a pixy out with a lantern? Soon there are hundreds of them, flashing mysteriously across the dusk, under the boughs and over the ferns. There is certainly something a little supernatural about fireflies. Nobody pretends to understand them. Did anyone ever see a firefly in daylight? They are akin to the tribes of faery, survivals of the olden time, when the woods and hills swarmed with the little green folk. It is still very easy to believe in fairies when you see those goblin lanterns glimmering among the fir tassels.

The full moon has been up for some time, and now, as we come out to the clearing, she is gleaming lustrously from a cloudless sky across the valley. But between us and her stretches up a tall, tall pine, far above the undergrowth, wondrously straight and slender and branchless to its very top, where it overflows in a crest of dark boughs against the silvery splendour behind it. Beyond, the uplands and the homesteads are lying in a suave, white radiance, but here the spell of the woods is still on us, and the white magic of the moonlight behind the pine speaks the last word of the potent incantation.

BLACKFEET BRINGING IN BRANCHES FOR THE SUN LODGE

THE SUN DANCE OF THE BLACKFEET

BY CALVIN McQUESTEN

THE Sun Dance gatherings of the Blackfeet are the last surviving remnants of the tribal life of a people who once ranged supreme and untrammelled over a stretch of territory as large as the whole of England. To-day their numbers are more than decimated by war and disease. Crowded to the wall by a foreign invader whose civilisation they seem utterly unable to assimilate, they drag out a miserable existence cooped up within the narrow limits of their reservations, and huddled together round the distributing offices of the Government which feeds them.

But at these annual gatherings are to be seen the last broken outlines of their unique social organisation, the last spiritless performance of their weird and frenzied religious rites, and the last faint gleam of the wild, fierce and almost heroic spirit which has made these and other red men of North America appeal to the imagination of the world.

Here the Ikunuhkatsi (comrades-in-arms), the ancient warrior bands bound together by oaths as solemn as those which held the knightly orders of mediæval chivalry, once more sit in social circle and pass the memory-stirring pipe from lip to lip, as they talk of battle and of buffalo hunt, of scalping and of pony raiding, until the old fierce flame lights up their faces and flashes from their eyes, and the crop-haired school-boys slink away to hide their shameful store-clothes, or cover them with the blanket toga of their race. Here are performed the fragments of that mys-

tic ritual by which the worshippers of the ancient Sun-God seek to win his favour. And here are seen in all their barbaric splendour of nakedness, paint and feathers those weird, uncouth dances, a blending of the social, the martial and the religious, which are so common to primitive peoples and so incomprehensible at first to the minds of modern civilisation.

THE SUN DANCE

The Blackfoot nation proper is really composed of three tribes—Bloods, Peigans and Blackfeet, all speaking the same language, and recognising one another as kinsmen. Their hunting grounds formerly lay just to the east of the more northerly chains of the Rocky Mountains, where the level stretches of the prairie rolled up into the foot-hills, and were tempered by the warm winds of the Pacific coast, so that ponies and buffaloes grazed in the open all winter long.

Of the three branches, the Bloods, who now occupy a reservation on the Canadian side of the international boundary line, cling the closest to their old life and customs. Their Sun Dance celebration usually lasts for three or four weeks, and it is this now almost obsolete spectacle that the writer proposes to describe.

The gathering of the tribe commenced about the beginning of June, and for days the winding trails which led through wooded river bottom and over rolling prairie were alive with rumbling waggons, trotting ponies, and scraping travois poles. The spot selected for the camp was a southern slope of prairie. Each day the number of tepees grew, until finally nearly the whole tribe of some 1,200 souls was collected there.

When completed, the camp formed a huge circle, with an irregular circumference of tepees surrounding the open space, which served as the arena for the various performances. Along the inner edge of the circle of ordinary tepees stood the somewhat larger assembly lodges of the various bands

of Ikunuhkahtsi referred to before. These, as has been already suggested, appear to resemble in a crude way the knightly orders of mediæval Europe. Like them their functions

part of the initiation ceremony of the "Horns" is public. The novices, accompanied by their squaws, carrying the blankets and leading the ponies, which constitute the purchase

F THE BLACKFEET

were originally of a military nature, but are now of a purely social character. As a matter of fact, they seem to have no longer any actual existence apart from these annual gatherings; and a number of them have become altogether defunct. The "Crazy Dogs," "the Pigeons," the "Horns," the "Prairie Chickens" still survive, but there are several others, such as the "Bulls," the "Mosquitoes," the "Little Birds," which appear to have passed out of existence; and those which still remain are perpetuated by younger men buying out the older ones, as they in turn retire or purchase membership in a more distinguished order.

The "Horns" are considered to be the most ancient and honourable order of all, and membership in them costs many ponies and blankets. A

price of membership, approach in procession the place where the rest of the members are seated in solemn assembly, and after the master of ceremonies has made certain mystic passes over their heads and bodies, they are formally received into the number of the elect, and the transfer of property takes place. But it is also understood that there is quite an extensive secret ritual involved, including a severe and shocking test of virtue and self-control, in which, if the candidate fails, he is believed to die within a year. The lesser orders also have somewhat similar ceremonies, but the most interesting feature in them all, from a spectacular point of view, is that each has a special form of dance peculiar to itself, to depict the patron animal, after which that particular order is named.

PIGEON DANCE IN PROGRESS

INFURIATED BLACKFOOT COMING TO SMASH THE CAMERA

These dances, together with squaw dances, buffalo dances, and war dances form part of the regular daily programme of the camp, preliminary to the great climactic event, the Sun Dance itself.

One of the most picturesque of them is probably the Pigeon Dance.

The dress of the "Pigeons" is charmingly simple, and would make a Parisian belle in evening dress feel like a colourless prude. It consists simply of a breech cloth and moccasins, with a single feather stuck in the flowing hair, and a full coat of paint covering the body from head to foot. The colour worn by the officers is a brilliant yellow, while that of the rank and file is brick red.

The dance, in order to be properly performed, appeared to occupy the time of the devotees for the greater part of the day and night. The "Pigeons" begin to assemble in their lodge early in the forenoon. Each one as he arrived proceeded to disrobe and adorn himself, mixing the dry paint in a cup or saucer, and applying it with his fingers. Evidently, several coats were required to produce the required tint, and it was two or three o'clock in the afternoon before the plumage of all was finally preened to their satisfaction.

About this time it was discovered that there was not a sufficient number present, and deputations were despatched to bring in recalcitrant members, who from laziness or other cause had failed to appear. If verbal inducements proved insufficient, a convenient blanket was brought into use to convey the dissenting gentleman to the post of duty. When the number was finally completed, and all were duly arrayed, the lithe-limbed dancers gathered their blankets about them, and made a tour of the camp in a body, soliciting contributions of fuel and eatables for the all-night seance.

It was about 6 o'clock in the evening before a sufficiency of supplies was secured, and the "Pigeons" at

last seated themselves in the open space in the centre of the camp, while the tom-tom beaters struck up their monotonous music. Suddenly throwing off their blankets, the dancers leaped to their feet as one man, the red fellows standing in one long line, with their backs to the setting sun, while two or three canary-hued officers half-faced them, at either end. For a minute all tripped it where they stood, with a sort of "balance-all" movement. Then in a flash the red line faced about, and with bows extended and arrows strung, and their black hair flowing about their necks and faces, they seemed almost to fly with winged feet toward the setting sun. At about thirty yards they stopped and turned, and in a moment were once more beside the yellow fellows, keeping time to the tom-toms. In another minute all were seated on the ground, with their blankets about them, and the first number on the programme was over.

While they rested, three other naked braves performed a Bear Dance. Squatted on the ground, but with bodies erect, the trio paused for a moment, each with both hands to his ears as if to listen. Then, with a quick movement, they drew up their blankets over back and head and threw themselves prostrate on their faces, while all the small boys around them pelted them with chunks of mud. For a moment the pelting ceased, and once more the "Bears" raised their heads to listen, only to throw themselves down again, with blankets drawn over to protect them from the showers of missiles.

This was repeated some half-dozen times. And then the "Crazy Dogs," who had during the day been going through preliminary preparations very similar to the "Pigeons," took a hand, and, whirling round in eddying circles, most suggestive of a dog trying to catch his tail, gave vent to sharp, delighted yaps and barks. Once more the "Pigeons" made their

PREPARING FOR THE SUN DANCE

A BLACKFOOT ENCAMPMENT. SUN LODGE IN CENTRE

"GOOD RIDER"

birdlike flight. Again the "Bears" performed their little part, and so the evening passed, until as it grew dark and chilly, "Pigeons" and "Crazy Dogs" withdrew to their respective lodges, to pass the night relating deeds of adventure and smoking the friendly pipe.

Other dances filled in other days. In the women's lodge, squaws stepped in solemn circle round the altar pole which bore their votive offerings. Men and women, their heads half hidden with huge horns and shaggy hair, went through the grotesque Buffalo Dance. And in the War Dance one-time warriors acted out their mighty deeds in vivid pantomime.

These preliminaries lasted for the better part of three weeks. And then, as the Sun-God reached the zenith of his power, the serious preparations for the great event began. The feast of Sacred Tongues was eaten, and in the might of this "big medicine," the construction of the Sun Lodge was commenced.

First, the great centre pole was cut and dragged in by ropes tied to the saddle horns of a dozen riders, while a hundred other horsemen circled about it, and riddled it with rifle bullets. As soon as it was set in position, devout worshippers proceeded to cover it right to the top with offerings consisted largely of wearing apparel, shirts, leggings, dresses, hats, belts, and moccasins, with an occasional pot or kettle thrown in for variety. For the most part, they were things of little or no value, and suggested a decided decline in religious fervour since the days, when before the intervention of white law, these red-skinned stoics would, in the fulfilment of their vows, hang their own bodies on the sacred pole by thongs tied to wooden skewers thrust through the flesh of breast or shoulders, and would throw themselves back until the tearing of the flesh set them free.

Around the centre pole, and at a distance of some twenty-five feet from it, were set shorter posts about seven feet high, on top of which a circle of logs was laid, while others sloping upward from them were lashed to the central pillar like the rafters of a dome. Against the outside of this circular framework, which was some

"MOON CHEST"

"FLY LIKE A BIRD"

fifty feet in diameter, were laid one upon another until they formed an opaque covering, long, leafy bows of cottonwood, with their heavy ends resting on the ground, and their feathery tips waving within a few feet of the centre pole. The bringing in of these boughs by calvalcades of

SCENE AT THE BLACKFOOT ENCAMPMENT

horsemen from a coulée about half a mile away from the camp was one of the prettiest scenes of the whole gathering, and occupied the afternoon of the first day and the forenoon of the second. The branches were carried on the backs of ponies.

By noon of the second day the work was pretty well completed. An opening had been left on the east side; and within, facing it, had been built against the opposite wall a little inner booth for the accommodation and comfort of the presiding "medicine man."

This eminent personage was specially imported for the occasion from the Blackfoot reserve many miles away, and his chief duty was to prevent the festivities from being spoiled by rain. To accomplish this purpose it was necessary for him to remain for the entire three days and nights in his little airy bower, about six feet square, not once leaving it, but sleeping on the ground at night,

SOCIETY OF HORNS RECEIVING NEW MEMBERS

and having his meals brought to him during the day.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, the building of the lodge having been completed, the preliminaries to the dance commenced. The tune of the tom-toms, which had been droning at intervals all afternoon, suddenly quickened, and at the signal the various bands of Ikunuhkahtsi poured out of their assembly lodges, and, drawing up in rude companies, made their way toward the Sun Lodge, merging into one motley procession as they approached its portals.

The variety and ingenuity of the costumes in this curious dress parade beggar description. The classic simplicity of the "Pigeons," with their lithe bodies and shapely limbs reflecting the sun's rays like living bronzes, and the single feather fluttering from their flowing hair, contrasted strangely with the huge headdresses of bristling eagle feathers and dangling ermine tails mingling with long plaits of stiff, black hair; the loosely-fitting, heavily-beaded buckskin shirts, and the fringed and flapping leggings of the "Crazy Dogs" and other dancers, and still more strangely, with the cropped heads, shabby felt hats, and commonplace coats and trousers of the crowds of tribesmen, who were content to play the part of spectators in this sacred rite.

In that procession there were aged chiefs, who wore their blankets with the stately dignity of Roman Senators, robed in the classic toga, and carried in their faces an expression of stoical serenity, which marked a noble spirit. Side by side with them were men of middle age, whose faces showed them old enough to have known the old free life of the buffalo days, young enough to have a cordial hatred of the race which made that life impossible, and wise enough to see the hopelessness of ever knowing it again. But out-numbering both of these were the young men who look upon the present performance as no more than an enjoyable entertainment.

Arrived at the Sun Lodge, the participators in the procession squatted themselves in groups within the leafy tabernacle, and listened in stolid silence while the aged chiefs, in impassioned, if somewhat quavering, accents, urged the members of the tribe to perform the worship of the Sun-God faithfully and carefully. It was the neglect of this that had wrought their downfall in the past; and it was only the careful observance of sacred rites that could save them from further calamity in the future. The harangues concluded, the tom-toms sounded once more, the squaws took up a droning chant, and the braves, leaping to their feet with whoops and yells, discharged their rifles in the air to purge the place of evil spirits. For several minutes pandemonium reigned supreme, while the horses of the spectators reared in terror, and children shrieked with delight. Then for a moment there was a lull in this bombardment of the powers of the air, and the worshippers, issuing forth, formed a square about the entrance, and fired another prolonged volley, with similar accompaniments. This put the wavering forces of evil completely to rout, and the ceremony of dedication, having been declared complete, there was a brief intermission for refreshments.

Just as the Golden God was disappearing behind the mountain peaks to the west, the Sun Dance proper began. At first the performance was somewhat perfunctory. An elderly devotee would rise from the squatting circle, which lined the sacred lodge, and, swaying his body solemnly, would lift first one foot and then the other slowly and ponderously, with all the air of a man performing a religious duty. A younger brave would throw back his blanket from his naked shoulders, and, leaping to his feet, would trip it lightly, lifting his knees high in

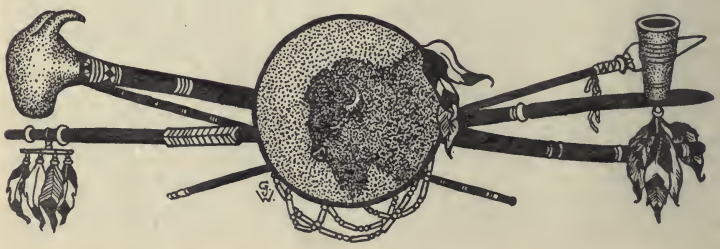
front of him, and giving each foot a little shake as it touched the ground, with all the zest of a man who is thoroughly enjoying himself. Others would join on the floor until it was well crowded, and then, one by one, they would slip back to their places, and resume their blankets. This went on until, with the fall of darkness, a fire was lighted in the middle of the earthen floor.

With this the pace grew faster, and the scene waxed weirder. To one coming suddenly upon it, it was a spectacle sufficiently startling to satisfy the most lurid imagination. The din was deafening. The glare of the fire and the whirl of figures dazed the eyes. The paint on the faces of the dancers made them positively diabolical in the hideousness of their expression, while the flickering firelight added to the gliding figures a grotesqueness which was almost unreal in its weirdness. Over the fire there poised itself for a moment a naked red figure and a leering face crowned with a pair of nodding horns in the very image of the Mephistophlean master of ceremonies himself; and as the shadowy forms emerged from the blackness of the background, hovered for a moment in the firelight, and disappeared once more into the night, they seemed to constitute themselves from the very darkness itself, only to be dissolved into it again. Now crouching, now creeping, now gliding, the dancers swayed like men intoxicated, and sprang into the air with gleaming tomahawks, or brandished rifles, while the head of the onlooker whirled with the weird chanting of the squaws and the wild war whoops of the frenzied braves.

When one dancer sank exhausted into the circle of spectators, who sat like dim spectres beyond the radius of the firelight, another sprang into the dizzy whirl. And so the wild dance went on until far into the morning, when the excitement finally wore itself out, the weary dancers retired to rest.

The dance was renewed after a similar fashion on the following evening, and this concluded the festival. Next day there was much bustling about, catching of ponies and taking down of lodges, when the camp melted away as quickly as it had gathered.

In regard to the accompanying illustrations, it may be explained that most of the "Bloods" are decidedly superstitious about the camera. Many of the older ones believe that if they are photographed they will certainly die within a year. So that it was only with the greatest difficulty and after being several times hustled out of camp by angry redskins that even these were secured.



THE HEALING

BY THEODORE GOODRIDGE ROBERTS

ON Monday night only six of Bill Pinder's cows came up from their unfenced woodland pastures. Bill gazed at them reflectively and counted them, forward and backward, several times.

"That's not like Jenny," he said. "But maybe she don't feel as spry as usual. She'll be here afore I'm through with the milking, anyhow."

He let the six patient, fly-switching animals into the cow-yard and followed them with the pails and milking-stool. He was a big man, and he moved his long, sturdy limbs and body slowly; but the slowness suggested the leisurely pacing of a panther rather than any flabbiness of muscle or spirit. A heavy, straw-hued mustache thatched his upper lip and shaded the corners of his kindly mouth, and a quizzical light lurked in the depths of his dark eyes. A ponderous looking gold chain hung from one button of his braces and dipped into the watch-pocket of his homespun trousers.

Bill placed the stool on the ground beside one of the cows and was about to seat himself and begin operations when he caught sight of a small figure on the road, trudging along behind an ancient, raw-boned, white horse.

"That's too darned bad," he muttered. "He has to put even the poor old nag to pasture on the commons. It's too confounded bad!"

He went over to the fence and leaned his elbows on the top rail.

"Have you been down along the brook, Bobby?" he asked.

The small boy behind the horse nodded his head in silence, but neither halted nor looked at him.

"Did you see my yeller cow, Jenny?" asked the man.

The child shook his head and moved on. Bill Pinder sighed and a shadow came into his eyes. "Now look-'e-here, Bobby," he said, "you don't treat me neighbourly. You might pass the time o' day with me, anyhow. That ain't much for your own uncle to ask, Bobby."

The little boy halted at that and, standing on one leg, began to rub his bare left foot up and down his right shin. Taking off his tattered straw hat (which was of the variety known as "cow's breakfast"), he gazed reflectively into the crown of it. "Ma says I ain't to speak to you," he mumbled, at last. "She says we've got our pride."

Pinder did not smile; but something that suggested amusement flickered in his eyes. "That's what heaps of folks say, Bobby, when they're bein' downright yeller-dog mean. There's all sorts of pride, Bobby, in this world; but pretty near all that I've had my attention called to is nasty pride—mean pride!—pure cussedness!"

"That's what Dad said yesterday," murmured Bobby, still gazing into his hat, still rubbing his right leg with his left foot.

"Did he, now!" exclaimed the man, with a note of relief in his voice.

"But Ma, she—she shut him up pretty quick," said the other. Then,

returning his hat to his curly head and his left foot to the ground, he raced down the road after the ancient horse.

Bill Pinder went back to his cows. "It beats the band!" he muttered, his mind busy with the enmity that for over seven years had kept brother from brother, neighbour from neighbour. He reviewed the trouble from the very beginning as he pursued his homely task.

Eight years ago Bill Pinder, a confirmed bachelor of thirty-six, had fallen unreservedly in love with a pretty young woman named Agnes Truman, who had but lately come to the settlement. His heart was set upon winning the girl; and, within a month of their first meeting, she had given him her promise. Then his only and younger brother—the only other living member of his immediate family—came home to the settlement from the lumber-woods. Tom had been operating for himself, with a crew of about twenty men and three teams of horses, and success had attended his venturesome efforts. He arrived in the settlement in high spirits and fine clothes, prosperous, bright eyed, his mind and conversation full of great plans for future operations in the tall timber of the Ox-Bow country. He looked at his rough, one hundred-acre farm, which lay beside Bill's, with pitying amusement.

"Bill," said he, "I've half a mind to give it to you—every rod an' rock of it!"

"Better not," returned Bill, with a twinkle in his eyes. "There's no sayin' when a farm may come in handy. Lumberin's a tricky business, you know."

Two weeks later Miss Truman returned to her people, who lived in a small town on the main river; and, next day, Tom Pinder left the settlement. In Saturday's *Gleaner* (weekly edition), poor Bill read a flowery description of their wedding. It was a stiff blow for him; but none of the watchers in the settlement heard a murmur from him or caught any glint of grief or anger. He "studied" over it for a whole month; and then he wrote briefly to his brother, asking him if he had known, before marrying Agnes, that she was already promised to himself? The reply came promptly, and was almost as brief as the question. It ran:—"Dear Bill; Agnes says she cannot understand you—that she never considered you as anything more than a friend. I am sorry we have hurt your feelings."

Two years passed. Bill stuck to his farming and prospered moderately; and Tom, venturing his all (and a trifle more, perhaps), in the tall timber of the Ox-Bow country, was caught and impoverished by an unexpectedly early thaw. The haulingroads broke up in March, before a stick of his winter's cut had reached the bank of the river. Three months later, while Bill's crops were greening and filling across his well-tilled acres, a careless trout-fisher started a fire in the forests of the Ox-Bow country. For a week the fire roared and crashed across the dry woods; and in its wake, black and smouldering, lay the hundreds of thousands of feet of spruce timber in the cutting and "yarding" of which Tom had already spent all his earnings and borrowings.

Hearing of this crowning stroke of misfortune, Bill wrote again to his brother: "Dear Tom; I am good for fifteen hundred—maybe a couple of thousands, at a pinch. Let me know if you want it, for I owe you more than money can settle for saving me from marrying a woman who isn't honest enough to tell the truth." It is easy to see that Bill was still suffering, and that he had not yet recovered his old sense of humour. No answer came to the letter. He heard later in some roundabout way that Tom was working as a "hand" in a saw-mill on the main river.

After six years of married life and

four years of poverty, with a fretful woman and three children to support, Tom Pinder returned to his old home and the hundred acres that had stirred his amusement and pity in the days of his prosperity. He brought some poor furniture with him and one cow and a gray horse considerably past his prime.

Bill went straight over to Tom's place, eager to re-establish the old, brotherly relations, willing to forget the past and to lend a helping hand. He met Tom at the gate.

"You'll have to take that back, Bill—what you wrote about Agnes," said Tom. "You—you as good as called her a liar!"

"I'm sorry I wrote that," replied Bill. "It wasn't kind—an' I'm out-an-out sorry for it! But she was promised to me, Tom—an' when I said I was glad you'd saved me from marryin' her, I said the truth."

"There you go!" returned Tom fretfully. "Maybe she's forgot just how things really were between you an' her—but, for all that, you might pretend that she's right an' you've made a mistake. It's infernal hard on a decent woman's pride, Bill, to know that a man despises her."

"I am willin' to let by-gones be by-gones," returned Bill, after a moment's hesitation; "but I'll not make a liar of myself just to suit her fancy! I am willing to be friends, for your sake, and say nothing more about the past; but I'll not put myself in the wrong about that matter."

"I guess that won't suit Agnes," said Tom miserably. "She says there shall be no friendship between us until you beg her pardon for that letter."

For a second Bill was inclined to take this humorously; but, seeing the woman herself in the door-way, with a supercilious expression on her pale but pretty face, he took it nastily instead. "Very well," said he. "Then I say there'll be no friendship between us until she begs my pardon."

He felt twinges of shame for this outbreak before he reached his own door; but the damage was already done. During the next two years he made many efforts to bring about peace; but every advance was repulsed. For the right to help them—to help Tom and the children, especially—he would willingly have done anything—that is, anything but beg Agnes's pardon for having spoken the truth. Sometimes, when the signs of struggle and poverty were more undeniable than usual, he was half inclined to pocket his self-respect and sense of honesty and do even that.

By the time this struggle of eight years' standing was reviewed the sixth cow was milked. Darkness had settled softly over the oat-fields and meadows, and a thousand fire-flies flashed their tiny lanterns in the bushes. But Jenny, the highly-prized Jersey, had not yet joined the herd.

"She'll come wanderin' along before mornin'," reflected Bill. "I'll leave the bars down for her."

II.

Morning came; but it did not bring the delinquent Jenny. Bill Pinder milked the other six and turned them out of the yard, set the milk away in the long creamers and attended to the morning wants of his horses, pigs and calves. He was a quick and thorough worker, and, except in haying and threshing time, could manage all the work of the farm single-handed. He was anxious about the missing cow, for she was the most valuable of the herd; but there was a patch of fodder-corn on the brow of the hill that required his attention in the worst way. He felt that he could handle this job and still have time to find Jenny before night. Very likely she would join the rest of the herd in the woods and he would find them all together, in some favoured spot of grass and water and shade.

From the corn-field on the brow of

the hill he looked down on Tom's house and barn and ill-worked clearings. He saw a small figure grubbing intently in a corner of the barnyard. On reaching the vantage point at the edge of the patch a second time he saw the small, ragged figure moving towards the woods, with a tin can in one hand and a long pole in the other. It was Bobby, going fishing. "Poor little kid," he murmured. Then he turned his horse, yanked the cultivator around and started down another green lane through the hip-high ranks of corn.

After his twelve o'clock dinner, Bill Pinder set out in search of the missing cow. He carried a pocketful of thick sandwiches, in case the expedition should prove a long one, a compass, an axe, and about ten feet of stout rope. There was a possibility that he might find the cow imbedded in a mud-hole, in which case the rope would come in handy.

Jenny was not with the rest of the herd; but three hours later Bill's anxious ears caught a single clank of the familiar bell. He found her composedly feeding in a little natural clearing, with a wobbly-legged, day-old calf standing by her side.

"Here's a go!" exclaimed Bill. He sat down, mopped his forehead and stared gloomily at Jenny and her cream-coloured offspring. "So you've been waitin' here for me to come along an' lug it home for you," he complained. "An' if there's one thing I'd rather not carry than another, it's what the noospaper would call a bovine bouncin' baby. Nothin' solid to get a fair holt on!—an' the silly legs flyin' all about! Jenny, I tell you plainly I don't fancy the job."

The cow gazed at him for a second, trustingly and complacently, and then went on with her feeding. A small stream crawled among the alder roots. Bill pushed his way through to it, lay at full length and drank deep. Then, making a bundle of his axe and coat and fastening it to his back, he lifted the calf in his arms and started on a bee-line towards home. Jenny followed, almost treading on his heels, and anxiously nosing such portions of the calf as protruded from his embrace.

Fifteen minutes later Bill deposited the calf on its wobbly legs, rubbed the cramps out of his arms and took a fresh hold. They were now in a land of twisted underbrush and ancient wind-falls. It would have been hard travelling under the most auspicious conditions, and, with an armful of calf (the rest of the beast sticking out and around, and becoming entangled in the landscape at every step), and an anxious cow stumbling over one's heels, it was simply beyond words. Bill relinquished the calf a second time and examined his compass. "I guess these bee-lines are good things—for bees," he said to Jenny. After a few minutes' rest he again lifted the uncomplaining calf to his breast and plodded forward.

Dusk found the strange company still a long and hard four miles from the clearings of the settlement, Bill almost exhausted, Jenny still going strong, the calf still uncomplaining, but, if possible, more pulpy and sprawling than ever. Bill tethered the cow and placed the calf beside her.

"You'll have to spend another night out," he said. "It's your own fault, anyhow. I'll come for you bright an' early."

So he left them; but he had not gone far before a strange sound arrested his steps and aroused him to his usual alertness of mind and body. The sound was low and thin—a dry, toneless, sobbing cry. It drew nearer, from straight ahead, accompanied by an occasional swishing of parted underbrush. It was pitiful rather than threatening, and utterly unlike anything that Bill had ever heard before. The colour faded from his swarthy cheeks. "Now what the devil is that?" he muttered. He

reached around and drew the axe from the bundle on his back and moved noiselessly to the left to intercept the thing that ran and cried—whatever it might be! A half-light, reflected from the red west, still touched the depths of the forest aisles.

Out of the gloom in front came Bobby, running slowly but desperately, stumbling weakly, hatless and bedraggled, his poor little face white as chalk. From his panting lips broke that toneless, pitiful cry.

"Bobby," called Bill, advancing with open arms. The child uttered a piercing scream, dodged and dashed away to the left. The man wheeled and sprang after him, clutched him and lifted him from the ground. The child was limp now and silent. He had fainted. Bill carried him tenderly, keeping to the low ground and tangled alder-bottoms in search of water. He found a spring at last, bathed the boy's face with the cool water and forced a little of it between his lips, using the brim of his hat for a cup.

"There's nothin' to be scart of, Bobby," he whispered. "It's only your Uncle Bill. I'll take you home, Bobby. I'll tote you all the way on my back."

A fluttering sigh escaped from the child's lips.

"It's only your Uncle Bill," repeated the man, fearful that he might take fright again upon the instant of his recovery. "It's only me. Nothin' in the world to be scart of, boy. I'll take you home. Uncle Bill will tote you home on his back."

"I—I was lost," sobbed Bobby. "An' I got scart—when I didn't know where I was. I wanted to fish Rocky Brook—so I left Line Brook—an' then I got lost. An' pretty soon I—I heard things in the bushes—runnin' after me—when it begun to get dark."

"Now don't you fret, Bobby," returned Bill, tenderly. "You just drink some more of this water, an' then we'll light a bit of a fire an' have a rest. Then I'll take you home."

"I ain't scart now, not a mite," said Bobby, with quick recovery in his voice. "I guess you could lick the boots off'n anything in these woods if it follered us, couldn't you, Uncle Bill?"

"There's nothin' to follow us, Bobby—but I could sure lick it if there was," replied Bill.

A small fire of dry twigs and moss was lighted, just for the cheerful look of it. Bill found that one of the thick sandwiches still remained in the pocket of his coat. Bobby ate it with relish, remarking that it was much finer than the mean, thin sandwiches that his mother sometimes made. Then, comforted in spirit and stomach, though aching with fatigue, he announced his readiness to be carried home. Bill examined the compass and got his bearings, extinguished the fire, hoisted Bobby onto his back and struck out for the settlement. By now the night was black as the inside of a boot. Bill travelled slowly, for the "going" was bad, and rested often. Bobby proved to be heavier than he looked.

About half the distance between the spot where the child had been found and the settlement was covered when the toot of a horn, far to the right, halted Bill.

"The folks are out huntin' for you, Bobby," he said. "Like enough, the whole settlement has turned out."

To the left roared a shot-gun; and close in front rang out a woman's voice, crying "Bobby! Bobby!"

"That's Ma," whispered Bobby, his nerves somewhat shaken by the sounds to right and left.

"I guess you're right. She—must be a brave woman, Bobby," returned Bill. He let the boy slide to the ground, and, taking a deep breath, he shouted, "This way. Straight ahead. He's right as rain."

Flashings of red light appeared

among the tree-trunks in front; then the woman came in sight, running, a lantern swinging in her hand.

"Here I am, Ma," called Bobby. "Uncle Bill found me."

For a second she held the lantern to the child's face; then, letting it fall to the ground, dropped on her knees and caught him to her breast.

Bill stooped quickly and recovered the discarded lantern; then he stood and waited, gazing down at the woman and child. The tooting of the horn drew nearer from the right, and again the gun roared on the left. It was evident that the mother had strayed from the others.

At last the woman looked up at Bill, got swiftly to her feet and placed her thin, toil-hardened hands on his shoulders.

"Bill," she whispered. "Bill—now I beg your pardon!"

"And I beg yours, Agnes," he replied. He stooped quickly and touched his lips to her forehead. There was a sheen of tears in his eyes; but behind it flickered that light of whimsical humour for which he was famous in the settlement.

"Now we'll all live comfortable," he said. "But I guess I don't owe Tom a darn cent's worth of gratitude, after all!"

THE LOST GARDEN OF THE SAHARA*

By ISABEL ECCLESTONE MACKAY

SAID the great King: "What have I on my throne
Worthy my kingship? I have dreamed a dream
Of waving branches, of the pleasant tone
Of water falling from a hidden stream,
Of air so pure that breathing it would seem
A joy more keen than kingdoms overthrown!
Find me this place; I weary of the gleam
Of sun on armour: I would be alone!"

Great was the King. And swift his word took form—
A miracle! For in the desert's glare
A vale of silent, secret peace was born,
A place of shadows, perfect and most fair.
Even a king might lose his kingship there,
Sleep the night through and wake to greet the morn
With simple gladness, undisturbed by care,
And quite forgetting his high place forlorn.

Dead the great King! To that safe-hidden stream
Man's eager steps, long-seeking, are denied.
The way to it is lost. The gods esteem
This treasure by the desert fortified
So dear that not till many men have died
One man, perchance, may catch its green-gold gleam
And see the vision—evermore to hide
In his glad heart the King's lost place of dream!

*There is a legend that once a great king planted an oasis in the midst of the Sahara. The secret of it was lost, but, watered by never-failing streams, the garden still flourishes. Once in many lifetimes some fortunate traveller sees it, but is never able to find it again.

LAURA MUNTZ AND HER ART

BY NEWTON MacTAVISH

THE artistic career of Laura Muntz is a good refutation of the popular fallacy that to succeed in any art one must begin its study early in life. It is, on the other hand, a verification of the axiom that every person who responds to natural impulses discovers ahead of him a well-defined course. However that may be, Miss Muntz had reached the mature age of twenty-five years before she broke the ties that bound her to the farm and set out to enter a new sphere of life in the city. With an unabating desire to give expression in colour and line, this zealous young woman faced what in most instances would be regarded as immovable obstacles. She undertook to find her own way, and that she found it should ever stand to her as an inexhaustible credit.

Miss Muntz is an associate of the Royal Canadian Academy. That does not mean much, but it is the greatest academic distinction that a woman painter can obtain in Canada. In a sense, it is a pity that we cannot write "R. C. A." after her name, for if ever a Canadian painter deserved that appendage it is this intense, serious woman, who resides in the city of Montreal. But the mere fact that she may append "A. R. C. A." and not "R. C. A." to her name recalls to mind a singular discrimination observed by the paternal art association of the Dominion. That discrimination is the refusal to admit any woman to full membership.

On the face of it, this discrimination looks like a good instance of art for man's sake. At any rate, it is a practice that cannot be condoned, and we can imagine its perpetuation only by a group of artists whose narrowness in this respect is not counteracted by whatever breadth they display in their painting. Nevertheless, by her work, Miss Muntz has risen above distinction of that kind. Her name is dissociated from everything that is academic, for she is a painter with ideas of

MISS LAURA MUNTZ
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. MORTIMER-LAMB

"MOTHER AND CHILD"

WATER-COLOUR DRAWING
BY LAURA MUNTZ

"IN THE STABLE"

AN EARLY OIL PAINTING
BY LAURA MUNTZ

"CHILD AGAINST TAPESTRY" PAINTING BY LAURA MUNTZ

her own, and she clings to her ideas as though they were established principles. She is not a prodigious exhibitor, and for that reason her work is not so widely known as it should be. She usually has to be cajoled into sending an exhibit, but her work is always wanted by the ones who make the arrangements. She has been repeatedly invited to contribute to the annual exhibitions of the Canadian Art Club, which, in all the circumstances, is an agreeable acknowledgment of distinctive merit.

Miss Muntz's studies in painting began in Canada, but she soon found her way abroad, observing and painting in France, Holland, and Italy. Examples of her work were admitted five times to the Salon at Paris, and she received honourable mention there. She went through the Colarossi Academy in the same city and won two medals for drawing. While still studying at Paris, an interior which was bought by an English collector was reproduced in *L'Illustration,* an honour of no mean significance.

"MOTHERHOOD" PAINTING BY LAURA MUNTZ

After returning to Canada from abroad, Miss Muntz took a studio in Toronto, and there she painted and taught for several years. Her artistic experiences in that city were not very satisfactory to one of her expansive temperament, so she went to Montreal, where she has found conditions much more to her liking. She has more commission work than she can do, and one of the regrets of her life during the last few years has been the small amount of time that she has been able to give to big creative work, to things that are allegorical, like "Protection," a reproduction of which decorates the frontispiece of this magazine. That, of course, is one of the penalties of successful portrait painting. But, notwithstanding the burdens of every day, this indefatigable artist manages to turn an occasional brush to something more idealistic.

Miss Muntz's work is unusually dramatic, yet her results are achieved without trace of effort or affectation. She has an admirable sense of contrast, both in colour and theme, and it is an exceptional thing for her not to present an antithesis to the chief motive. We observe this, for instance, in "The Daffodil," which at first blush is simply a portrait study

"STUDY IN PASTEL" DRAWING BY LAURA MUNTZ

of a young woman—a fine symphony of colours, a satisfactory composition, with a brisk, virile treatment. But it suggests something more than these superficialities, and, apart altogether from the flower and the flesh and the environment, we feel a heart beating and realise that here is a personality that, even though so young and innocent, has experienced some of the inevitable pathos of humanity. We find drama also in "Protection," which is an exquisite suggestion of an all-embracing tenderness and sympathy. The little ones sleep with childish abandonment, unconscious of the great world of strife and sorrow, upon which the guardian angel looks with solicitude and compassion. And again, in "Motherhood," how young and fragile is that maternal form, and yet what an infinitude of knowledge it reveals! You cannot see the eyes, and yet you feel them searching, almost piercing, you.

Turn to "In the Stable." You will find a broad, loose, handling, with fresh, solid colour, and a happy arrangement. But here again we can discover the psychological touch. The girl tells you by her posture, by the suspended animation, by the faraway look in her eyes, that the feeding of the goat is but an incident to her existence. She is thinking of something else, and if you have lived through the roseate period of youth you know, too, what that is.

Surely "The Milk-Maids" is only a picture of some Dutch girls in a boat. But we find ourselves forgetting their delightful environment and studying the measure of respon-

"THE DAFFODIL"

Painting by Laura Muntz, in the
Canadian National Gallery

"THE MILK-MAIDS"

PAINTING BY LAURA MUNTZ, IN THE ONTARIO GOVERNMENT COLLECTION

sibility that is expressed on their countenances. They have to struggle for existence, those girls, and in the midst of the reflected glories in the water we behold the stern realities of the workaday world.

Miss Muntz is almost nervously energetic, and she is never happy apart from her work. And, with her, work is a very serious and a very joyous thing. The trite expression, "A full palette," scarcely expresses her love for paint, for she likes to handle her medium with ruthless prodigality. In art she knows nothing about economy, except with regard to time spent away from it. She abhors mere prettiness, but responds naturally to simple lines, subtle tones, and bigness of conception. Her sketches and "one-sittings" are extremely interesting, they make so generous a display of her aim and temperament. Her facility is a great advantage in child portraiture, a branch of art in which she has excelled. Nature has endowed her with two things very useful for successful painting of children: a large heart and a retentive retina. But her art is indebted most of all to broad human sympathy and natural liberality.

THE BUTTERFLY ETUDE

BY JEAN GRAHAM

IT seemed such a very long time since I had been able to see things. Even in the weeks when I had lain with cold cloths on my forehead, when purple and green lights had danced all over the wall and creatures with hard, cold wings had brushed against my cheek I had been conscious, somewhere in the back of my head, that I was not really seeing them at all, that some night they would go away and I should awake in the morning to look at the high walnut bureau and the portrait of my grandfather, the Reverend Winslow Conway. There he was now, looking quite cheerful with sunbeams dancing about his lips. Aunt Hester is so proud of the Conway mouth and says it shows character. Everything seemed the same as it had two weeks ago, when I was taken with such a bad pain in my head and when the walls of my room suddenly fell in and made it so dark.

But there was a big bouquet of sweet peas in a beautiful tall vase, such as I had not seen before, and there were some pinks—the spicy kind—in a glass bowl, which was certainly new. Then I languidly noticed a pink scarf lying on the foot of the bed. I was too weak to reach it, but I just lay there and stared hard at it, for I could not imagine how anything like that came to be in Aunt Hester's house. It was all chiffon, yards and yards of it, with lace and ribbon and tiny silk roses. I thought I must be sick again and winked hard, but there it was when I opened my eyes. The door was open and a breeze made a crinkly rustle in the muslin curtains, when suddenly there came the sound of music from the parlour—such light, dainty notes that they seemed part of the breeze and the sweet peas and the sunshine. Aunt Hester has never been very much in favour of my taking music lessons, for she says musical people are nearly all queer in their ways and wrong in their habits. So, I have only taken for a year from Miss Morris and am to learn the variations of "Robin Adair" next winter. But this music was quite different from anything else I had heard in Norton and even the piano did not sound the same as it did when I played scales and exercises.

I must have fallen asleep for, when I opened my eyes again, it was late in the afternoon and some one in a white dress was sitting beside me.

"Now you mustn't talk, honey," said a voice that seemed to have all the hard sounds strained out of it and only the sweetness left. Aunt Hester says that for a girl of fifteen I have an unhealthy imagination. "You must take this, first," said the voice again; and I raised my head and drank some stuff that was so disagreeable that it made me feel stronger. "What a funny face you make!" said the voice, with a ripple in it. "Now you may ask a few questions."

"Have I been sick? My head feels all fuzzy."

"You have had a fever and frightened us right badly. But you're

going to be well in a few weeks and we'll go out in an automobile. Have you ever been in one, honey?"

Of course, I am quite grown-up, although I am not to have long skirts for three years yet. But, in spite of my being so old, I really thought of Cinderella and the fairy godmother who turned the pumpkin into a coach. "Who are you?" I said feebly.

"The only cousin you have in the world—Perrine Ockley."

"Oh!" I said weakly, and began to think of all that Aunt Hester had said about this cousin, who was so very different from the Conways and who was rich and worldly and not a person to have a "good influence" as Aunt Hester would say. You see, there had always been Conways in Norton. Carrie Jackson once said that Aunt Hester seemed to think that Shem and Japhet had been married to a Conway; but Aunt Hester only made her mouth into a straight line when I told her and said that Carrie had inherited a rude flippant manner from her mother. Aunt Hester had never married and I think she considered it grander to be Miss Conway than to be the wife of an emperor. There had been two brothers: Winslow, Perrine's father, was the eldest of the family, and Edward, my father, was the youngest. Of course, it was very sad to think that there were only three Conways left—all women. Perrine had changed her name, too, which made it all the sadder. I had never seen her, because Aunt Hester had not been friends with Perrine's mother, who came from New Orleans, and belonged to the Church of Rome. Aunt Hester said it had always been a mystery to her that a Conway should have been attracted to that sort of person. But, though I didn't dare to say so, I thought it was ever so romantic of him and was glad that I had an aunt with a French name and a cousin who had been educated in a French convent. Perrine's mother died in Rome and was buried there, which seemed even more romantic. Think of being buried in Rome, near the Cæsars and all of those old families! Then Perrine was married to Mr. Ockley, who, is, as I have said, rich and worldly, and she came back to live in America. But I had never seen her and here she was, smoothing my forehead and calling me pet names, which was something that Aunt Hester would not approve of.

"I was awake before. What was that piece you played? It was just like the summertime."

"Was it like this?" Then she hummed softly. I nodded as hard as I could.

"It's a study by Chopin. It's called 'The Butterfly Etude.'"

"I'm glad it's called that. It sounded just like butterflies—white ones."

"You fanciful little Puritan! Do you know that we're going to be chums? And I'm not going to call you Rebecca. It's too harsh."

"I've always hated it," I said vigorously—for a person who had had a fever. Then I was frightened, for Aunt Hester might have been in the hall and Rebecca was my grandmother's name.

"Don't be afraid, honey," said the voice, with a velvet laugh in it, "she won't be home until seven o'clock. I think it's foreign missions."

"I don't like them either," I said, with a wonderful increase of courage. "I can't bear those maps of the world, with the Christians marked in red and the heathens in black."

"I'm afraid you haven't the Conway mouth. Aunt Hester says I haven't a single Conway feature. But you're feverish and I must go away."

"Will you play it again?" I asked.

"'The Butterfly Etude.' Of course, you funny child. Now, be good." Her lips just touched my cheek softly, like a flower—ever so

different from Aunt Hester's peck. Then she went downstairs and played that lovely butterfly thing again until I saw the sweet peas dancing to it. The music changed to the softest, mournfullest notes that were like the pines in October, and then there were solemn chords that I knew were hymns and prayers. How could Aunt Hester think that Cousin Perrine had been brought up almost as bad as the heathen? She was just making the piano talk the holiest things I had ever heard and I was so glad that the fever had gone away and left me in the world again, for I knew the angels couldn't play lovelier music. Then it all went away and I felt so happy because I was too weak to see or to hear or to do anything but just drift away in a lazy boat until it was morning and time for some more medicine.

The days went on until it was a whole week since I had met Cousin Perrine and heard that butterfly music for the first time. Aunt Hester had been quite nice to me at first, and said that I had been shown "great mercy" in being allowed to get well—but she didn't approve of the books Perrine read to me and told me not to gush when I asked her if she didn't think Perrine's eyes perfectly lovely. But the foreign missions had to be looked after every week, and one afternoon when she puts on her bonnet and took up a bundle of yellow leaflets I was wicked enough to be glad, for I knew that Perrine would play to me most of the afternoon.

"I'm going to take you downstairs, honey," she said, as soon as Aunt Hester had shut the gate. She put a lovely kimono on me—it was white silk, with yellow chrysanthemums on it, and the prettiest lace on the sleeves—and then she almost carried me down to the parlour. I don't know what Perrine had done to the room, but it looked all softened, with bowls of flowers and chairs out of their old proper place.

"I'm so glad the poppies are out," I said, for I could see them from the east window. "I wish you'd sing about 'The Garden of Sleep' the way you did the other night. It was a strange song about cliffs and the sea and waiting for some one where the poppies are born." Perrine sang it and then was quiet for a long time. I felt so worried when she turned her head and I saw that her eyes were wet.

"Cousin Perrine, I'm awfully sorry. Could I help you?"

"Help me! You dear old-fashioned child! Betty, dear, I'm very miserable." She came over and knelt down beside me, with her face close to mine on the pillow. I just stroked her cheek and then said:

"I know I'm not very old yet. But I've been so lonesome sometimes that I can tell how it hurts. Then I love you Perrine—better than anyone else." It was harder than you would think to tell her the last, because half of me is a Conway and the Conways keep their feelings to themselves.

"You're a dear child. Perhaps you'd understand, after all. It—it's about Violet." Then I knew what the music meant and the lonesome look that sometimes came into my cousin's eyes. Aunt Hester said that Perrine had lost an "infant daughter" last winter, but that her nature "seemed too light to be disciplined by suffering." Aunt Hester told me that Perrine even refused to talk about the subject.

"She must have been very sweet, Perrine." I didn't know what else to say. But Perrine was crying with such great heavy sobs that I was almost frightened and could only keep my thin little arm around her shoulders. But, at last, she was better and then she said:

"It's the first time I've broken down like this, my Dear." Then she told of what a lovely little baby Violet had been and how healthy she was until she took that dreadful

diphtheria. "I felt this summer as if I must be with some one who belongs to me and I thought of Aunt Hester, who was my father's only sister and whom I hadn't seen since I was a little bit of a girl. So I wrote to her, asking if I might come, and had such a cold reply that I hesitated about my visit. But it seemed as if I must be away from the house that Violet had filled with sunshine. You had been unconscious for several hours when I got here and I begged to nurse you, because you seemed desolate—like me."

"But, Perrine, there is your—your husband." There was a long silence, then she said, just as if she couldn't help it:

"That's the worst of it all, little cousin. He doesn't care. I don't believe he even cared when she died. He is a good man and honourable, but he is just as cold and hard as if he were a Conway." There was a queer little choking laugh and then Perrine sprang to her feet.

"Forget all about it, Dear. It was selfish to tell a poor little invalid my troubles. Now, I'll play your Butterfly Etude. Sometimes, I think I'm just like that—a breath of summer wind."

"I won't forget," I said solemnly. "I think you were good to tell me about the dear little baby."

"You're a true friend, Bettikins. I think my Violet would have had cool, grey eyes like yours."

That night I heard Aunt Hester speaking in her most distant tones to Perrine, who seemed to be laughing softly as she looked out of the hall window.

"My dear Aunt Hester," said Perrine, as if she were explaining something to a little child, "the world has moved during the last twenty years. I assure you, there is nothing extraordinary about my going for a spin with Mr. Hargrave."

"This is the fourth time this week that Mr. Hargrave has called to take you out for a 'spin,' as you call a drive in that vulgar, ill-smelling machine. Where is he staying?"

"At Linden Beach, about fifteen miles away."

"One of those new hotels, where the idle rich congregate during the summer, to spend the time in drunkenness and gambling." When she is really angry Aunt Hester always reminds me of one of the prophets.

"Why won't you come with us?" said Perrine.

"In one of those abominable inventions with a man who is divorced from his wife!" almost shrieked my Aunt.

"She was really a very trying person; she wouldn't understand that dear Jack needed amusement." Then Perrine laughed in a really wicked way and I fancied I could hear Aunt Hester gasp as my cousin ran downstairs.

Aunt Hester came into my room and poured out my medicine with a hand that shook. "To think that I should hear my brother Winslow's child refer lightly to the marriage tie and speak of another woman's husband as 'dear Jack!' Her husband ought to know of this."

"Oh, don't tell him, Aunt Hester," I cried. "Perrine just likes to drive fast."

"Hush!" said my aunt sternly. "It's nothing for a child like you to talk about."

Long after Perrine had come back I lay awake and worried about her and the husband who did not care for anything but shares and stocks and who did not feel very sorry when the baby died. Someway, I thought Perrine must be mistaken, for I had seen a photograph of her husband Arthur Ockley, and he had a firm mouth, but such nice, kind eyes. It must have been long after midnight that I heard a strange sound across the hall, and when I jumped up and stole to Perrine's door I knew that she was crying again. But I didn't like to go in, for she was whispering all to herself

about "Arthur" and "Violet" and not one word about that horrid Mr. Hargrave. I knew he was horrid because I had heard him laugh, and it sounded sneering and cruel, not like Perrine's laugh, which was as if it were part of the butterfly music.

I was in such trouble for it seemed dreadful to have Perrine and her husband drift apart like Lord Montclair and Hildegarde in "A Mad Mistake," which Carrie Jackson lent me last summer, but which is not a standard novel at all. At last, a Great Idea came to me and I fairly shivered at its audacity—for there is no other word to describe it. It would be such a lovely deed to bring these sundered hearts together. Besides, it is blessed to be a peacemaker. But the Conways never interfere and it is so hard to tell the difference between a busybody and a peacemaker. It all depends on how the interference turns out.

I closed the door, lighted the lamp and then opened the rosewood writing-desk that had been my mother's. I had some pretty heliotrope notepaper that Perrine had given me the day before and that, Aunt Hester said, "was hardly in good taste." It smelled of the garden for I had sprinkled it with dried rose-leaves and lemon verbena. I wrote on an envelope: "Mr. Arthur Ockley" and his city address and then there came a solemn pause. It is difficult to write to any one who is a perfect stranger; but when he is also the husband of the woman whom you admire above everyone else on earth, the situation is really very embarrassing. But I remembered Perrine's tears and the sadness in her voice when she sang "The Garden of Sleep" and I began with boldness.

My dear Mr. Ockley:

I am taking a great liberty in writing to you, but I am your wife's cousin, Rebecca Conway, and she has just nursed me through a fever. Yesterday she told me her troubles, how she had lost her dear little girl and was afraid that you did not care. I felt so sorry for her and I just know that you really do care and that perhaps you merely don't understand each other, like the hero and the heroine in books. But I wish you would come down here and tell her how much you think of her, because she has cried twice to-day and I don't think it is good for her health. No more at present.

Very truly yours,

Rebecca Conway.

P.S.—Perrine didn't say a word against you except that you did not care. She thinks that you are good and honourable. R. C.

I felt rather proud of the letter when it was written, for, although there were no thrilling expressions, I thought I told him the truth in a simple and convincing way. I heard the milkman when he came quite early, and I threw the letter out of the window. He seemed surprised when I called to him to post it, but said that he would be sure to remember. Then I became so excited that I had to stay in bed all morning and Aunt Hester said that she couldn't imagine why I was so feverish and she hoped I was not going to be like my mother's family who had no stamina. I had to take tablets and beef tea, but I felt just as if I had a secret understanding with Fate or whatever it is that makes married people live happy ever after.

In the afternoon, to my great surprise, Aunt Hester allowed me to go out in the red automobile with Perrine and her wicked admirer. I disliked Mr. Hargrave more than ever when I met him face to face, for he has such cold, close-set eyes. I knew that he was angry because Perrine had asked me to come, and when he looked at her I thought of snakes and cats, for he seemed to be just waiting—waiting, like the villain in the stories that Emily used to read to me when Aunt Hester was at prayer-meeting. Emily was our trustworthy servant and is now the wife of the

butcher. We did not go very fast because I was not strong yet, and, after an hour, Mr. Hargrave turned back, saying in a purring way: "I'm afraid the little girl is tired." Perrine did not come in for a long while after I had been home, and her eyes sparkled like brown diamonds, while her cheeks were flushed as if I had given her the fever. But she worried me more than when she cried and Aunt Hester's face looked as if it were cut out of stone as she sat at the head of the table and poured tea.

"I wish to speak to you, in my room, Perrine," she said, after Perrine had crumbled bread and cake into a heap on her plate. There was a long talk and I was awakened from sleep by their coming into the hall.

I heard Perrine say: "You need not worry; it shall not happen again."

"No other member of the family has been so forgetful of what is becoming."

Then Perrine came into my room and bent over me, thinking I was not awake. She kissed me softly many times and said:

"Dear little sister! It's the very last time."

"You're not going away!" I cried.

"I must go, dear. There seems no choice. Now, you are to go to sleep again." There was an icy tone in her voice as if nothing could ever change in her mind again. So, I let her go, but I knew that I was to have another "white night." Perrine says that is what the French call it when your eyes just grow wider and wider as the hours go by and you fairly ache with wide-awakeness.

But, just as I was counting sheep for the hundredth time, I heard just the faintest sound, as if some one were going down stairs. I put on the pretty kimono and my blue slippers that Emily worked for me and went to the landing. There was a ghostly, grey figure crossing the hall below and I knew it was Perrine in her travelling cloak. I was more afraid than if it had been burglars and yet I hardly knew what I feared. As she had her hand on the old-fashioned brass knob, I reached her and said her name very softly. She turned and seemed about to scream. Then she whispered almost angrily: "It is absurd for you to be up at this hour, child. Go back to bed."

"Where are you going, Perrine?" I whispered back. Her hand trembled and I said again, "Please don't go away like this, Perrine."

"I must," she said again, and tried to shake off my hand. But I clung all the closer, for I felt that she was in worse trouble than ever and I remembered the nice, kind eyes in Arthur's photograph.

"Come into the parlour," I said, "or Aunt Hester may hear us." We went into the dark room, smelling of roses and carnations, and I held firmly to Perrine even when we were seated on the slippery old sofa which I had always hated. "I'm sure that hateful man has something to do with it," I said, spitefully. "Tell me, Perrine, do you really like a man who looks as if nothing were worth while?"

"He—oh, how can I explain to a child like you? He needs me, dear, and no one else does. At least, I can make him happy."

"Is he waiting for you out there?"

"Yes," answered Perrine, as simply as if I were ninety years old and she were a little child. "I am going away from all those who don't understand and don't care."

"No, you're not," and I held her hands tighter in the darkness; "you're going to stay here because we love you and because she'd want you to—that little dead baby." Perrine slid down to the floor and knelt there for a long, long time with her head on my knees. When she looked up at last it seemed as if she were all tired out.

"Very well, little one. But I won't be a coward. We'll go together and tell him." She opened one of the

French windows and we went out into the soft summer darkness until we reached the gate. A man was standing there, who started when he saw us. Far down the road there seemed to be a carriage. Perrine laughed in a worn-out way, as if she would just as soon cry.

"I have changed my mind—that is all. But, at least, I owed you—Good-bye." He tried to take her hand, but she drew away from him and held me with both arms. He talked the most ridiculous things, about how lonely he was and how he was willing to make the Supreme Sacrifice and he even quoted lines of poetry that might have sounded as fascinating as "The Mad Mistake" if I had not been getting so sleepy. But when he saw that Perrine was really a Conway, after all, and was going to stay with her own people, that awful man showed what he really was and used language that Aunt Hester would simply have fainted to hear. I wouldn't have believed that a man who was so very particular about his appearance and had such an expensive automobile, could have been so rude and vulgar. In fact, he simply swore, again and again, and we went back into the garden and into the dark little parlour without saying one word to each other. Perrine almost carried me upstairs into her own room, where Arthur Ockley's photograph looked solid and comforting.

"Now, honey, just get into bed and forget that we've had this nightmare." But, before I went to sleep, I felt her arms around me and her cheek against mine.

"You're not angry with me, then?"

"Angry! you blessed little Betty, you've shown me just how a cad can act."

"Isn't 'cad' slang?" I asked drowsily.

"It's the only word to describe that creature. What a dreadful time his poor wife must have had!" It was beginning to rain and we could hear the heavy drops on the roof.

"I hope he'll get soaking wet," was the last word I said, before I fell into a sleep that lasted for ten long hours.

The next afternoon I was sitting in the garden when a tall man opened the gate and closed it with a quick, firm touch that seemed to show that he always knew just what he wanted. When he came up to the long chair in which I was lying, I saw that he must be Perrine's husband and I began to shake all over, for I had almost forgotten that foolish letter of mine. He lifted his hat and said in such a nice, gentle voice: "Are you Miss Rebecca Conway?"

"Ye-es," I said; and I knew that I must be blushing. "But your wife calls me Betty."

"Then you know who I am. Where is Perrine?"

"She is on the veranda. I hope you won't be vexed."

But he was gone, with such long strides that I don't believe he heard me. He stepped on the mignonette bed and crushed one of Aunt Hester's finest begonias before he came to the steps. I didn't turn my head at all, though I was just dying to know whether he would talk like Rudolf Rassendyll or Lord Montclair. I don't see why being grown-up makes people so silly. How Perrine could have endured to go out in an automobile with a man like that Hargrave person, when she had a husband like Arthur Ockley at home, is something I cannot understand.

After more than an hour, I should think, Perrine came down from the veranda and fairly danced across the grass to my chair. "Betty, you darling piece of absurdity!" she cried. "To think of your caring so much about your foolish cousin's affairs that you wrote that letter!" Her husband stood behind her and his eyes smiled in just the kindest way. She took me in her arms and kissed me so gratefully that I wanted to cry. Then her husband—

he told me to call him Cousin Arthur—acted in such a chivalrous way. He just raised both my hands to his lips as if I were the Princess Flavia, instead of being just a shabby little school-girl.

"You have helped us to a great deal of happiness, Cousin Betty."

"It was a very interfering thing to do," I stammered. "But I think people ought to explain their feelings towards each other, don't you?"

"I quite agree with you," he answered in the politest manner. "That is just what we have been doing and we intend to spend the rest of our lives in such explanation. Now, Perrine is going to prepare Aunt Hester for my visit, and I am to become acquainted with you." He talked to me for ever so long about books and music and said I must come to the city and hear the opera. He told me that he was very fond of "Alice in Wonderland," and remembered all the delicious poetry. I should not have believed that a successful business man could know so many interesting books and be so well-informed on really important subjects. He was just the kind of husband that I should have liked Perrine to have and he seemed greatly pleased when I told him so.

I don't know how Perrine had managed it; but, when we went into tea, we found Aunt Hester actually with her arms around the daughter of "that person from New Orleans." If I had not known it to be impossible, I'd have said that Aunt Hester had been crying. She seemed to like Cousin Arthur at once and said he had a look of the Conways about the forehead. It was the nicest meal we had ever known in the old dining-room, although I had to lie on the sofa and was not allowed to have any of the citron preserves. Then after tea we sat on the veranda while Perrine played for us—dreamy old tunes that belonged to the August twilight. Last of all she played my Butterfly piece, but it was different in some way, and seemed to have more meaning.

MADELEINE VERRET

BY ST. CLAIR MOORE

LA SAINTE CROIX is a tiny hamlet, built for what reason none can say upon the country's one barren tract. The shadeless fields, parched by the sun's fierce rays, yield but the scantiest of crops; consequently the population is far from numerous, but it is very stable. Season after season the men—lumber camp workers, hunters, and trappers—depart to the scenes of their vocations, but the heart in them always turns homeward to that wind-swept sterile upland, and it is a joy to be able to return to the profitless task of sowing or reaping the worn-out soil. The great wide world means little to these men, to whom fate can deal no harder blow than to force them to part from their *terre*. With it they lose the fight, the other work undertaken with the object of regaining the inherited acres, has in itself no meaning, and they drift across the border in the wake of hundreds of compatriots who have preceded them thither, to become industrial workers, caged town-dwellers, whose hope of making sufficient money to buy back the old home is seldom fulfilled; seldom in the first generation, and the second generation is as another race in speech and in outlook.

But once in a while one who has really made his fortune and seen the world returns to dazzle the old-time neighbours with his wealth. So did Mr. Godgiven Greenwood (aforetime Dieudonnê Boisvert), but neither the Puritan name nor the fine broadcloth suit could cause his former acquaintances to look upon him otherwise than dubiously. So, he would have ever remained an outsider, but on my visit to the parish a little after his home-returning, Mr. Godgiven Greenwood had already ceased to exist, and I beheld The Crœsus, once again frankly Père Boisvert, learning to drive a plough across his recovered possessions. He looked up with a smile as his cousin, who was standing by, made us known to each other.

"It is good to be at home once more," he said. "There! I cannot explain what I felt when, after so many years, I cut my first furrow; the smell of the earth seemed to go to my head. I am an old man now, but I went down on my knees and kissed the ground. Over there, I thought I had forgotten all these things."

So we chatted together for a while, and then, relinquishing the plough into the more skilful hands of his cousin, he asked me if I would walk along with him to the presbytery. Together we took our way along the footpath between the fields, and, as we drew nearer to the church buildings, we found Dr. Couillard, the curé's brother, sitting on a bench on the hither side of the low garden fence, with a hand spread wide on each knee, making the most of the rare chance which left him free to sun himself before the tall lavender and pink phlox, around which the bees went glinting, unsummoned from any quarter of the ten-mile radius of his practice. He extended his hand in greeting, then let it fall back upon his knee. For forty years now

that right hand, whose grasp was still so hearty, had been at work alleviating suffering, and to one acquainted with the country doctor's long and arduous career, there was something touching in the sight of it so heavily and pleasantly at rest.

Dr. Couillard had evidently already paid at least one visit before this noon hour, for the dust of the high-road was gray upon him, and his forehead was beaded beneath the broad-rimmed Panama hat, pushed back from his clustering gray curls. There was something almost Teutonic in his aspect, as he sat there, with sturdy legs wide apart and shaven lips smiling placidly at the bees and flowers. He was wholly a part of the picture, and in face of him, my companion for all his recent metamorphosis, showed as essentially the townsman, the creature of gongs and whistles. That the doctor recognised this was clear from his greeting.

"Good-morning, Mr. Greenwood," he said quizzically. "Ah, one does not shed at will the shell that a life-time has grown on one." Then the smile faded, and he looked up at the other. "Ah, Dieudonné," he went on in an altered tone, "to think it lies all behind us now, a life-time since we met last, you going out heart-broken, but undaunted in spirit to face the world, I turning my back on the world and my university to take up my work here!"

Père Boisvert bridled a little, apparently he did not relish these allusions to the flight of time.

"A busy man is a young man," he rejoined. "Look at me, I must leave my practising with the plough over there in my field, to come and look up his Reverence."

"And what may you require of Jacques?" asked the curé's brother.

"Affair of marriage," Père Boisvert replied portentously. "Oh, you old rascal, not mine! But my little grand-niece has made her choice, and I have come to arrange matters with M. Couillard."

"Little Jeanne," mused the doctor, "Madeleine's daughter."

"Little Jeanne," repeated Boisvert, "twenty years of age all the same, and none so early for her marriage, especially at home here. And Madeleine! That was a sad story, it came to me over there." He swept his arm in a wide gesture towards the horizon. "But, you see, I never knew her, she was after my time."

"No, but I did," and the doctor's voice was tender. "None knew Madeleine as I did, I who brought her into this world, where she dwelt so short a time."

"Well, well," interrupted Père Boisvert briskly, "as you say, René, all these things lie far behind us."

Therewith he pushed open the garden gate and went up the path and into the house. But Dr. Couillard patted the sun-warmed bench. "The sight of Dieudonné, last seen at twenty, now *nolens volens* an old man, brings it home to me that I also am an old man myself, and so I grow garrulous. Sit down beside me, and look at the lovely flowers there in the garden that were just the same in the summer I will tell you of, that is now so long ago. Sit down, and I who alone know it, will tell you the story of Madeleine Verret."

Even as he spoke, a band of young women went by us along the path. They had evidently been to the river, as over-brimming pails swung from poles borne across their shoulders. They passed flushed and dishevelled, bowed beneath their burdens; one sturdily-built maiden, whose incongruous light blue eyes looked forth from a kindly brown face, reddening, smiled at us, as the shining water from her pails dashed over her naked, dusty feet.

"Little Jeanne," said the doctor.

I sat down beside him in the sun, and he went on:

"Well, it was shortly after I began making my rounds, three parishes in those days, not another physician within the limits of St. Bernard, St.

Luc, as well as my own Ste. Croix, that Madeleine Verret was born, and a very little while after that she found herself an orphan. She was the daughter of one of our good friend Boisvert's cousins, and Reine Vauban, his eldest sister, then adopted the child. She lived in the little cottage you see yonder, standing apart from the rest, in the cornfield. And Magloire, her son, and Madeleine, my god-daughter, grew up together.

"I have naturally had many little namesakes in the country-side, but with this infant I acted the part of sponsor for the first time, and this from the beginning set her apart for me, and then as she grew into childhood the relationship between us came to resemble that of a father and daughter; so deep a confidence and affection is rare indeed between two unrelated by ties of blood. The gentle heart was always an open book to me, and I can say with security that my god-child never missed the father she had never known, as I never missed the child I have never had. As you know, I was never a marrying man; for many years until these gray hairs ended the jest, we were known throughout the three parishes, Jacques and I, as 'the Curé' and the 'Curé manqué.' But our home here in the presbytery had the light of childhood all the same. Truly, I believe that more of the hours of that short span of life were spent under our roof than under that of the girl's own home. She was never a boisterous child, always demure and reserved. For all her lifelong freedom of the presbytery, I can recall no instance of a lack of deference on her part to *'Monsieur le Curé,'* and my nephew Jean, as he came and went with the succeeding summers, remained invariably 'Monsieur Jean,' but I was 'Uncle René,' and straight into these arms would the child bring her little sorrows and troubles.

"Well, Madeleine came to her seventeenth year, and was generally considered a plain young girl. She was thin and brown, and her features were of an uncommon type, sternly regular, as if chiselled from stone, the mouth grave, and the clear, blue eyes calm beneath straight brows. Light blue eyes are not considered beautiful in La Sainte Croix, 'like twenty-five-cent pieces,' said Mère Vauban, speaking one day of Madeleine's eyes, and she laughed at me for a flattering old bachelor, when I contended that the dear child's eyes were as lovely as blue flowers. My nephew Jean once likened the face of Madeleine to the triumphant pictured face of Michael the Archangel, which hangs yonder in the church, close by the door, but at that moment it was transfigured by the light of a supreme self-sacrifice.

"It was brought home to me that my little girl was a woman grown when Mère Vauban jubilantly announced the engagement of her Magloire and Madeleine. My surprise was short-lived, however; they had grown up together, Magloire had loved the girl all his life, and Madeleine, well, she was of an age to think of such things. Outwardly she remained as ever grave and quiet, but she was serene and content, and went singing about her work. Their marriage was to take place in the autumn. How well I recall the evening, when, in accordance with the good old custom which still lingered then among our people, they came together across the fields to ask their Curé's blessing upon the engagements they had taken toward one another.

"Magloire, thick set, low of stature, with iron sinews, and a massive head covered with thick, loose hair, had a happy smile in his kindly eyes. Madeleine, at his side, looked down modestly. Behind them came Mère Vauban, a little withered woman, quick and sudden in her movements as a grasshopper. Her eyes were dancing and her small, dark face

framed in the frilling of a close, white cap, was a picture of joy and vivacity. My brother gave his blessing, and I, watching the little group, knew that this would be a good and faithful wife, for all that her cheeks did not redden beneath the first kiss of her betrothal. Magloire then turned a radiant face to me. 'Well, as for being happy, M. René,' he exclaimed, 'I am happy to-day, happier than when I killed that great moose last winter, and I thought that joy could not be surpassed.' Therewith, he kissed Madeleine once again, and Mère Vauban clapped her hands in delight. 'I assure you, M. René,' she cried, 'when the late Vauban was courting me, he found me less of an image than Madeleine there!' Madeleine herself looked up at my brother. 'As a girl I have many faults, pray for me, M. le Curé, that I may be a good woman.'

"When they left us I stood leaning upon the gate looking after them. Well, she was betrothed now, and but a short time before I had been ready to think that Madeleine had the religious vocation. The very name of *féminisme* is unknown in La Sainte Croix, and in those days fewer even of the girls than of the boys could read and write, and Madeleine was no more learned than her companions, and worked even as they did, only La Vauban never considered her strong enough to take any part in the field work with the other young people. She would sit in the porch, singing at her sewing, would spin, and carry water up the slope from the river. Every evening she went in search of Mère Vauban's cows and drove them home from the pasture. She gathered herbs, and knitted stockings. She drove the ox-cart in summertime through St. Bernard and St. Luc, larger and more prosperous parishes, offering for sale Mère Vauban's famous butter, and vegetables, and spruce gum, medicinal, as it was thought, which Magloire had brought back from the woods after his winter's work. But when her tasks were over Madeleine's happiest hours were spent in the sacristy, where she, in company with our old housekeeper, acted the part of *sacristaine*, polishing the long chains of the censers, laying out, or mending the vestments, which my poor Jacques found it so hard to replace as they frayed and grew shabby, or on her knees before the altar rubbing the steps till the varnish shone like glass.

"For this reason the other young girls of her age thought her strange, and said she would be a nun. She would be happier in a convent, they declared among themselves. What a pity there were none in this part of the country, and that Madeleine had nothing of her own. Well, when this talk, which fitted in with my own ideas, came to my ears I sought out Madeleine. I found her sitting on the step of my brother's *prie-dieu* weaving a wreath, to be laid upon the grave of one who had been buried that morning. She finished it and placed it in my hands, asking me to lay it upon the grave, as she feared to enter the cemetery among the dead. I chided her for such childishness, and she listened meekly. Perhaps it was wrong, she said, but she could not overcome her dread of the place. Then I questioned her earnestly.

"Should she wish to adopt a religious life, we, Jacques and myself, would do all in our power to have her accepted as a lay sister in a convent in the city, where we already had a sister professed. Madeleine was very serious as I spoke, but, thanking me, declined my offer. She did not feel that such was her vocation. I said no more of this, and in a little while she came to me with Magloire, as I have told you. What a summer that was for heat! The sun was a flame, our poor fields were early burnt brown, but the garden was glorious with its flowers, as it has never been since.

"The garden was but a spot, however, and La Sainte Croix seemed hardly the place an invalid should choose for his place of recuperation; but, as he had spent his holidays with us since boyhood, now when he had grown weak and dependent on others, my nephew Jean would not hear of being sent anywhere else, nor of passing from the hands of his own physician into any others but my own. And in his case the heat was really a factor of little weight on either side. The system was exhausted, drained, and it was altogether a question of rest and slow gathering of strength again. It was a work to be done by time only. My nephew came to us this time, not only for the heated season, but it would be a year at least before he could return to his own place and his studies. What a grief to him was this enforced idleness, yet with what a spirit of resignation did he submit himself to endure it. Jean was a theological student, and by this time not a very young man; he was nearing his thirtieth year. He was one of a large family of many daughters, and he had had to work hard in order to attain the desire of his heart and follow in the steps of Jacques, his uncle. He had made the money to pay for his studies, and his course entered upon so spurred and overtasked himself that in the end the wheels locked, and the machine could work no more. Then he came to us for the year. He was very feeble t first. I would bring out his long chair every morning, and set it in a shady spot in the garden, and Jean would lie there, with hands listlessly folded, and be content just to watch the blossoming of the flowers, and the butterflies, like winged flowers themselves, that went flitting about over the beds.

"But, as the days went on, this no longer could hold his attention for hours at a time, and Magloire came to be much with him. Magloire would sit on the step there and tell tales of caribou hunts over frozen drifts, through the dark woods of the north, or else puffing great clouds of smoke from his pipe, he would startle all the echoes with his laughter, as he told how he, the great hunter, had shot off his thumb while chasing a hare. This tale and Magloire's manner of telling it never failed to receive a pale smile from Jean, but the first time we had the happiness of seeing him laugh heartily was when Mère Vauban, leaning on the fence there, addressed him as he sat between me and Jacques; she had known him all his life, and, with a lachrymose grimace and her hands clasped against her breast, she lamented, 'Ah, M. Jean, if you knew how sad it makes me to see you there between the doctor and the Curé!' When she perceived what a success her sally had had in making our invalid merry, she went pirouetting around like a top.

"What life that little old woman had! But thereafter the convalescence went on well and steadily, and sometimes at my nephew's request, Madeleine would bring her flowers and join him and her fiancé. One day he had her bring him the vases that he might arrange them himself, and filled them with Michaelmas daisies and other wild flowers of the fields. It was a strange sight to me to see those weeds set in the gilt vases up among the tapers on the altar, while our garden was a mass of lovely bloom.

"Well, the wedding-day drew near; there remained but a fortnight or so. Mère Vauban flitted here and there, very busy with her preparations. Madeleine also had much to do about the house. Another young girl had for the present taken her place as helper of our old Marion in the sacristy; but one morning as I came from the garden, I saw her standing at the window of the room behind the church, looking down upon those two, Magloire and Jean. She was very pale, and her mouth

drooped sadly. When she perceived me, she drew back; then I crossed over and pushed open the door; it was ajar and swung noiselessly inward under my hand.

"Madeleine did not hear me enter, and what I beheld, the words I heard, held me silent for the moment. She was kneeling at my brother's *prie-dieu,* her head thrown back, her clasped hands lifted to the picture of the Mater Dolorosa, that anguished inclined face, half veiled in a dull blue mantle. There was pain in those blue eyes that I had always known so calm, and she began to sob piteously. She prayed aloud, 'Holy Virgin, pray for me, that I may overcome my sin, I who am to marry Magloire, but who love M. Jean, one consecrated to the service of your Son. I did not know! It came on me unaware. Oh, pray for me, for I know not how to act!' Then she crouched down, drawing her skirt over her feet, and covering her face with her apron. 'There is so little time,' she moaned, and the words shocked me. 'Madeleine!' I cried. She sprang to her feet, and stood before me, and I saw her face and neck redden slowly and painfully. My heart ached for the poor child, shamefully standing there, when I recalled the serenity with which but lately she had looked forward to the life companionship of Magloire. She was very still, only her hands moved, the thin fingers interlacing nervously.

"'You are sorely in need of counsel and help, my poor Madeleine,' I said gently. 'Why now of all times did you fail to come to me?'

"'I was ashamed,' she whispered, raising her wet eyes to mine. "Do not despise me, dear Uncle René, help me to do right. If it is better I will enter the convent. I wish only to do what is right, and to overcome the wickedness in me.'

"The wickedness! Poor little girl! But, as I thought, it was a time for firmness and decision. 'Then you will marry Magloire,' I said, 'live for him, be grateful for his deep tenderness, and in time the husband will hold his own first place in your heart, and you will remember to-day but as one remembers a strange dream.' 'It is well, Uncle René, I will marry Magloire, and I will pray much that I may forget,' she answered in a lifeless voice. Then she took the broom from the corner, and swept up a little dust from a patch of sunlight upon the floor. Later in the day I saw her carrying water across the field and knitting at the door. Though her heart might ache, she went about her tasks as usual, but she did not come back to the garden or the sacristy.

"When Madeleine left me, going with bent head along the foot-path, I remained a little time pondering upon what I had learned. Jean knew nothing of this. One glance at his face as he sat under the tree listening to Magloire's tales told me that such thoughts could come not near him. That intensely spiritual visage, from which the earnest eyes looked so seriously, was the face of one chosen for the higher life, above and beyond the love of woman.

"The wedding-day dawned, keen and bright, one of our glorious days of Indian summer, with smoke drifting up from fires of fallen leaves, and the haws scarlet against the thorny brown branches. From my window I saw the procession approaching. Mère Vauban came first, leaning on the arm of the sexton, and followed by the bridal pair; Madeleine wore all white, as a bride should, a white linen dress and white veil, the same long veil I had presented her with for her first Communion, and in her hands she carried a great bunch of the latest flowers from our garden. At the church door, she seemed to pause a moment irresolutely, but the bells rang out, the strains of the organ floated forth to greet her, and she passed in. Jean acted as my brother's acolyte, swinging his censer high till all the church was misty

with the scented smoke. Madeleine was very grave as the ring was put on her finger, but she had never been one of those girls who, as a bride, are all smiles and twinkles and blushes; and then the service was over; she was married.

"There was a wedding feast that night at Mère Vauban's. As was his custom, Jacques went to look in upon the merry-makers, and Jean, leaning on his stick, and I accompanied him. The room was long and low, lighted by lamps. Great bunches of dried herbs hung from the ceiling, and the spinning wheel stood in the corner. Rows of chairs for the onlookers were set against the wall. A little in advance of the others the musician of the evening perched upon a high stool, with his accordion upon his knees, as he bent forward extending his arms, the light fell upon his shining bald crown and ring of white hair.

The newly-married couple danced together in the set. Magloire was brave in his gray homespun suit and his long scarlet stockings, but Madeleine moved ungracefully, with her hands swinging at her sides. It was not an easy thing for her to play her part as she should. Later in the evening, between the dances, Magloire led his wife up to us, and stood by, accepting with conscious pride our congratulations.

"Jean addressed himself directly to the bride, speaking in earnest tones of the vows she had taken and the responsibilities she had laid upon herself. She listened meekly, meekly, and her face never changed; she curtsyed low as she received from his hand his present, the little silver cross which Magloire fastened about her neck. She wore it ever after. Such was the marriage of Madeleine.

"Nowhere in La Sainte Croix was there such a well-kept house, such brightly-polished pans, and spotless wood-work, such stores in the cupboards and chests. 'Madeleine doubles the value of everything she touches,' said the neighbours. And nowhere was there in all the wide earth so proud a father as Magloire, when in the mid-August heat a little child was given to Madeleine. 'We will call her Jeanne,' he proposed, 'after M. Jean, who has always been such a kind friend, and Madeleine for her mother.' Madeleine lay by the window that morning as I was about to leave the house; she looked out upon the sun-burned fields, while the child slumbered upon her breast; she kissed the little sleeping face and laid her silver cross against its lips. Jean was the baby's sponsor, and he loved her very dearly. Often in the evenings he would join the young mother as she sat in the porch after the heat of the day, while the child slept in her cradle within, and never by word or look did Madeleine betray herself. She would greet him kindly, and bring him fresh milk and wild strawberries, and as the shadows fell, Magloire would take his place with them. Then, while the smoke went up from his pipe, and Madeleine's busy needles clicked on, defying the gathering dusk, Jean would speak to them of his dreams of the future, for it was his heart's desire to labour as a missionary among the unconverted of the far East.

"Jean, being poor, remained at La Sainte Croix, and occupied himself as best he might, for the time hung heavy on his hands. Magloire, since his marriage, stayed at home through the long winter months, for he loved his wife and child too well to leave them, yet I think he sometimes missed the excitement of the old wild life of the woods, and chafed against his enforced idleness, almost the only man until spring in a hamlet of women. He gave himself up to fishing; fine or bad weather was all the same to him, for, with Jean's assistance, he built a cabin out on the frozen river, and here they spent much of their time.

"The cabin was but slightly built. Within there was a little stove and a

bench fastened again the wall, while a lantern hung from an iron hook in the roof. Magloire bored a great hole in the floor of ice and together they caught many fish, which Madeleine salted and dried in readiness for Lent. It was with regret that they greeted the first signs of the new season, when the snow, dripping from the spruce boughs, made little hollows in the drifts beneath, and the sap welled up in the maples and all their branches were dotted with tiny brown buds. Every morning the women gathering above the slope to the river, looked for the breaking of the ice-bridge, but still it held fast.

"Then we heard that great fissures were appearing in the ice, that it was no longer safe. Magloire scoffed at this, saying the bridge was good for another week or ten days, and went as usual to the cabin. The crevices grew daily deeper, one could see a wavering gleam of blue water, and there was a whispering sound among the loosened blocks as they lifted with the moving tide below. Then one morning a fresh wind began to blow, and the crowd gathered above the rocky descent, a few men, and many women, among whom was Madeleine.

"'To-day it will go down,' they agreed. 'Magloire! Is he still on the ice?' asked Madeleine anxiously. 'Yes,' they made answer in chorus, 'Magloire and M. Jean, but there is no danger, La Vauban, Magloire knows better than to risk two lives.'

"So I heard them talk, just as I was called away to a death-bed in St. Bernard. Until noon the ice remained stationary, now and then it parted with a report like that of a cannon, but did not begin to move, so one by one the watchers returned to their homes, until only a handful still stood looking down. 'Magloire's obstinacy will cost him his stove and cabin,' they said, but they had no thought of anything more serious. Madeleine remained halfway down the path, peering through the budding branches at the river below.

"Just about mid-day came the upheaval, the whole mass began to drift, slowly at first, but with an ever-increasing velocity, as parting into myriad cakes, it swept down the river. Then Madeleine fled down the track and out across the ice, crying aloud:

"'Save yourself, M. Jean, the bridge has broken!'

"She reached the cabin, another moment and it went down before her. Then, as the two, who had found safety among the bushwood of the lower shore, stood in anguish, helpless to save her, they beheld her turn towards them, with hands clasped against her breast, and hair streaming out upon the wind. Perhaps she saw them, they thought so, for the grave eyes were alight with a triumphant smile: 'The face of Michael the Archangel,' then moaned my nephew Jean.

"So ended her short life. The block of ice on which she stood dipped, rose, and dipped again, but when it rose for the second time Madeleine had disappeared. She was never found, but we had a requiem service for the repose of her soul. It may be that she was washed down to the sea and so out to the ocean. For a long time Magloire was as one demented, then he went back to his old life, pushing ever farther north in search of danger and forgetfulness. He was killed by a moose up near the Yukon. And Jean—he never knew, never dreamed of Madeleine's pitiful love for him. For many years he has laboured in Northern China. Mère Vauban still occupies the cottage with Jeanne, who is so soon to be married."

The doctor wiped his eyes with his great red cotton handkerchief, and signed to me to follow him to the little graveyard. There, kneeling on the baked, crumbling earth, I parted the rank vines from a mouldering wooden cross, and read her name, her age, and the date of her death.

A NEW SCHOOL OF PLAYWRIGHTS

BY JOHN E. WEBBER

CURIOUSLY enough, the theatrical season of 1910-11 found the stage practically in possession of a new group of young American playwrights, only two of the older American group—Mr. Augustus Thomas and Mr. Charles Klein — having representation in the important successes, while English playwrights had a solitary representative in the author of "Pomander Walk." Mr. Maugham, it is true, had a minor success in "Smith," but English stalwarts like Pinero and Henry Arthur Jones received scant attention in offerings as worthy as "The Thunderbolt" and "We Can't be as Bad as all That."

Mr. Frohman's disastrous experiences with foreign-made plays left no doubt of the public mood in that direction. The single exception to this rule of hostility, "The Concert," being so thoroughly Americanised, both as to locality and text, it proves nothing to the contrary.

One sanguine and, it would seem, patriotic critic, at least, finds the entire prospect pleasing and the situation full of hope. In fact, in the youth and virility of this new school of American dramatists he sees a new future for the American stage. What basis exists for his faith is, of course, purely conjectural, but it at least proves by what fitful gleams the sanguine mind gropes its way toward theatrical light.

Canadian readers will meanwhile not overlook the fact that two of this "virile group" are Canadians.

Mr. James Forbes, author of "The Commuters," is a native of Salem, Ontario. He received his education at the Collegiate Institute, Galt. After several engagements as theatrical press representative of important organisations he was made general manager of the Henry B. Harris enterprises in 1901, and still combines these duties with playwriting. He was first introduced to public fame by Rose Stahl, in "The Chorus Lady," one of the biggest successes of modern times. Originally presented in London as a vaudeville sketch, it made such an instant hit for both author and actress that it was afterward elaborated into a four-act play. This was in 1906, and the play is still running, although Miss Stahl retired from the rôle of *Patricia O'Brien* last season to take up the rôle of *Maggie Pepper* in Charles Klein's new play, "The Saleslady." Mr. Forbes has since successfully produced "The Travelling Salesman," and last season "The Commuters," a clever satirisation of suburban life. He is a ready writer, with a keen, pungent wit, great facility for eccentric characterisation and shrewd understanding of the foibles and idiosyncrasies of human nature. He has made a study of the stage at close range, and his effects invariably disclose his intimate knowledge of theatrical mechanics.

Mr. Edgar Selwyn, usually described as a Canadian, was not born in Canada, although he spent the first fourteen years of his life there, and claims Toronto as his home town. "Pierre and His People." He is also the author of "The Rough-rider's Romance," "A Friend in Need," "It's All Your Fault," and "Father and Son," which has also been pro-

MR. EDGAR SELWYN,
Author of "The Country Boy"

MISS MARGARET MAYO (Mrs. Edgar Selwyn),
Author of "Baby Mine"

Prior to the successful production of "The Country Boy," Mr. Selwyn had been chiefly known to the public as an actor of finish and conspicuous ability. His first appearance on the stage was in "Secret Service," with William Gillette, in 1896. Since then he has appeared in the "Three Musketeers," "Arizona," "A Gentleman from France," "Sherlock Holmes," "The Mills of the Gods," and "Strongheart." These heroic, dashing and melodramatic rôles have been varied by excursions in such modern and classic rôles as *Dr. Rank*, in "A Doll's House," or *Telemachus,* in "Ulysses." Three years ago he appeared successfully in the title rôle of "Pierre of the Plains," his own dramatisation of Gilbert Parker's duced. The young actor and author was left alone in the world at an early age (he is still only thirty-six), and in the privations, temptations, and experiences of his own struggle against the odds of a big city, he no doubt found the inspiration, if not the material, for his entertaining and successful comedy, "The Country Boy." A new play by the same author, "The Arab," is said to have had a successful presentation in the West and will form one of the attractions of the coming season.

The apotheosis of Mr. Avery Hopwood as playwright may be traced in highly contrasting and sharply defined stages. By ordinary evolutionary processes, the transition from the sentimentalist of "This Man and This

MR. AVERY HOPWOOD

A SCENE FROM MR. HOPWOOD'S PLAY ENTITLED "NOBODY'S WIDOW"

MR. LEO DITRICHSTEIN

SCENE FROM MR. DITRICHSTEIN'S PLAY, "THE CONCERT," IN WHICH THE AUTHOR PLAYS THE LEADING ROLE

Woman," where the exalted heroine marches her betrayer to the altar at the point of a pistol, to the hilarious cynic of our domestic institutions seen in "Seven Days," "Judy Forgot," and "Nobody's Widow"—would be the accomplishment of a life-time. Mr. Hopwood has accomtance is immeasurable. "Clothes," his first serious offering, was a moderate success, thanks to the prestige of Grace George and the late Mr. Frank Worthing in the leading rôles, but "The Powers That Be," dealing with civic politics, and "This Man and This Woman," which followed, were

MR. LOUIS N. PARKER

A SCENE FROM MR. PARKER'S PLAY ENTITLED "POMANDER WALK"

plished it in three years; and the author's brutally frank explanation leaves no word of comfort for the sentimentalists he has betrayed. Seriousness did not pay in Mr. Hopwood's case and he quit it. But if the philosophic distance that has been traversed is great, the artistic disfailures. With the production of "Seven Days," however, the author jumped into immediate fame and fortune, and both were further enhanced this past season by the production of "Judy Forgot" and "Nobody's Widow." Such are the material advantages of success in the lighter

fields of entertainment. "Seven Days" is probably the best American farce since "Charley's Aunt," the most successful certainly, while "Judy Forgot," made to order for Miss Cahill, fitted her unique figure and personality with the precision of an up-to-date hobble.

roundings of upper American life. The only importation is a titled Englishman, who offers further confirmation of the refined atmosphere.

Mr. Hopwood belongs distinctly to the group of younger American playwrights. He is still under thirty and still refreshingly unspoiled by suc-

MR. WALTER BROWNE

A SCENE FROM MR. BROWNE'S PLAY ENTITLED "EVERYWOMAN"

"Nobody's Widow," described as a farcical romance, is an important contribution to refined American comedy, and is by all odds the author's most important artistic achievement to date. As enacted by Blanche Bates and Bruce McRae it also proved one of the happiest experiences of last season. The comedy is distinguished for deftness of touch and a certain quality of finesse usually conspicuous for its absence in American-made comedies. Apart from the originality of the central situation, "Nobody's Widow" is a constant play on nothings, delightful nothings, of course, scintillating with cleverness and wit, and cast in the agreeably refined sur-

cess. Born in Cleveland, Ohio, in 1882 and graduated from the University of Michigan with an A.B. in 1905, he came to New York shortly afterward as special correspondent of *The Leader*. A few months later "Clothes," written in collaboration with Channing Pollock, was produced, and playwriting has been his constant occupation since. Notwithstanding his demonstrated skill in this field, the literary ambitions of the playwright are in the direction of novel-writing.

In spite of his modest disclaimer that nothing particular has ever happended, Mr. Edward Sheldon, at the age of twenty-four, is the author of

MR. CHARLES KLEIN

AUTHOR OF "THE MUSIC MASTER," "THE LION AND THE MOUSE," "THE THIRD DEGREE," "MAGGIE PEPPER," AND "THE GAMBLERS"

a trio of plays that place him in the forefront of American dramatists. "Salvation Nell," "The Nigger," and "The Boss," if not actually great plays, certainly rank with the best of contemporary American drama, and push its prospects for the future beyond anything yet achieved. Mr. Sheldon is a graduate of the Harvard School of Playwrights, taking his degree at that university in 1908. In the fall of the same year—when the author was twenty-one—"Salvation Nell" was successfully produced by Mrs. Fiske. This play showed at once the author's natural dramatic instincts, his thorough knowledge of stage technique, keen observation, and deep mental grasp of fundamentals. In the first season of the New Theatre, "The Nigger" was produced, and proved a big play, both for the drama it contained and its presentation of the negro question. "The Boss" is a powerful character study of an interesting and significant factor in American public life—the man who rises by fair means or foul to a position of wealth and political influence in his community and holds his position by the same unscrupulous methods that have brought him there. The play is conspicuous for the same broad insight into contemporary politics as marked his study of social conditions in "Salvation Nell," or the more vexatious race question in "The Nigger." It is hard to reconcile with such profound understanding of the grave problems of the day, and

thorough technical knowledge of his difficult medium, the rosy-cheeked, good-looking youth who answers to the name of Edward Sheldon.

A namesake only, H. S. Sheldon, vaudeville sketches, and when circumstances warranted retired to take up the profession of playwriting in earnest. Although the author of over twenty one-act plays, all more

MR. H. S. SHELDON

A SCENE FROM MR. SHELDON'S PLAY ENTITLED "THE HAVOC"

author of "The Havoc," furnishes another example of Scandinavian grit and enterprise in the struggle for recognition on foreign soil. Born in Copenhagen, a journalist by profession, Mr. Sheldon came to America about eight years ago without any knowledge whatever of the English language. Unable to pursue his literary and journalistic labours in consequence, he turned to the stage, both as a means of livelihood and to broaden his knowledge of the technique of the theatre. He made three complete tours of this country, appearing in a number of his own or less successful, he was practically unknown in the field of playwriting up to the time of "The Havoc." The striking originality with which he handled the familiar theme of the triangle in this brought him immediate recognition and, thanks to the excellent production it received at the hands of Mr. Henry Miller, a considerable measure of popular success.

The great flaw in "The Havoc," as pointed out in a review of the play in this magazine at the time of its presentation, is that it treats a purely farcical situation with dramatic seriousness. But in spite of this and

minor defects, the author proved himself a vigorous personality, possessed of considerable dramaturgic skill and power for serious dramatic expression. It would be too sanguine to predict from a single play with such pronounced artistic shortcomings, the author's future place in American drama. But from so brave a start, it would be equally daring to set a limit. Sir Charles Wyndham thought highly enough of the piece to buy the English rights for himself, and the author is said to be considering an offer for the German rights.

In private life Margaret Mayo, author of "Baby Mine," the joyous farce of last season, is Mrs. Edgar Selwyn, wife of the actor-playwright. Like her husband, she has entered the field of playwriting by way of the stage. She appeared a few seasons ago under the management of Mr. Frohman. Her early playwriting activities were devoted chiefly to the dramatisation of novels. Ouida's "Under Two Flags," Upton Sinclair's "The Jungle," Mrs. Humphrey Ward's "The Marriage of William Ashe," the version of Sardou's "Divorcons" used by Grace George, and "The Debtors," adapted from German sources, have all been produced with more or less success. Miss Mayo's original plays, in addition to "Baby Mine," are "The Winding Way," "The Austrian Dancer," "Polly of the Circus," and "The Flirt," which has just had a trial production on the coast.

"The Piper" is the first claim of Mrs. Josephine Preston Peabody (Marks) to celebrity. Her novels, "The Wayfarer," "Fortune in Men's Eyes," "The Singing Lesson," and "The Book of the Little Past," and two plays, "Marlowe" and "The Wings," gave her some local literary reputation, but with "The Piper" she at once takes a permanent place in American dramatic literature. This charming poetic drama, based on the Hamelin legend, won first prize in the Stratford-on-Avon contest in 1910 for the best contemporary play in English, and was afterwards successfully produced in London by Mr. Benson and his company. Mr. Walter Hampden is responsible for its production in America, having prevailed upon the New Theatre, with its ample resources, to give it a hearing. The success of the piece, with Miss Matthison in the title rôle proved that the judgment of its American sponsor was well based. The author is a Boston lady, wife of Mr. Lionel Marks, a member of Harvard University staff.

At the end of the second act of the initial presentation of "Pomander Walk," the audience was slowly awakened from the spell to which it had succumbed, by cries of "Author! Author!" A few moments later a stocky, humorous figure, with top hat in one hand and umbrella in the other, crossed the Rubicon in the form of a bit of stage Thames on a gang plank, bowed stiffly and retired. This performance was seriously and methodically repeated at least half a dozen times. When further resistance seemed impossible the author came forward and in thin crescendo that rose galleryward, exclaimed, "Never call a man happy until after the third act." This was America's introduction to Mr. Louis N. Parker, author of "Pomander Walk," "Disraeli," "The Cardinal," "Beauty and the Barge," "Rosemary," and other plays tolerably familiar to American audiences. The third act of the new play left no doubt of the happiness in store for the author or for the theatre audiences that began the following day to clamour for seats for the unique and charming offering. The success of "Pomander Walk" is all the more remarkable from the fact that its great charm is atmosphere, an intangible quality, which, fortunately, an English company succeeded in realising perfectly. The play has been so widely reviewed in

this magazine and elsewhere that fuller reference is not necessary here.

Mr. Parker is a cosmopolitan in the strict sense. Born in a small village in Calvados, France, in 1852, and supposed to be dying, he was hastily christened by the current official name given to all children in *articulo mortis*—Louis Napoleon. To this information he will add laconically "not dead yet." Glancing over even a partial list of his activities since that time the full humour of the observation is clear. He has translated almost everybody—including the version of "Chantecler," seen in New York this last winter—has been a musician and composer of note, has written at least a dozen plays since adopting this profession in 1892, and is the inventor of modern pageantry. Under his direction were produced the Steuborn Pageant in 1905, the Warwick Pageant in 1906, the Bury St. Edmund Pageant in 1907, Dover Pageant in 1908, and Colchester and York Pageant in 1909. With this form of activity, Mr. Parker says he is done. Educated in Germany, Mr. Parker entered the Royal Academy of Music, London, in 1870, and was director of music in Sherbourne School, Dorset, from 1873-1892. Since that time London has been his home and playwriting his profession. He is now Fellow of the Royal Academy of Music, Fellow of the Royal Historical Society, Officer d'Academie, and president of the London Wagner Association.

Mr. Percy Mackaye's literary instrument is still too finely tuned to catch the ear of Broadway, and the fame of America's finest playwright, as one critic naïvely observes, is based on six failures. "Anti-Matrimony" and "The Scarecrow" had each a hearing last season, but, in spite of their splendid literary and dramatic qualities, scored only a fair measure of popular success. Both show a certain gain in a quality of robustness, hitherto lacking, and with the apparent abandonment of classic and literary, in favour of modern contemporary subjects indicated in "Mater" and "Anti-Matrimony," success without any sacrifice of artistic values will surely come. Other plays, like "The Canterbury Pilgrims," "Jeanne d'Arc," "Sappho and Phaon," are well known to readers of dramatic literature.

Mr. Walter Browne was an Englishman by birth, with an interesting and varied career that closed with a grim touch of irony on the day that "Everywoman" was produced. He was graduated from St. Peter's College as a physician, but his tastes inclined toward music, and he followed this profession for some years, making his first stage appearance, in 1881, as the creator of the part of the *Colonel*, in "Patience." His literary activities have been considerable, and, in addition to novels and magazine articles, include the following plays: "Hearts and Homes," "A Thing of Shreds and Patches," "Ripples," "A Love Game," "A Wet Day," "Fits and Starts," "Blue Ribbon," "Wedded," "Once Again," "The Bossun's Mate," "In Possession," and "Mates." These have all been produced, some with considerable success in London and the provinces, but his reputation as a dramatist on this side began and ended with "Everywoman." Big in conception, and bountifully staged, but showing little literary adroitness or skill, this modern morality play has proved a tremendous success.

Mr. Charles Klein's later art is more or less burdened with a mission, in which the stage has become a medium and the drama an instrument of reform. In perfecting his instrument he has succeeded in giving considerable effectiveness to his propaganda and also funished some splendid examples of stage technique and vigorous dramatic expression. "The Lion and the Mouse," "Daughters of Men," "The Third Degree," and "Next of Kin" are all reflections of the author's thought on perils in-

cident to our social and economic development. He shows an almost Rooseveltian instinct for locating the trend of popular currents, as well as the political sagacity of his great prototype for shaping the materials he finds to his own ends. "The Gamblers," his latest success, is a conspicuous example. While ostensibly an exposure of bank looting by directors, it voices the public suspicion that the muckraker's sense of duty sometimes has its root in personal antipathies and personal ambitions. Earlier plays of Mr. Klein are: "The District Attorney," "A Mile a Minute," "By Proxy," "A Paltry Million," "El Capitan," "The Charlatan," "The Honourable John Grigsby," "Heartsease," "Dr. Belgraff," "A Royal Rogue," "Mr. Pickwick," "The Cipher Code," "The Auctioneer," "Red Feather," "The Music Master." "The Saleslady," produced last season, has not yet made its metropolitan début.

Mr. Augustus Thomas is the dean of American playwrights, and the master craftsman of the American stage. His late plays especially are models of dramatic technique and hold an intellectual and literary interest that assures them a permanent place in our dramatic literature. "As a Man Thinks," his latest play, is in some respects his biggest, although falling considerably short of its announced scope. Mr. Thomas has been writing plays for over two decades, his first plays, "Alabama" and "In Mizzouri," taking most of us back to our earliest stage recollections. Other plays are: "The Burglar," "Colorado Man of the World," "After Thoughts," "The Meddler," "The Man Upstairs," "Oliver Goldsmith," "On the Quiet," "A Proper Impropriety," "That Overcoat," "The Capitol," "New Blood," "The Hoosier Doctor," "The Earl of Pawtucket," "The Other Girl," "Mrs. Leffingwell's Boots," "The Education of Mr. Pipp," "Jim De Lancey," "The Embassy Ball," "The Witching Hour," and "The Harvest Moon."

Mr. Thomas takes a considerable interest in public affairs, is a delightful public speaker, and in the last democratic campaign played a big "speaking part." He has always been a staunch admirer of Mr. Bryan.

THE SUMACHS

BY BEATRICE WILLIAMS

IN soft September night, when all the woods were sleeping,
From north, with silent tread, a royal herald came,
With torch of frost-fire, through the forest creeping,
And lo, this morn, on every hill, the sumachs are aflame.

A COMMON-SENSE SUITOR

BY JOHN BYRNE

"I DON'T hold with common-sense as a virtue," said Mr. Willett, in objection to a commendation of the merits of that endowment. "It's another name for a want of imagination. Some people are positively stupid with common-sense. If I wanted a clerk or a coachman (which I don't), I'd promptly reject all common-sense applicants. Why, I remember once——"

His three married visitors appealed to the clock for protection, but Mr. Willett was reminiscent.

"Have fresh cigars," he said; "the story will be finished before the ash breaks. You married fellows are in an unseemly hurry to get home to your wives at times."

He was a comfortable old bachelor, treating his friends to refreshments of nights, and assumed privileges of speech in consequence.

"I once knew a chap up in town named Abraham Midway. A nice sort of fellow he would have been but for being so uncommonly common-sensed. I never saw a man so afflicted with the trouble. Couldn't see to do anything without gauging the result in advance. He hadn't a scrap of imagination.

"I was a young official at the time, snugly quartered in the Midlands. The village was a pleasant little place for which I entertain grateful memories, as it was there I had the luck of being first refused by a woman. I had hair on my head then, and I rather fancied my appearance. So I felt a good deal piqued by the lady's want of appreciation. It was while smarting from the sting of her thoughtful rejection of me that I received a letter from my friend Midway. He was about to take his annual holidays, he said, and he proposed to do me the honour of spending them with me. It was his common-sense that planned the scheme, though he attributed it to the fishing, about which he had read in a guide book.

"Just then I needed someone to take me out of my mood, and I wrote by return, concurring in the arrangement. Two days afterwards I had Abraham Midway in my digs.

"An ambitious fellow he was, too. All common-sense fellows are, only they never get there. It takes imagination to reach an ideal, though many of the imaginative chaps, I admit, mistake the road and take the turn that leads to the dogs instead. Anyhow, Midway was ambitious. He aimed at becoming a man of consequence, but hadn't an idea how he was to set about it. The first evening he was with me he gave me so many tips about how to manage my affairs that he almost smothered me with common-sense. With my opportunities, he told me, he would rise to be a marquis in time.

"One topic, of course, I couldn't help bringing up for his views; it was my recent rejection by the buxom Mrs. Waddell. The lady, I should say, was a widow of thirty, with the handsome fortune of a flourishing pub. As an additional attraction she

had more than the average of good looks, and a pleasant smile that made men think highly of themselves.

"At once my friend Abraham got immensely interested. Such a combination of good qualities was exactly to his liking. I could see approval in his face.

"'Does Mrs. Waddell expect a moneyed man?' he asked me, closing one eye and looking as if he was going to the root of the matter.

"I hadn't considered that point.

"'At least, you told her you had none?' he said.

"'She didn't need to be told,' I said. 'Every shilling I had a claim to in possession or reversion was better known to her than to myself.'

"My friend Midway thought laboriously for at least five minutes.

"'Has she had any other proposals?' he asked.

"She had one at least every week on an average, I calculated, and I told him so.

"'All impecunious?' he says.

"'None eligible to rival Mrs. Waddell herself,' I answered.

"Midway set his common-sense to work again, and I smoked my pipe. I began to think him a clever fellow. It impresses you to see a man probe right to the bottom of a difficulty that has already been too much for you.

"'Willett,' he said to me at last, 'I think I can tell you one thing.'

"He assumed an importance of tone that raised a new hope in me.

"'What is it?' I asked.

"'You have messed the business,' he says.

"I couldn't help laughing at him.

"'Gad!' said I sarcastically, 'I needed no oracle to tell me that.'

"'That's not all,' he says.

"'Then there's more?' I thought.

"'When she refused you she meant it,' he says, winking at me in a very wise way.

"'I see,' said I, trying to look as serious as he did.

"'Yes, she meant what she said, for she didn't refuse you without her reasons,' he said. 'You messed it, old boy—and all for want of a little common-sense.'

"'Sorry I didn't communicate with you beforehand,' I said, 'you could have lent me some.'

"'Will you introduce me to the lady?' he said presently.

"Of course, I agreed.

"'And having failed yourself, you won't mind my trying my luck?' he said.

"I was rather staggered by his audacity.

"'Well,' I said, 'if you think you can get nearer to her heart in a week than I could in two years you shall have my congratulations, and she my sympathies.'

"But you couldn't touch him with sarcasm.

"'You know, Willett,' he says, 'I'm a man of means of late.'

"I hadn't heard it, but rather than appear to doubt his statement I offered to borrow ten pounds from him. His common-sense affected his hearing, however, for he ignored the request.

"'If I say I'm a man of means you will promise not to contradict me?' he said with a shrewd smile.

"'I cannot contradict you,' I answered.

"'Then I shall succeed,' he said confidently. He had a little scheme in his head which he would lay before me next morning.

"After breakfast next day he let me see what it was like.

"'We shall pay a visit to Mrs. Waddell's now, old chap,' he says, 'and have the introduction in form. Then I shall treat you to drinks and pay for them with a fiver.'

"I thought the proposal a capital one, and said I was ready. If he could throw five-pound notes around every day, I told him, he might succeed in his design.

"'But I haven't a fiver,' he said confidentially. 'I have only three tens. Holidays are expensive times,

and I want you to lend me thirty shillings.'

"He was a very common-sense fellow, as you'll observe, and it would have been a pity to baulk him. I gave him the money.

"On the way to Mrs. Waddell's he called at a couple of shops looking for a five-pound note in exchange for his money. At last he bought one at the post-office and carefully placed it in his pocket-book.

"Mrs. Waddell smiled charmingly upon us as we entered the bar. Not a suspicion could you have had that she had refused me the week before.

"I presented Midway as he had himself desired.

" 'A wealthy young friend of mine from London, Mrs. Waddell, Mr. Abraham Midway.'

"Midway bowed importantly, and Mrs. Waddell smiled her sweetest.

" 'You'll have a drink, Willett? What's it to be?' he inquired.

" 'Fizz for choice, not to be out of touch with wealth,' I said laughing.

" 'Fizz by all means,' he agreed, 'and as it's my first visit to the place perhaps some of these other gentlemen would do me the honour of taking a drink with me.'

"They were a most compliant company, and three or four confirmed soakers whom he would rather have kicked than stood drinks to, availed themselves of his offer. It was part of Midway's common-sense, and he tried to look happy.

"He picked out in an off-hand way the five-pound note from his pocket-book, and tendered it to Mrs. Waddell.

" 'Nothing smaller, Mr. Midway?' she said sweetly, looking for change.

" 'I fear not, Mrs. Waddell—indeed, my other notes are even larger,' he said, making a pretence of looking through some notes, which I believe were of an urgent character from his tailor's point of view. He was all gravity in demeanour.

" 'You speak as if the largeness of your notes was a trouble instead of happiness to you,' I said.

" 'I must confess,' he says, 'money brings me no happiness.'

"In that I knew he was right, but in another sense.

"Mrs. Waddell smiled again, and nodded approvingly.

" 'I think we have many tastes in common, Mr. Midway,' she said, with an archness I used to think was reserved entirely for me. 'Money seldom does bring happiness. At least, that is my experience. For like yourself——'

"She went no further, but left him to infer that she could talk of the worries which wealth entails if modesty did not prevent her.

"She collected enough change at last, and paid over the amount.

"In a matter-of-fact way he talked of his wealth and connections. He mentioned trips to Italy and shootings in Scotland as if he was rather bored by their frequency. He often longed for the peace of a semi-rural life, where he could quietly settle down. Mrs. Waddell gave him great attention.

"Not wishing to remain too long for a first visit, he shook hands presently with the lady, and we came away.

"That evening he explained to me that champagne was too effervescent by long chalks for nibbling enjoyment, and suggested that next day I should declare a preference for whisky.

" 'Besides, old chap, you've got to make up the change to the five-pound mark,' he reminded me.

"As I was into it, I agreed, and next morning we set out again. Midway called at the post-office, and by good luck secured a crisp five-pound note.

"Mrs. Waddell looked more bewitching than ever, and was all attention. The loafers of the previous day were assembled in augmented force, and from unmistakable hints on their part Midway was forced to

respond. I could see that the effort to look happy was indeed an effort.

"Again he tendered his five-pound note in payment for the refreshments. I imagined I saw Mrs. Waddell give a hard look at it, but next moment she was all smiles again.

"'No smaller money, Mr. Midway?' she asked.

"'I fear I have thrown about all my smaller change, Mrs. Waddell,' he said, and he looked through his pocket-book.

"'Too bad, really—I've nothing but large notes,' he says.

"She secured the proper change somehow and paid it over to him.

"He had arranged that on this occasion the conversation should cover their personal tastes. 'First impress a woman with your wealth,' was his dictum, 'and then show compliance with her fancies.'

"'Fond of outdoor amusements, Mrs. Waddell?' he asked presently, going to the heart of what he wanted.

"She professed enthusiasm for all outdoor sports.

"'My style exactly. I could live for ever out of doors,' he said.

"In several forms of sport he remarked that he had a considerable reputation. Women like suitors to be somewhat of heroes, he believed.

"'Do you like fishing?' asked Mrs. Waddell.

"'A pet sport of mine, Mrs. Waddell. I'll tell you a remarkable thing I did once,' he says.

"He was ready to recite a story which he had already rehearsed when Mrs. Waddell interrupted him.

"'Fishing I think is so stupidly dull!' she says, watching him narrowly.

"'I thought you said you liked fishing?' he stammered, looking completely knocked off the track.

"'Oh, dear no. I only asked if you liked it, Mr. Midway. I am rather sorry you are so enthusiastic about it,' she says.

"'Not really enthusiastic, you know, Mrs Waddell,' he says in a hurry to recover his position. 'In fact, I agree it's an undoubtedly stupid sort of sport.'

"'Don't let me interrupt the story, however,' she reminded him sweetly.

"'No, no,' he says. 'Now that I come to recollect more clearly, the story is one that occurred when I was shooting with some friends in Inverness. I had already bagged as much as any two guns when by some curious chance a hare and a pheasant appeared at the same instant. At the moment I had but one barrel, and with a marvellous swipe from downwards up, what do you think I succeeded in doing, Mrs. Waddell?'

"'I trust you missed the poor creatures. Shooting is so dreadfully cruel,' she says, with a very pitying look in her eyes.

"Midway looked more than ever put out, but his accommodating common-sense came to the rescue.

"'I did! I missed the pair of them—deliberately, you know,' he said very solemnly. 'I frightened them both, however, so much that I had them picked up and cared for as domestic pets,' he says.

"It was the only spark of imagination I had observed in him, and I couldn't say it was a success. He hesitated so much that it was plain he was groping for his narrative.

"'You must be extremely kind-hearted, Mr. Midway,' she says, in a way that he took to mean admiration.

"'Kind-heartedness is my special weakness,' he says.

"The parting between the pair was even more cordial than on the previous morning. But Midway, I thought, was far too deliberate about the affair. Somehow he didn't look up to the character he was giving himself.

"I had some work to occupy me for the remainder of the day; but that night, as we smoked our pipes, he told me the later developments.

"'I was again to see Mrs. Wad-

dell,' he says, 'and had a cup of tea with her in the parlour. I hinted matrimony to her, and I rather think I've struck the mark.'

"'Has she accepted you?' I asked—in a snappish way, I'm afraid. If he had said 'Yes' I think I should have tried my hand at strangling him. "'Not quite. But I think you may congratulate me, old man,' he says. 'She said she would consider it.'

"Though that was non-committal I still felt a grievance. She had not temporised with me in the least, but had given me a point-blank refusal, with a smile to soothe the sting.

"'And now, old chap,' says Midway, you see the value of common-sense.'

"His common-sense, I told him, might be called by another name; but he said, everyone to his ideas.

"'Two fivers, you see, have produced a marvellous effect,' he went on. 'What do you think of making it a tenner to-morrow morning for a final effect? 'Twould be a regular dazzle.'

"Taking a hint from his common-sense, I told him I'd put no more money in the scheme. I did feel rather making a fool of myself, financing another fellow to step into the position which I had hoped to occupy. He begged me so confoundedly, however, not to desert him on the point of success that once more I agreed to aid him in making up his cash to five pounds.

"Next morning, for the third time, by extraordinary good luck, he got a five-pound note at the post-office in exchange for his money, and we paid another visit to Mrs. Waddell's.

"She looked sweeter than ever, and Midway called for the drinks. Again he planked down his five-pound note in payment.

"Mrs. Waddell picked it up and looked at its back. She smiled and asked if he had any smaller money.

"'Not a penny,' he declared, which was certainly true. He had invested every cent in the purchase of the fiver.

"With the note in her hands she retired to the parlour, and Midway and I chatted in the bar.

"A few minutes afterwards a fellow appeared at the door and said Mr. Midway was required inside.

"'Gad, Willett,' he whispered, 'that third fiver has completely won her over. She wants to say "Yes," I daresay.'

"I was left to wait, and I waited so long that at last I came away. But this is what happened:

"Midway had no sooner stepped into the parlour than the door was closed behind him and bolted. Two burly fellows faced him, and Mrs. Waddell sat in a chair, her hands to her face, as if she were crying.

"'What do you mean?' he asked the men, noting their unfriendly appearance. They grinned at him.

"'What's the matter, dear Mrs. Waddell?' he next inquired.

"'Do please explain,' she sobbed, appealing to one of the men.

"'You're this lady's 'usband to be?' said the fellow.

"'I hope so; but what business may that be of yours, my man?' said Midway.

"'This,' says the fellow, putting his hand upon his breast-pocket. 'I have a distress for a 'undred and eighty, and I'm in possession of this 'ere 'ouse and everything that's in it. If you wish to save the lady's credit just fork out the cash, with officers' fees. Me and my mate 'ere is the officers.

"'Oh, do please lend me the money for a few days, dear Mr. Midway, my husband to be,' pleaded Mrs. Waddell between her sobs.

"He was staggered, he told me so afterwards, but his common-sense saved him. He explained that just then he was very short of cash. Mrs. Waddell went on pleading in a way that was disconcerting.

"'You have such a supply of

large notes in your pocket-book, I am sure you would not miss the amount,' she said. 'And you are such a careful gentleman,' she sobbed, 'that when you change a five-pound note here you don't rest till you recover it again. To-day you have changed the same note for the third time—which is an evidence of your economy, Mr. Midway. I sent it each day to the post-office for change, and yet you collared it every time. So, dear Mr. Midway, from your knack of sticking to money I'm sure you must have plenty—do please lend me the amount and put these horrid men away.'

"'Please give me my change,' demanded Midway. He began to think there was sarcasm in her voice.

"'These wretched men have seized everything,' she wailed. 'Your five-pound note and all.'

"He saw a crumpled paper very like the note in the hand of one of the fellows, and as the situation was desperate he snatched at it.

"He made the acquaintance of the floor and failed to get the note. When he was allowed to rise, the 'officers' exchanged opinions.

"'Interfering with officers in the discharge of their duty. Wot's the quod, George?'

"'Three months 'ard,' said George.

"'Three months it is,' said the other, 'shall we tie him?'

"Mrs. Waddell besought them for mercy, and begged that dear Mr. Midway should be simply imprisoned in an adjoining small room. Reluctantly the officers yielded.

"He remained there for an hour, a prey to doleful thoughts. Presently a whisper at the keyhole attracted him.

"'Oh, dear Mr. Midway, would you like to escape?' The voice was Mrs. Waddell's.

"'I would give anything,' said Midway.

"'But you have nothing to give,' she reminded him.

"'True, I forgot my money is locked up,' he said.

"'As you shall be—in gaol, dear Mr. Midway, if you don't instantly escape. If I open the door will you promise to sneak out by the back door and go away by the first train?'

"He promised to clear with the greatest despatch.

"'And you will soon come back and marry me, dear Mr. Midway?'

"He promised that also and was then liberated. He returned to my digs by back lanes, and had just time to tell me the story while packing his portmanteau. In an hour after he was on his way back to town.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Willett, concluding, "that was an exhibition of common-sense. Don't mention the word to me. I tell you some people are stupid with common-sense.

"It was long a choice story of Mrs. Waddell's how she had promoted two loafers to be brokers in possession and imprisoned a suitor."

OUR NATIONAL STANDARDS: RELIGIOUS, ETHICAL, MORAL

BY FRANK YEIGH

CONNECTED with the Christian churches of North America there are three million more women and girls than men and boys. This startling fact is arousing religious zeal all over the continent, and the task of finding and properly relating to the church these millions of manhood is being assumed as an undertaking by men for men.

Where does Canada stand in this respect? Where does she stand in the matter of her national standards, religious, ethical and moral? Where does the individual Canadian stand in regard to these matters of the higher import? Is all well with the Dominion, and with its people?

These and similar questions are bound to arise whenever the thought of a country is focused upon themes such as these, and they are surely as worthy of consideration as the enlargement of transportation systems, the gathering in of rich harvests, or trade dealings with neighbours.

As a partial reply to these interrogations, it may be asserted that there is in these modern days a great awakening to the ethical consciousness of things. We are living in an age that is giving to the world an enlarged definition of the Christian religion and its fundamental basis of nationhood and citizenship, an age in which the interpretation of Christ's message takes a more comprehensive view of the scope of life—a sense in which is realised the need of our returning to the religious devotion of our fathers, while linking up to a larger programme for the future than even they knew. There is a call for the harnessing of our twentieth-century manhood to the big problems of the day in their relation to the teachings of Christianity—when the messages of the Bible shall cease to be merely religious literature and become instead vital factors in the development of character and the conduct of life.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the existence of this modern need has been simultaneously realised by many different types of men and schools of thought. A few months ago a group of religious leaders, clerical and lay, from Canada and the United States, came together to talk over the situation as outlined, when it was discovered that nearly all had been asking the question, What can be done to direct and utilise this modern awakening of an ethical conscience? In what way can the men of the land be led to become interested in the other men—in their higher welfare, in their spiritual uplift?

Thus it came about that a movement was born, avowedly on behalf of the Christian life of the men and boys of North America, already widely known as "The Men and Religion Forward Movement," with over a score of participating organisations

of churches, brotherhoods, and inter-denominational men's societies.

It is felt that there is a peculiar signficance in such a movement at the present time; that it is opportune in more ways than one.

Its significance lies in its broad-based conception, rising above and reaching beyond denominational or sectarian boundaries; disregarding and making unimportant for the time differences that otherwise divide, and uniting men of varying shades of thought in one plan and purpose.

Such illustrations of co-operation, in the realm of the religious and ethical serve in themselves to quiet many of the discordant notes that sometimes mar the living of one's life among men who think differently. They raise one's faith in the universal quality of character and mind that so often exists and only needs the occasion to be revealed. They tend to raise all altruistic effort to a higher level of unselfish service, and to bring out the best instead of the less than best in men.

The opportuneness of such a concerted plan for two nations and peoples is realised when their marvellous period of material prosperity is remembered. Canada and the United States should not and dare not throw aside as out of use the "Lest We Forget" prayer of the poet. Blessings unimagined and wealth undreamed of have come the way of North America. There has been freedom from noisome pestilence or devastating plague or sacrificing war; there have come new applications of the golden rule in every department of life—national, religious, civic; new channels of service have been opened, new depths of sympathy sounded, new interpretations discovered of the plan of life formulated and lived by the Nazarene—He who came to serve.

As in ancient Israel, so in modern America: national prosperity brings its own insidious dangers—of trust in riches, of great self-satisfaction, of arrogance of wealth and parade of power, of forgetfulness of the God of nations and the part He has played in the development of these Anglo-Saxon peoples and countries on the continent Columbus made known, of the recognition He demands as His creative right.

So a body of men, representative of Christian belief and thought in both these lands, believe and assert that a programme to awaken interest anew in the things that count, in all that religion includes, is strikingly opportune because men are peculiarly prepared to give new and deeper consideration to the place and power of the Christian religion, and this in view of the apparently overwhelming issues of the immediate future, for, notwithstanding the existing peace and prosperity, there are signs of unrest not altogether reassuring. Modern economic standards are being subjected to criticism; restlessness continues to exist in the industrial world, race lines are not yet obliterated. All these and many like them constitute problems not easy of solution.

Other perilous issues exist; religious and moral restraints are less keenly felt than by our fathers; the spread of prosperity has led to the creation of habits of extravagance and luxury, and, especially in the larger centres of population, many lead an essentially pagan life in the midst of Christian surroundings.

The scope of the programme of the Men and Religious Forward Movement is in itself arresting, inasmuch as it contemplates a scheme of activities so comprehensive as, if carried out, will affect a half-continent. Ninety cities in Canada and the United States have been selected as strategic centres or bases, and these are expected to spread the movement to their surrounding centres, so that ultimately possibly a thousand towns and cities will be touched. Already local "Committees of One Hundred" have been, or are being, formed in Montreal, To-

ronto, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, Vancouver, and other Canadian centres.

It is designed to secure the co-operation of not only the local churches—for all activities are to focalise in the church—but of all associated movements and organisations along similar lines to the co-operation of denominations, brotherhoods and auxiliary bodies represented in the general "Committee of Ninety-seven." A union of effort like this would present such a unique object in church union as to be in itself effective and far reaching in results, while the correlating of such a force of masculinity working for and among masculinity, will set an example and form an ideal of unmeasured value.

The campaign, if it may be so termed, is planned to definitely cover a year, during which time preliminary survey work may and should be done. It is worth while for the moral forces in any city to definitely know their own local situation—the conditions that surround and confront the city and town boy and man; the programme offered him, from any source, of education, amusement or otherwise, the catering to his spare time, the influences for good or ill.

It is not intended to be a matter of meetings, mass or otherwise, but a subject of close study. The movement will fail of its purpose if this problem of the man and the boy, in their relation to and attitude toward what religion and high ethical standards stand for, is dealt with in a merely superficial way, spending upon it a minimum of time and thought. It will be "a man's job," and the personnel of the men who have conceived the continent-wide programme indicates a body of men who recognise the greatness of the task they have undertaken.

In the final analysis, any such effort, if wisely directed and sanely planned, will, if successful, have a distinctive national value, for the standard of a nation will be no higher than the moral standards of its people. If it be still true that righteousness exalts a nation, then every good citizen will welcome any method that will help to make and keep Canada that kind of country. It is, moreover, a national and civic betterment plan that should win the support of every believer in Christianity as the basis of our Anglo-Saxon civilisation.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

BY HILDA RIDLEY

VIRGINIA CORTLAND was watching her father from the window. It was just twelve o'clock, and he was preparing to come in to dinner. The contractor and builder was, for the time being, merged in the ordinary carpenter. To Virginia's irritated consciousness it seemed as if her father were never so happy, never so much in his element, as when he was clad in his workingman's clothes, doing manual labour. She could almost read his thoughts as he came towards the house; he was thinking how well he had done in having built such a nice home, what a fine daughter he had, and what a neat little maid, and how good his dinner would taste, and how hungry he was.

Presently Virginia heard him in the kitchen turning on the water tap and splashing his face and hands. In another moment he entered the pretty dining-room. As he did so, he seemed suddenly to recollect what he always forgot in the ardour of his work—that Virginia did not exactly approve of his working garb. He looked at her hesitatingly, with a questioning look in his blue eyes; but Virginia was silent. It was when they had finished their soup that she said:

"Father, do you have to do the work you're doing now?"

"Yes, I do, my dear," he replied; "it's a very important contract."

"Very important! Something you have to do with your hands! How long will it last?"

"At least a month."

"Oh, father!"

"What is it, my dear?"

"I am in a fix, that's all. The fact is, two friends I made when I stayed those six months in Montreal are coming here for a few weeks, and they will be at the house a great deal; and, father dear, it may sound mean, but they are under the impression that you have a down-town office and do only contracting and building work. I didn't tell them so in so many words, but I foolishly let them infer that. And what will they think if they see you working round like this? It will make such a bad impression."

The old man was silent a moment, and then he said:

"I don't just know what there is to be ashamed of, Virginia. I suppose one of these Montreal folks is the young man you've had so much letter-writing with of late, and I suppose he's a fine, swell, young fellow, college-bred and all that."

Virginia flushed.

"Oh, you wouldn't call him a 'swell' exactly," she said; "but he belongs to a good, old family, and he is, of course, rather fastidious in his tastes. First impressions mean so much. Of course, they will have to know that you haven't any down-town office; but, father, couldn't you, while they are here, do some other kind of work?"

"There isn't any other kind of work just now," replied her father, with a troubled expression in his child-like blue eyes. "Business is dull, and I was glad to get the car-

penter work, but I will tell you what I could do, Virginia: I could work in the stable and keep the door tight shut, and no one need be the wiser."

"But you would always be coming out."

"Not I. Why, I could take my dinner in there and spend the day. Where's the hurt?"

"Oh, father, if you could!" and Virginia clasped her hands.

"Sure, I can. When are your friends coming?"

"They will be here to-morrow—the brother and sister—and they will probably be here for dinner. They will be over nearly every day, I guess at all times. They are going to put up at the *Stanley,* so they won't be very far from here."

"Well, it's settled. I'm to work in the stable—and a fine place to work in, too. Are you happy, Virginia?"

Virginia, in rather a troubled manner, said she was, and the old man went off cheerfully.

The next evening Arthur Rhodes and his sister Maude were Virginia's guests. If Mr. Cortland seemed in his element in his working clothes he certainly seemed ill at ease in his dress suit. Virginia had never before seen her simple-hearted old father appear to such disadvantage, and her cheek burned when he looked at her in the furtive, deprecating way he had acquired of late. For Arthur Rhodes's good opinion she would have suffered much. She knew why he was here. Between them was that tacit understanding which is more exquisite than avowal—but more precarious.

"Yes," Maude Rhodes was saying, "we shall see a great deal of you, Virginia. I'm afraid we shall not see so much of you, Mr. Cortland; but you, I suppose you will be at your office for the greater part of the day."

Again came the furtive, deprecating look from the old man.

"Is your office within walking distance, Mr. Cortland?" asked Rhodes, after a pause sufficiently long to emphasise the simple remark.

"No—that is to say, yes—it isn't within walking distance, but I do walk sometimes, in fact always."

Arthur Rhodes tried not to look puzzled, while Miss Rhodes deftly changed the subject.

Poor Virginia felt at the end of the evening that the "first impressions" of her home life upon her friends had not been altogether favourable. The guests, however, showed nothing of this in their manner, and plans were made for many future meetings. In the days that followed the friends were constantly together; but Virginia's consciousness that she had not been quite straightforward detracted somewhat from her pleasure. She would have explained long ago, she told herself, about the "down-town office" if it had not been for the "ridiculous work" her father was now doing. Very often, as she and her friends left or entered the house, she could hear distinctly from the back yard the sound of sawing and cutting and hammering.

"I suppose your father keeps horses for his business," said Arthur one afternoon, as he glanced toward the stable.

"Oh, yes," replied Virginia hurriedly, as she thought of the one good, strong horse of which her father was so proud, and the brightly-painted waggon with "Joseph Cortland, Carpenter, Contractor and Builder," in large letters on it.

"Horses, you know, are one of my passions," said Arthur. "If I were a rich man I should go in for them a great deal."

"Are the horses in the stable now, Virginia?" asked Maud, who was with them.

"No, I am sure not," replied Virginia, scarcely knowing what she said. "Father has them out."

She had not intended to infer that there was more than one horse, but

again she seemed to have been forced into it.

In the meantime no murmur had been heard from Mr. Cortland as to his part of the arrangement. He seemed as cheerful as ever, but Virginia noticed that he avoided her guests. As a rule he left the stable early in the afternoon and went directly to his room to change his clothes. One evening, however, when Virginia was returning home from a late call, she heard, to her surprise, the noise of cutting and sawing louder than she had ever heard it before, and it was then nearly six o'clock. Mr. Rhodes was coming to dinner, and in alarm Virginia hastened to the stable to warn her father. As she approached she heard distinctly the sound of talking and laughing. Who was with her father? With a loudly-beating heart she opened the stable door, and then stood as if turned to stone, for there, side by side with her father, at the carpenter's bench, was Arthur Rhodes. He was engaged in hammering a nail in a piece of wood, and both he and the old man were so absorbed in their work that they did not at first notice her.

"Father!" exclaimed Virginia, and her voice was like a funeral note.

Arthur Rhodes lifted a flushed, boyish face to hers. The usually rather penetrating expression of his gray eyes was veiled in laughter.

"Oh, Virginia, you don't mind, do you?" he said. "I came over here to see you, and everybody was out. The sight of the stable suggested 'horsey' possibilities, and I was tempted to take a peep in at the side window, only to discover Mr. Cortland. I tapped on the window and he came out, and then we began to talk, and I told him how fascinating I had always found carpenter work and he was good enough to allow me to share this bench."

Virginia smiled icily.

"You do it for amusement, I suppose," she said. "You are like father in that; he spends hours in this way sometimes."

She walked toward the door, and Arthur dropped his work and followed her.

I came over early to tell you that I had tickets to-night for 'The Rescuer,'" he said. "You said you would like to see that."

"Oh, yes," responded Virginia.

She had looked forward to seeing this play, but later on in the evening when she sat beside Arthur Rhodes in the theatre she felt that she had lost entirely her capacity for enjoyment.

The play was not light; it had a problem. A woman had told her husband one lie and the problem lay in a way out of the endless and unforeseen entanglements in which the lie had emmeshed the wife. Virginia shuddered with sympathy as she followed out the ramifications. What would be the solution? There could be only one. This was brought home to Virginia with keen force. It lay in confession. The play also had a moral, and the moral was that no marriage could be happy unless it were based upon absolute confidence.

On Virginia, sensitive and imaginative as she was, the play made a deep impression.

At the end of a restless night she had made up her mind that she must "explain" certain things to Arthur—but oh, how she dreaded the explanation!

When he came to see her that afternoon she took, as usual, the easiest course.

"Arthur," she began, "I am afraid you have misunderstood several things about my family. I mean you have some wrong impressions, and I should have corrected them. Now I want to explain."

She went on to tell him of the nonexistence of a down-town office, of the existence of only one horse, of the carpenter work being a part of

her father's regular employment; and she told him everything.

When she had finished and was sitting with downcast eyes, as one who awaits some dreaded but expected doom, Arthur said:

"Oh, Virginia, dear, I am so glad you told me this!"

Virginia raised incredulous eyes to his face.

"The fact is, Virginia," said Arthur, with some embarrassment, "the fact is, dear, I knew it all the time; well, not quite all the time, but a day or two after I came."

"You knew!"

Virginia felt that her cup of humiliation was full, as her past actions, emanating from the deceit, marshalled themselves before her in quick review.

"Yes, you see, Virginia, my sister became acquainted at the hotel with a lady who happened to know something of your family, although she did not know you personally, and she spoke with enthusiasm of your father. She said how sad it was that, owing to the hard times, his business on a large scale had fallen off and how bravely and cheerfully he was doing just ordinary carpenter work, and how careful he was not to worry you at all with his financial troubles.

Virginia's eyes filled with tears.

"He never told me," she said.

She sat looking very white, with a limp, beaten look. Suddenly she made a faint gesture.

"Good-bye, Arthur," she said.

"Good-bye," repeated Arthur, as he came nearer. "Why, Virginia! you can't mean it."

"How can you care for such a worthless, deceitful girl!"

"I do care," he averred. "At first, I must confess I was—disappointed; but then I tried to understand, and I saw that so much could be explained in the light of your temperament. Besides, I knew you would confide in me sooner or later."

"If I hadn't explained?"

"Ah, that would have been different, but I knew you would."

After that there was a long silence, and then Virginia said, shyly:

"Oh, Arthur, what must your first impressions have been!"

"They don't count," he replied, and then he added mischievously, as he drew her to him and kissed her unresisting lips several times, "these are the only impressions that count!"

MAKING
THE ROCKIES RESIDENTIAL

BY C. LINTERN SIBLEY

MARRING rather than beautifying has been the hand of man hitherto in the Canadian Rocky Mountains. It is this fact that gives point to the criticisms that are always passed upon the Rockies when they are compared with the Swiss Alps. It is useless to deprecate such criticism; useless to say with *Mrs. Malaprop* that comparisons are "odorous." The comparison inevitably suggests itself to the mind of every traveller.

And, indeed, the Rockies have nothing to lose by such comparison. Against the bleak austerity of the Swiss Alps they oppose a more marvellous variety of architectural form and a far greater range of colour, and these features will increasingly render them among the most attractive of mountains. When this is admitted, as it always is admitted, always there comes the regret which may be summed up in the remark that the Rockies are not residential.

Always? Well, perhaps not quite always. There are some hardy, adventurous souls who prefer the absolutely virgin wild to the most beautiful scenes in which men and nature have co-operated. But to the average traveller human association allied to natural grandeur must always be the more attractive, when that human association receives its inspiration in the grandeur it adorns and not exclusively in an outside motive, which gashes the face of nature with a railway line or defaces it with the still more hideous scars of shacks and mining dumps.

There is no need to deplore the railway, because, apart from the fact that it enables thousands to reach with ease scenes that less than a generation ago were to be attained only at the cost of months of time and hardships, it is of itself part of the very poetry of these mountains. But it is a matter of regret that its unpicturesque accessories are for the most part the only signs of human industry that are to be seen among the mountains. One can well understand the feeling which prompted Professor Charles E. Fay to write, in the latest number of *The Alpina Americana,* that "the Rocky Mountain landscape must yield the palm to Switzerland in those elements of beauty which are due to the long-continued presence of civilised man: the picturesque village or solitary chalet, the cultivated field in the level bed of the valley, or the high-lying green alp, with its grazing herd."

In view of these considerations, it is a matter of national interest that the present year is to see the transplanting of a whole colony of Swiss people to the Rocky Mountains, with the ultimate view of establishing in these mountains a strictly indigenous population, animated by the traditions and aspirations of a highly civilised and prosperous mountain race.

TELEPHOTO OF UNCONQUERED PEAKS IN VICINITY OF EDELWEISS

The nucleus of this colony will be the corps of Swiss guides now annually imported by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company to assist mountain climbers in their ascents. At the end of the present season, instead of returning to their native land to spend the winter in comparative idleness, they will be joined in Canada by their families, and will take up their permanent homes in a highly-picturesque "ready-made village," now being prepared for them by the railway company.

The pretty Swiss name of the mountain flower "Edelweiss" will be given to this village, and it is intended to make it in every respect worthy of its name. Thus it is to be situated on the terraced slopes of the mountain side, and the houses are to have the high-pitched roofs and other features of distinctively Swiss architecture.

Work has already begun upon this village, which is on the north side of the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, near Golden, British Columbia, and within unobstructed view of the passing trains. One of the pictures given herewith, which is the sketch plan upon which the village is being constructed, gives a good idea of the scene that the village will present, and undoubtedly this village and its interesting Swiss population will prove highly attractive to the tourists.

The plateau on which the village is situated has vast ranges of mountain scenery before and behind it, giving lovely views of rugged heights that rise beyond the timber line to snow and glacier-clad peaks stretching away in wild confusion. In the alpine meadows and the rich alluvial bottoms the village people will have small holdings, upon which their talent in the rural industries of farm and garden may be exercised. Ultimately a string of these Swiss villages will, it is hoped, be established throughout the Rockies, so that these mountains will in a very real sense at last become "residential," and provide not only a native population of mountain guides, but a native population that will contribute to the wealth of the country industrially, after the manner of the Swiss of Switzerland.

It is at Golden that the Swiss guides are now located in the summer, for from this point some of the grandest and most awe-inspiring scenery of the whole of the Rockies and the Selkirks alike may be reached. Here, 474 miles from Vancouver, the Kicking Horse River—which, in coming from the east, the

EDELWEISS

SWISS VILLAGE IN THE ROCKIES

railway has followed over a romantic trail, and, through scenes of startling grandeur—loses its identity, and becomes merged into the great Columbia River, which, in its two thousand miles of wanderings, follows

a more tortuous course than almost any other river in the world.

The transformation scene, when the train emerges from the dark and awesome recesses of the Kicking Horse Canyon into the magnificent amphitheatre of Golden, is one that no traveller through these mountains can forget, and doubly memorable will it become when this first Swiss village gives a finishing touch to the scene.

CHARACTER OF COUNTRY TO BE MADE RESIDENTIAL

Here the westbound traveller gets his first view of the Selkirks, rising grandly to the south and west in what have come to be known as the Dog Tooth Mountains, from their serried ranks of sharp, pointed peaks, resembling fangs. The sides of these mountains, to a height of 4,000 feet above the valley bottom, are clothed with forests of so dark a green as to appear almost black. Above this again, sometimes obscured by dense masses of fleecy clouds, and at other times sharp and clear against the skyline, are the crests of these fang-like peaks still white with the winter snows. To the north and east, range upon range, are some of the most massive peaks in the Rockies.

There is perhaps no more fascinating pony trail in the mountains than that from Golden to Glacier, a two days' journey. This trail, when the connections are perfected, will be greatly patronised, but is at present little known. It follows the valley of the Canyon Creek, the head of which gives a delightful variety of mountain scenery, with glaciers, innumerable mountain torrents, and hanging valleys holding lovely little lakes rich in various shades of blue and green. Ascending the peaks on one side the great Columbia Valley may be seen, while the other side gives views of the pyramids, towers and pinnacles of the Spillimachene Mountains, where a virgin field for discoveries awaits explorers.

From Canyon Creek there is an easy pass to Grizzly Creek, thence to Bear Creek station, Rogers Pass,

Glacier House, the Caves of the Cheops, and to the Illecillewæt Glacier, up the Asulkan Valley, and to all the magnificent scenic points in that vicinity.

a wide variety of game to tempt the sportsmen. The wooded mountains to the south are favourite haunts of deer and bear; the innumerable rivers and creeks afford splendid trout fishing;

COLUMBIA RIVER NEAR GOLDEN, WHERE THE SWISS VILLAGE IS LOCATED

The Lake Windermere district is also reached from Golden either by steamer or by an automobile road, which is ultimately to be extended to Banff and Calgary. This road is destined to be the great automobile road of the mountains, running through the playground of the Dominion, not the least interesting feature of which will be the new "Edelweiss" and its people.

Another movement is on foot to try the introduction into this region not only of the Swiss people, but also the great game animal of the Swiss Alps—the chamois. It is thought that these animals would thrive in the mountain fastnesses which stretch away in every direction from Golden, and thus give greater zest for sportsmen. Already there is the high, rocky peaks to the north are famous as the home of the mountain sheep, mountain goat, and grizzly bear. Caribou are plentiful in the district, and other animal life includes the Parry marmot, little animals of a dark, silver-tipped gray, resembling the gopher of the plains, but with a richer and darker fur; whistlers (the hoary marmot); and Little Chief hares; brown bear, fox, wolf, porcupine, and marten.

In fact, the entire district with which this Swiss village will be surrounded is one of intense interest to explorer, mountaineer, botanist, naturalist, and nature-lover.

As to the regions that have yet to be opened up to the ordinary mountaineer by the Swiss guides to be permanently located there, hear what

SWISS GUIDES, WITH KID OF MOUNTAIN GOAT

Mr. A. O. Wheeler, the President of the Alpine Club of Canada, has to say of the wonderful Spillimacheen Mountains, which are a feature of the district:

"Except to the prospector these are little known, and would provide a grand exploration ground for the alpine man. Pyramids, cones, towers, pinnacles, and great snow-clad domes rise superbly. Wide snow fields lie between. Deep valleys cut into the heart of the range. At their heads are beautiful grassy uplands. Picturesque ice-falls fill the gorges. Glacial torrents break from ice-caves and fall hundreds of feet over rock ledges. The region is unmapped and unnamed, except locally by the hunter and prospector. I have heard old prospectors tell of a wonderful waterfall that leaps two thousand feet down a precipice in a valley rimmed in by high cliffs, to which there is no entry except by a stiff climb over the rim, the exit of the stream lying in a deep, impassable canyon. I have heard of another waterfall that cascades eight hundred feet in a series of striking rockets. I have seen a snow field where a group of snow monoliths, hundreds of feet high, rise from its centre. Seen from the heights of the Dog Tooth Range, this wonderland is enthralling. An intense fascination grips the beholder and urges an exploration of its hidden recesses."

This, then, is the character of that region of the high alps of Canada's vaster Switzerland which is at last to be rendered "residential."

THE
LEGENDARY LORE OF ICELAND

BY MARJORIE PATERSON-SMYTH

FAR away in the north-west of Europe lies the little island of Iceland, an island so far separated from the mainland that the majority of the inhabitants have never had any intercourse with their fellow-men. There live a race of men who, issuing thousands of years ago from the defiles of the Caucasus, travelled west and north during many generations, leaving tribes and parts of tribes on every fertile spot on the journey, till they could go no farther.

As a natural consequence of their isolation, their literature can boast a freshness and spontaneity unknown to that of continental Europe. On the Continent, it was inevitable that the fashions and customs of one country, whether literary or otherwise, should influence to a very large extent its neighbours. Thus it is that the heroes Charlemagne, Arthur and Alexander have made a regular grand progress through all the saga-literature of Europe, assuming, it is true, different garbs from time to time, according to the temper of the people, but still, through all, essentially the same.

But apart from all others stands the great cycle of the Icelandic sagas, the product of a race who lived on the outskirts of European civilisation, who spoke a language no one troubled to understand, who worked out their destiny in their own way. These Norsemen were a daring and valiant race; they boasted gallant fighters and intrepid explorers; they took a proud interest in their own great men and in their own history. Add to such characteristics an innate genius for narrative and a life of romantic adventure, and surely we have all the requisites of a great and original literature.

And in reading this literature, the first prose literature which exists in any modern language, we must not forget that we are reading the history of our own race at a period antecedent to anything like historical writing. We need not be ashamed of our kinship with a people who could boast that "none ever furled his sail for any wind that blew"; who considered there was little true manhood in taking advantage of a man's weakness; who produced women such as the wife of Viga-Glum—the Florence Nightingale of those primitive times.

These Sagas abound in love stories of the utmost pathos. In the stories of the *Volsungs,* we read of *Brynhild,* the war-maiden, who, by the will of *Odin,* is prevented from wedding the man she loves. Driven to a mad frenzy by her sorrow, she compasses his death rather than see him the husband of *Gudrun;* and then—as he lies dead before her—she falls forward on her sword, and, with her last dying breath, beseeches that they may be burnt on the same funeral pyre, so that at least in death they may not be divided and that, as they go up to Valhalla, the shining door that openeth for him shall not swing to and shut her out.

Still more pathetic is the dying speech of *Gudrun:* "O Sigund, remember the pledge thou madest me. Now from the sombre dwelling place among the dead, come forth; lift me in thy shadowy arms and bear me tenderly to the pale kingdoms of Hades."

Most beautiful of all the love tales is that of "Gunnlaug and the Fair Helga." *Gunnlaug* of the Worm Torgue came to Thorstein to learn law-craft but from the first he much preferred to sit at chess with *Helga* than to puzzle over law with her father! *Thorstein,* however, refused to give her him to wife, saying, just as the tyrannical father in the most modern novel might say, that *Gunnlaug* had not the wherewithal to keep a wife, and that the pair were much too young to know their own minds. Softened at last by their united entreaties, he agreed to keep them on probation for three years; if, at the end of that time, *Gunnlaug* should claim *Helga,* they might be free to wed.

So *Gunnlaug* set off on his journeys, during which he visited the courts of England, Ireland, and Sweden. Alas, illness delayed his return beyond the appointed three years and *Helga* became the bride of *Rafn.*

From the moment of the marriage, *Helga* drooped. She would pace about her new home, like a bird in a cage, and reck nothing of the jewels and garments her husband heaped at her feet.

Time went on and her father wedded her to *Thorkel,* a man of substance. Still she sat plucking out the threads one by one; she had no other joy than to gaze upon the fading cloak and pull the scanty threads away. Then she fell sick. One night, as she sat like some pale ghost with her head on *Thorkel's* knees, she said: "Bring me again the cloak that *Gunnlaug* gave me." And when they had brought it, she sat up, gazed at it for a moment, then plucked the last gold threads away and sank back dead.

I have selected one or two of the love stories so as to give you some faint idea of the wonderful delicate workmanship of those great sagas of which they form but a side-issue. In a brief paper such as this, it would be an utter impossibility to do anything like justice to these sagas as a whole — to these sagas which can boast tales of adventure and of battle as fine as the Odyssey and the Iliad, love stories rivalled only by *Tristam* and *Lancelot* and the best ghost-tales in the world.

Surely it is these little side-issues, these pieces of delicate tracery that show the master hand. Every here and there throughout the sagas, we come upon little things which none but a genius would have mentioned, and which yet put the crowning touches to the characters and turn them for us from stilted images to real creatures of flesh and blood. It may be well to mention a few more of these.

Thorfinn's wife takes advantage of her husband's absence to indulge in an extra period of spring cleaning. When the *Berserkers* invade her dwelling, her first thought is not of the personal danger of herself—no—it is of the dirt the men's boots will make in her clean and new-decked hall!

Again: *Grettir,* the outlaw, the reckless, remorseless shedder of men's blood, lavishes his affection on an old pied ram, and this pet comes every evening to kiss the bearded warrior good-night.

Once again: We have drawn for us in *Viga Glum* a picture of all the young Vikings, drawing lots to see who shall sit at table beside the *Lady Astrida,* the most beautiful of maidens.

And one closing example: We have the wife of *Viga Glum,* a fit ancestor for Florence Nightingale, coming out after the battle to tend the wounded, no matter to what side they belonged.

These are but a few examples out of hundreds, but I think they seem to illustrate my point.

As I have said earlier. I am making

no attempt to do more than lightly touch on the sagas—each would need a separate paper to itself. Now I pass on to the legends and superstitions which exist even to the present day.

It would be heard to imagine any place more suitable than Iceland as the cradle of wild and exaggerated imaginings. There is something about the broken line of shore, the echoing caves, the glistening glaciers, the rushing waterfalls, the snowclad peaks, that seems to defy one to be devoid of romance and sentiment. Surrounded on all sides by the monuments of power invisible, man peoples the solitude of air and rock and mountain top with beings supernatural.

In the valleys of the interior, away among the deep woods and rich pastures, the elves of *huldra-folk* reign supreme. To the simple shepherd lads, whose hearts she ravishes, the elf-wife appears as a tall and lovely woman with long, golden hair. But her beauty is but skin-deep and her garments cannot hide the emblem of her origin — the cow's tail. So great is the fascination that she wields, that he who comes under her influence forgets everything for love of her; if he follow her to the mountains, he is lost and may forever say farewell to the society of men. As for the elf-man, he may be often seen basking in the sunbeams, but if anyone approach him, he opens his mouth and breathes forth sickness and pestilence.

The legends of the trolls—the Irish fairies—afford to geologists and others a very interesting explanation of various topographical features of the island.

A troll had once taken up his abode near a certain village; but when the people there became pious and went often to church, the poor troll was so desperately annoyed by the incessant ringing of the bells, that he took his departure. Nothing has more contributed to the emigration of the troll folk than the increasing piety of the people and their taking to bell ringing.

Some time later, this troll met a man from his former village and asked him to be so kind as to take a letter back for him, saying that, if he threw it unopened over the church yard wall, the person for whom it was intended would find it.

The man forgot all about the letter for some time; when he remembered it, he took it from his pocket and examined it. Suddenly water began to trickle from the corner! The letter now opened of itself and water came out faster and faster, so that the poor man had to fly for his life. The treacherous troll had enclosed an entire lake in the envelope, hoping thereby to avenge himself on the church and the church bells, that had so aggravated him! God ordered it otherwise, and to this day, the lake lies in the great meadow where the envelope was opened.

This attitude of antipathy to the church was not, however, shared by all trolls. A troll-man and his wife took a great fancy to a certain clergyman and determined to do him a service by taking an island from the sea and adding it to the church property. So they waded out one night till they reached an island, which suited their notions, and, having rooted it up, they proceeded to take it ashore, the man pulling before, the wife pushing behind. But before they could reach the shore, dawn broke in the east and they were turned to stone. And there you can see them in Breidifjördur to this day, the husband troll a tall, thin, gawky rock, the wife a short and stumpy one; and they are called still old man and old woman.

One large division of Icelandic legend is naturally concerned with the sea. According to the Icelanders, the mermaids are all children of Eve, whom she hid away on one occasion when the Lord came to visit her, because they were not washed and presentable, and who were in consequence condemned to be invisible forever.

The seals, on the other hand, are supposed to be the transformed souls of Pharoah and his host, who were drowned crossing the Red Sea, and their number is always being increased by the souls of those who drown themselves. It is only on Christmas Eve that they regain their human shape.

Amongst the Icelanders, as amongst all races, there are legends about the devil. With one of these I will close. The devil had a great hatred for a certain priest called *Saemunder,* and was always seeking to do him an injury. One day he turned into a fly and hid under the skin of a bowl of milk, hoping that *Saemunder* would swallow him, so that he might do him an injury from within. *Saemunder,* however, noticed him at once, caught him up in the skin of the milk, and carried him in a bladder to church. There the poor devil had to stay till the end of the service. It was a very long sermon and, the historian pathetically adds, the devil never enjoyed himself less in his life.

IN LACRYMAE HORTO

By J. D. LOGAN

I WALKED in the Garden of Weeping,
Where passeth the train of Hearts Broken:
Wearily their way they wended,
With heads bended,
Companions of Grief, seeking some token
That Love somewhere lay sleeping
In the Garden of Weeping.

But one there was, and one only,
Of that Lacrymose train,
Whose soul was darker than her dark tresses.
Alone she went, and lonely,
Crooning in minor strain
This song of melancholy:

O cruel Love—Love that blesses!
O cruel Love—Love that stresses!
Daily in my swart hair
The Black Rose of Life I bind and wear
For him, Fond Heart! who sought me,
For him, False Heart! who forgot me.
O cruel Love that leaves me ever reaping
In loneliness
The bitterness
Of thy excess
Here, unwept, in the Garden of Weeping.

BACK NUMBERS

BY HOPKINS MOORHOUSE

COPLEY, the night-man, swore softly under his breath as he went through the "flimsy" that had accumulated over Saturday. Copley down the river in a canoe of a Saturday night and Copley lazily rolling over for another snooze of a Sunday morning was a man who gloated over the fact that Sunday papers were tabooed in Canada; but Copley at his desk of a Sunday evening, picking up the loose ends of the world's news, was a different individual. The stroke of his blue pencil as he "marked" the paper for the foreman of the composing-room was heavy with irritation.

"Fat" McGregor, the sporting editor, who laboured under a perpetual grouch of malignant type, came in, hooked his umbrella on a nail alongside his desk, and grunting his customary surly "G'night," was answered in kind. Even old Tom Jeffreys, who had been on the staff for twenty years, and whose one pathetic weakness was his inability to recognise his declining usefulness —even he was cut short in the middle of another "anecdote" and left to nervously adjust his glasses and in mild surprise put away his little package of bread and cheese in the bottom drawer. A noisy group of printers scuffled up the alleyway. Out in the street beyond the sidewalks were filled with well-dressed people on their way to church.

That was the way things were the night "Cherry" Rutherford first drifted into the *Recorder* office. It was not exactly the psychological moment to ask for a job; but that was what he was after. Copley brusquely referred him to the managing-editor, who might be in soon, might be late, or might not come down at all, as happened to suit him.

"Cherry" sat down to wait.

"Tidy Teddy," the *Recorder's* "cub" reporter, who prided himself on his "keen observation," looked the new-comer over with a critical eye and noted that he was neatly dressed, was "husky" enough to put up a hot "scrap," that his cheeks were cherry-read with health, and incidentally, when he took off his hat, that he was bald on top, except for a few emaciated hairs that alone remained to tell of what once had been.

The *Recorder's* managing-editor was a new man, sufficiently aggressive and with enough individuality to wear his hat on one side of his head without knowing it wasn't on straight. He believed in doing things, and, if necessary, taking chances. Five minutes of looking into "Cherry's" big, soft eyes and listening to "Cherry's" soft Southern accent, and they came out to Copley.

"Here's a young man, Mr. Copley, who's looking for a place in which to settle down, and thinks this town will just about suit him. Trouble heretofore, too much wandering around. Wants to get married this fall. You might see what you can do for him."

And because Copley wasn't in a very good humour, he sent him out

to old man Lumley's, amid the grins of the whole staff. Old man Lumley was a fiery tempered old miser, who lived in a miserable shack on the outskirts of the city. He had been pestered by small boys till he had come to accept the ridicule of mankind as a necessary portion of life, and he dwelt apart, with bitter enmity to all who approached him. He was looked upon as the oldest living citizen, and many strange stories were told of his fabulous wealth and where he secreted it.

"Cherry"—they dubbed him that from the first—Cherry did not get back to the office till nearly midnight. When he did come in one eye was shut, his clothes were torn in several places, and he bore other evidences of a very interesting interview. But he had a story, and next day his two-column write-up of old Jerry Lumley, with its piquant drollery and delicate undercurrent of pathos, was the talk of the town.

Needless to say, Cherry stuck. He made good on everything he was put at. Acting on a suggestion of the managing-editor, Copley sent him on a tour through Western Ontario to drum up the country correspondents. Goodness knows, they needed it—and got it. The *Recorder's* district-page became the paper's feature, a thing unknown in old Jeff's recollection, and he had been handling the correspondence for six years now.

But jealous? That wasn't Jeff's way at all. He was proud of what Cherry had done for the paper; it was always like that with old Tom—the paper first above every other consideration. He had seen it grow from a little weekly sheet of four pages into the foremost daily in the west, "morning and evening, two editions daily!"

He took a great fancy to Cherry—invited him out to his pretty little vine-clad cottage in the suburbs, where the brick walk was bordered with geraniums and there was a garden at the back, to take tea with the "missus" of a Saturday evening. What was more, Cherry went, more than once, and whiled away many a pleasant hour at dominoes in the quaint little parlour, with the clean rag carpet and the mohair sofa. He even went so far as to get up one Sunday morning in decent time and go to church with old Jeff and his "missus," and he did that more than once, too.

The attitude of the rest of the staff was pretty much that of old Jeff. They liked Cherry—liked him in spite of the fact that Copley practically gave him his pick of the assignments. Even "Fat" McGregor handed him a good cigar occasionally, and you'd have to know "Fat" to appreciate just what that meant.

And, as for the managing-editor—there was little doubt that Cherry could stay where he was just about as long as he cared to. Altogether, it looked as if Cherry had indeed found a town to suit him and was settling down in earnest; every week when he got his pay-envelope, he stowed away a portion of its contents in his trunk up at the boarding-house.

Things went along this way from good to better for two months, till the night arrived when the managing-editor called Copley into his sanctum and spoke of reducing the staff. Expenses had to be cut down everywhere if they were to make the showing required by the directors at the end of the year. He thought that one man could very well be spared from the night-staff and what did Copley think about it?

Copley, of course, thought that he could manage; there was Smith, for instance; he could best spare Smith if someone had to go.

But Smith was a young man, who was full of ginger, wasn't he—a hard worker and a "comer"? The managing-editor believed in a staff of bright, young, enthusiastic men. Modern newspaper-work demanded

energy almost above everything else.

Copley knew what was coming then; he had staved the thing off before. He thoughtfully tapped the desk with the paper-knife.

"You mean——?" he ventured slowly.

"Exactly. You know whom. This is the age of young men, Mr. Copley, and the best interests of the paper demand that we infuse into its pages young blood—ginger! life! snap! I'm here to build up *The Recorder*, and you know as well as I do that we have one very weak spot in our night-staff—a back number, in fact, and——"

"Twenty years of faithful service should surely bear some weight, sir," interposed the night-editor boldly. "I have always found Mr. Jeffreys faithful and willing; I always know where to find him, and he has a great deal of experience which younger heads ——"

The managing-editor waved his hand impatiently.

"I'm afraid, Mr. Copley, you are allowing your sympathies to stand in the way of your better judgment in this matter. Sentiment, sir, is all right in its place—essential in its place; but out of its place is nothing but bosh, sir! In this instance, I'm afraid it is sorely out of place, if you'll permit me to say so. A newspaper is run to make money, not to support employees who have outlived their usefulness; whether they have been employees for ten, twenty, or fifty years makes no difference. Facts are facts and business is business and sentiment belongs exactly where it belongs, which is not inside a newspaper-office. Who else is there?" demanded the managing-editor sharply.

"Well——" Copley hesitated. "By order of precedence—there's—I was going to say Rutherford——"

"Rutherford! Best man on your staff! What's the matter with Rutherford? You surely weren't going to suggest——"

"No—— that is, I—he certainly is a good man."

"Sober and always on the job?"

"Yes."

"Industrious?"

"Yes."

"Falls down on his assignments?"

"No, not once, I believe."

"Well then!" The managing-editor frowned.

"I guess if you say so, sir, it will have to be as you suggested," said Copley reluctantly. "But it seems to me——"

Cherry tip-toed quietly out of the exchange-room. He had not meant to overhear the conversation beyond the thin partition, but it had been unavoidable. He went about his work that night more quietly than usual. When he turned in his copy the night editor caught a whiff of liquor on his breath. But Copley was too much engrossed to take particular note of this, and the fact that it was the first time such a thing had occurred escaped him altogether.

A few nights later, however, he noticed that Cherry was behind time. He came in noisily about nine o'clock unmistakably intoxicated. Copley called to him sharply and he went over to his desk, leering insolently as he did so.

"I'm surprised at you, Rutherford," said the night-editor in a low voice. "Better go home for to-night and don't let this occur again. You know the rules of the office."

Cherry went promptly enough. It was two days before he showed up again at the office. It was pay-day, and old Jeff collared him in the mailing-room and took him over to tea at his little home in the suburbs. Whether the advice the old man gave him took effect or whether the kindly benevolence of old Jeff's "missus" had something to do with it nobody could say; at any rate, Cherry was on hand Sunday night sober and clothed in his right mind, and more like his former self than he had been for days.

Yet there was a difference, too,

which puzzled the whole staff. He did not go to church any more, for one thing, and, while he kept himself sober, his breath was frequently tainted. He was more boisterous than he had ever been before and talked noisily of funny escapades in strange places. Hitherto he had been very reticent about his past; but now he talked with zest of how down South he had chased a man with a gun—case of shoot at sight; how he had tramped it to Vancouver and weeded cabbages in a field full of dirty Orientals for a bite to eat; how he had chucked one job here for this reason and another job there for that reason. Apparently he had ridden the bumpers all over the country, and the funny stories he told in his own inimitable way set the staff roaring.

All but Copley. Copley was worried. Cherry was too good a man to see spoiled, and on several occasions he remonstrated with Cherry. But Cherry only laughed in his free and easy way.

He was still doing his work, though, and doing it well at that. If at times a slight carelessness was manifest in his copy, it was not so glaring but it could be very well passed over. He was still *The Recorder's* star man.

So it was natural that when Copley got a private tip on what promised to be the biggest scoop *The Recorder* had ever manipulated, he called Cherry aside.

"Better take a day off, Rutherford, and see what you can dig up," he concluded. "This may pan out to be a ripping sensation, and, again, there may be nothing in the rumour. But the tip's pretty straight, and I rather fancy there's something doing. Go quietly, though. You can report progress to-morrow night; if there's a story at all, try and get it for to-morrow night. If you can swing this, Rutherford, there isn't a paper in the country that won't be open to you. Good luck. That's all."

Cherry left the office at once. He realised that he was up against a big thing that would require all his resources, and there was no time to be lost. Copley's tip was to the effect that the Robertson Loan and Savings Company, the biggest concern of its kind in the city, was on the point of closing its doors; that President Robertson, instead of being somewhere up in the Temagami district on a fishing trip, had absconded; that he had been preying upon the company's resources for years, his defalcations amounting to over half a million dollars.

The sensation which the verification of this would create would be almost unlimited; for not only was Robertson a prominent figure in church and social circles, but his company's business had its foundation in a great co-operative system of weekly collections from small investors, with the poorer working classes as patrons. The effect of the failure would spread throughout a large section of country and would undoubtedly create something very like a panic.

"Gee! What a peach if she's true!" Cherry ejaculated, as the possibilities of the story dawned more fully upon him.

And at that, he had yet to make his startling discovery.

First he paid a visit to President Robertson's residence. He went straight from there to Detective Tommy Allison, and because Detective Tommy Allison knew Cherry for a man to be trusted, he took him down to the morgue and pledged him to secrecy for twenty-four hours. He also accompanied the reporter to private conferences with some of the company's directors. It was a thing that was bound to become public property before long anyway, and on the twenty-four-hour condition and the detective's guarantee, Cherry got what he was after.

"Just one more favour, Tommy, old man." They were back at the police station again. "I want to see you alone for a jiff—important and confi-

dential, and all that, you know."

Allison opened the door to his private office, shut it again, and locked it. They remained closeted together for perhaps three-quarters of an hour.

Old Tom Jeffreys, walking through the park on his way to the office about dusk next evening, was startled at being suddenly accosted by a stranger, who stepped unexpectedly in front of him; he had not noticed the fellow standing by the lilacs.

"Mr. Jeffreys, of *The Recorder?*" he inquired, gruffly. "I want to see you, sir, for a minute on a matter of great importance both to you and your paper. Shall we sit over here?"

The man was leading the way as he spoke to a bench close by and almost hid in the shadow of the trees. Jeffreys noticed that the stranger's trousers were badly frayed and, in fact, his general appearance was exceptionally seedy. The old man sat down timidly, filled with mild wonder and curiosity.

"What I am about to tell you, Mr. Jeffreys, is going to surprise you more than a little; in fact, sir, it's going to astound you. To be brief, I'm going to put you wise to the biggest newspaper sensation this town has ever seen, and all I ask in return is that you'll not try and remember the man who gave you the tip—meaning me, you understand. My name is not necessary. I once worked for John Robertson, of the Robertson Loan Company—not here, though, and where is no matter. I can't tell you, either, how I come to know the facts I'm about to put you next to; but that they are facts you can easily corroborate by going to Detective Allison.

"And now to get to those facts. To-morrow morning the Robertson Loan & Savings Company's doors will be closed to the public. The company is on the rocks—ruined completely. President Robertson has been bleeding the concern for ten years, and it has just recently been discovered that his pilferings have reached the comfortable sum of $536,000. President Robertson has been missing since last Thursday; to cover up this, it was given out that he was away on an official trip. His body was recovered from the river only last night, and it is now at the morgue."

"Good heavens!" gasped Jeffreys, spasmodically clutching the other's knee.

"It's true, sir, every word! When you leave here, go straight to Detective Allison and he will verify everything I'm telling you. You are better able to appreciate the value of this from a newspaper standpoint than I am, who know nothing about the business, and if you'll go and see Allison, he'll give you details.

"For reasons that you can no doubt understand, the directors and the police have been keeping the thing dark, but to-morrow morning the cat will be out of the bag and the company intends issuing a public announcement. I'm giving the tip to you personally, Mr. Jeffreys, because I've been told you are not only a competent newspaper man, but the oldest newspaper man in this burg. Not another paper in the country has a line on this, so far as I know, and I want you to handle it personally; in that you can oblige me and that is all I ask. Go and see Allison. And now, good-bye, sir, and good luck to you."

The man was gone before the dumfounded Jeffreys could extricate his voice from the tangle of his surprise. For fully five minutes he sat there, trembling, in speechless wonder. Then he got quickly to his feet and set out at a shuffling run for the police station.

Copley dropped the paste-brush back into the pot in front of him, snipped off a piece of telegraph with his scissors and scribbled a head; doubling up the "copy," he jammed

it on the hook and uneasily pushed his eye-shade back into his hair. Presently he got up, crossed to the sporting editor's desk and leaned over anxiously.

"S'pose, Mac, you've noticed Jeff hasn't turned up yet? Wonder if anything's wrong—first time this has happened in ages. Call up the house, will you?"

Teddy Brae, the cub, bustled into the city-room with customary noise.

"I say, Mitch, have you seen Cherry to-night? Got a peach of a jag on. Gee; he's orieyed! Worst yet!"

"What's that?" Copley's sharp ears had caught a little of what was not intended to reach them at all. "What's that about Rutherford?"

"I just saw him down street, sir," said Brae.

"Drunk?"

"Well, he——"

"Was he drunk?"

"Yes, sir, he——"

Copley flung down his pencil, went into the managing-editor's office, and shut the door.

"Mrs. Jeffreys says Jeff left as usual three hours ago for the office," reported McGregor when Copley came out a moment later.

The anger in the night-editor's face altered swiftly.

"Mitchell, just chase over to the police station, will you, and see if any accidents have been reported."

The clump of Mitchell's boots had no more than died out on the stairs when a greater noise of stumbling feet came on the ascent and Mitchell burst in again. Behind him, prodding him excitedly in the back, was old Jeff himself.

The latter ran straight over to Copley's desk and clutched the editor's arm, while his voice shook as he poured out the tale of his great find. Copley stared. He did not wait to play with his surprise; he did not wait for Jeff to finish, but slapped him on the back.

"Good for you, Tom! Sit right down and wade in!" he cried, and hurried again into the chief's office. The managing-editor responded as if a fire-alarm had been rung in upon him. He came out, eyes snapping, sharply quizzing.

"Good! Good! Write it, Jeffreys! Sling it hard! Fine business!" He rubbed his hands together, and the chief did that only when he was very pleased indeed. "Here, better come into the exchange-room where you won't be disturbed. Fine business, sir! Fine business!"

They swept the papers off the desk. They got him the best typewriter in the place; they got Mitchell, the fastest man on the staff, to pound it for him. Copley was already out in the composing-room, going over the forms with the foreman and clearing space; every man on the machines keyed himself for a race against time. And tingling with the excitement of the whole thing, eyes bright, head clear, old Jeff plunged into dictation.

Nervously energetic as he was, the staff had never known the chief to show the excitement he did that night. It was past his usual time for leaving the office; but he gave no hint of leaving. He kept bobbing in and out of the exchange-room every little while to see how things were progressing. He leaned over Mitchell's shoulder and read a few pages as they rolled steadily upward out of the machine. If he was a little anxious at first as to how the old man was handling the stuff, his misgivings were soon dispelled; for Jeff was in his old form that night. The managing-editor chuckled as he went out and closed the door.

Every little while the ink-bedaubed "devil" ran in with a shrill yell for "copy!" The assistant-foreman worked like a demon, throwing in leads here, picking them out there, revising whole pages, and rushing them away to the stereotypers. The galley-boy buckled in and pulled more proofs in faster time than he had

ever been known to pull before.

So the record-breaking night wore away until the thing was finished.

The stereotypers were chiseling like mad at the second-last plate and the hour was about three in the morning, when Cherry staggered into the office. His clothes were covered with dust where he had stumbled coming up the stairs. He stood for a moment at the door of the city-room, blinking in the glare of the electric lights. Nobody seemed to be cognizant of the important fact that he was present; Copley did not even look up. Cherry grinned as he lurched across to the desk.

"G'ni', Mizzer C-Copley," he blurted, good-naturedly.

"Mr. Manson would like to see you, Rutherford."

Copley jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards the managing-editor's room and bent again to his proofs.

"Couldn' fin' a blame thing—pipe-dream, thashwha'—whole thing jussa—pipe-dream!"

"That'll do, Rutherford. I said Mr. Manson would talk to you."

"Mizzer Mazzon? Oh, awri'. No needag' mad, ole chap! I zh'll goan zee Mizzer Mazzon thish ver' minute."

He tightened his legs in a strenuous effort to walk with dignity out into the corridor and rapped loudly on the managing-editor's door. The rapping seemed to sober him somewhat.

"Nuthin' doin', Mr. Manson," he began. "The ru-rumour, zir, was w'out any jussifi-jussification, zir."

Cherry tittered vaguely as he noted the managing-editor's frown; it seemed to amuse him.

"You're a disgrace to this office, Rutherford." The chief was plainly disgusted and meant what he said. "To a man in your present condition, sir, the best story on earth wouldn't balance a glass of whisky. Thank goodness! when young scapegraces like you fall down, we still have the old fellows to hold things up! This morning's paper, Mr. Rutherford, will explain my meaning more fully. I am very much disappointed in you."

"Thashawri'," mumbled Cherry, staring vacantly.

"I'm sorry that a man of your ability, Rutherford, should choose to act as you have been acting lately. You are a back number in this office and for back numbers we have no use. I'm sorry to say, sir, that *The Recorder* can no longer make use of your services."

Cherry grinned sheepishly.

"Oh, thashawri', awri'," he mumbled again. "Do' mezhenit; Thashawri'."

He staggered out and softly closed the door behind him. Then he quietly made his way down the stairs—very quietly, indeed, for a man so deeply under the influence of liquor.

Out in the alleyway the fresh night air seemed to revive him to a remarkable degree. He paused for a moment to look up at the lighted windows of the office and he was still standing there when a noisy chorus broke out; the boys were evidently showering congratulations on old Jeff and winding up with, "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow!"

"Poor old devil!" murmured Cherry. "It's the night of his life."

From the press-room came the sudden rumble of machinery. An express-waggon was drawn up at the curb out on the street, waiting for the mail-bags, and an early newsboy ran past him up the alley.

Cherry's chubby cheeks wrinkled in a smile as he pulled out his watch. He had just fifteen minutes to catch his train, and he could buy a paper at the depot.

The WAY of LETTERS

TO many persons poetry is extremely prosaic. It may be a fault of the person himself, but more likely is it a fault of the poet. However that may be, it is not the author's fault if a recent volume of "Irish Poems," by Arthur Stringer, fails to give delight. These poems are imbued with the mirth and abandon, the madness and the sadness of the Irish people. Coming from a writer of Mr. Stringer's standing, they must be regarded as the outcome of a direct literary design, and yet within themselves they display the qualities of spontaneity and emotion. One is convinced that Mr. Stringer has interpreted Irish sentiment well, and he has performed the difficult task of expressing it in suitable verse form, lyrically, delightfully, artistically. It is perhaps for their artistic excellence that these poems can be most praised, but everyone, whether Irish or not, will sympathise with their pathos, smile at their naïveté, and respond heartily to their soft, limpid music. They are quite different from the class of poetry that Mr. Stringer has produced heretofore, and are therefore an evidence of this author's versatility and enterprise. It would be a pleasure to quote from "The Philanderer," "The Sisterhood," and "Wimmin Folk" as examples of what the volume contains, but we shall instead quote one poem in full:

THE MEETING

I'd niver seen the face av her;
  And she knew naught av me.
She'd fared that day from Shela Hills,
  And I'd swung in from sea.

It may have been the warm, soft night,
  The soft and moitherin' moon!
It may have been the lonely streets
  And the ould sea's lonely chune!

It may have all been doomed, in faith,
  For many an' many a year,
That soft and mad and wishtful night
  Without a laugh or tear!

She helt me face betwixt her hands,
  And out av wishtful eyes
For long she watched me sunburnt face
  Wid wonder and surprise.

For long against her quiet breast
  She helt me throubled head;
And when I kisst her shmilin' mouth,
  "Ye'll ne'er come back!" she said.

And out she fared to Shela Hills,
  And I swung back to sea;
But och, the ache and loneliness
  That wan night left wid me!

MR. ARTHUR STRINGER, WHOSE LATEST VOLUME, "IRISH POEMS" IS HERE REVIEWED, RAKING HAY ON HIS FARM AT CEDAR SPRINGS, ONTARIO

IN the Early Victoria days, the foolish heroine, of whom *Amelia Sedley* is an extreme example, was widely popular. The timid and clinging young creature, in white muslin and fluttering ribbons, who wept on the slightest provocation, was found in every "best seller." She was, naturally, all affection, and usually attached herself to a man of the bully type. The worse he treated her, the closer she clung and the more she wept.

The white muslin girl has seen several successors, and the modern American heroine, of many dollars and *insouciant* manner is probably the prevalent type in the fiction of 1911. It has remained for certain modern English novelists to give us the fool hero—Mr. Maurice Hewlett, in "The Fool Errant;" Mr. J. Locke, in "The Morals of Marcus" and other sprightly narratives. Mr. E. Temple Thurston is hardly to be ranked with the aforementioned writers, but in his latest work of light fiction, "The Garden of Resurrection," he has depicted a hero of the fool variety, whose fatuity is well nigh incredible. This amazing character undertakes a trip to Ireland, in order to save an utterly unknown heroine from marrying a young scamp who has talked of his designs on her money. The latter makes known his intention during a café conversation which the hero is unlucky enough to overhear. The young *Clarissa,* quite as a matter of course, scouts the advice and proceeds to various acts of recklessness. She has a dusky ancestress among her forbears, which may account for a shady streak in her character. *Clarissa's* lack of restraint results in the traditional way, when she throws herself successfully on the tender mercies of the fool hero—who, by the way, was just contemplating a voluntary exit from this vale of tears. The characters are tawdry and unwholesome, with the exception of *Cruikshank* and his whimsical wife, *Bellwattle.* The writer's sympathy with the life of the garden is charmingly expressed, and the hero's splendid dog, *Dandy,* goes far towards redeeming a rather stupid story. The reader will remember the daffodils and *Dandy* long after the troubles of the lachrymose heroine and the vapourings of the flabby hero are forgotten. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

ROBERT J. C. STEAD'S third volume, "Prairie Born," is scarcely an advance from his first works, "The Empire Builders" and "Prairie Flowers." There are some pretty good things in it, and some that are not good. So many volumes of verse are marred by a few numbers that might so well have been left out! In this volume there are several ballads that will be popular, but their "swing" is so familiar, so reminiscent, that one wonders when this style of ballad will end. We have had a good deal of it in Canada. Here is a stanza from "The "Squad of One":

Sergeant Blue of the Mounted Police was
a so-so kind of guy;
He swore a bit, and he lied a bit, and
he boozed a bit on the sly,
But he held the post at Snake Creek
Bend for country and home and
God,
And he cursed the first and forgot the
rest—which wasn't the least bit
odd.

And here is a stanza from "The Mothering":

I had lain untrod for a million years from
the line to the Arctic sea;
I had dreamed strange dreams of the
vast unknown,
Of the lisping wind and the dancing
zone,
Where the Northland fairies' feet had
flown,
And it all seemed good to me.

But, as we have already said, there is a "swing" to these things, and the public seems to like it. (Toronto: William Briggs).

IT must call for much patience and study to master the requirements of the modern novel that deals with the old court scenes. There is a succinctness of dialogue, a veiled repartee, a tangle of intrigue, and withal a courtliness of antagonism that is demanded here as nowhere else. To fail in any part makes the book the worst of failures, to be recognised as such by even the least erudite of readers. In "The Justice of the King" Hamilton Drummond has not attempted his first novel of this kind of life, and the book shows it. Lacking in incident of any degree of novelty and possibly in characters that appeal, the author has mastered the style of the Louis and French Court narrative in a most creditable manner, and one that will commend the book to the many who delight in the semi-historical novel. (The Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

A SMALL volume of much better new verse than one usually encounters comes from the pen of Sherman C. Swift. It will be found mostly too conventional for the popular taste of to-day, but there are passages that arrest attention, as, for instance, the sonnet entitled "The Lone Mosquito":

Lone haunter of my midnight-darkened room!
What deep dismay, what craven fears are mine,
As on my ear, athwart the trembling gloom,
The ringing, stinging, pinging, whinging whine
Of thy thin warpipe falls, portentous sign
Of carnage dread, more feared than cannon's boom:
An arrant coward, the conflict I decline
And strive in vain to flee my certain doom.

Like pirate viking on some smiling coast,
Like thieving free-lance on some princely town,
Upon me from the shades thou swoopest down,
Bloodthirsty Pillager! a vampire ghost,
That through the night rich, purple booty rapes,
And with the dawn full-gorged, unscathed escapes.

The sonnets are generally very good, particularly the one entitled "Robert Browning." (Toronto: the University Press).

*

RICHARD REMINGTON, the character developed by H. G. Wells in his late novel entitled "The New Machiavelli," is a person much in discussion just now. That is, of course, because Mr. Wells has presented him deftly to the public. His career is one continuous rivalry between two master passions—the love of statesmanship and the love of woman. In early life *Remington* finds himself married, but he discovers also that he has not yet begun to live, and he begins to seek a career in politics, taking as his model, with some limitations, the early Italian craftsman. But another woman comes into his life, and thereafter he wavers between her and public service. It is a book that has to be read to be understood, and it is one of the literary "sensations" of the season. (Toronto: McLeod and Allen).

*

IN reading "The Path of Glory," by Paul L. Howorth, one is reminded of Gilbert Parker's "Seats of the Mighty." But the reminder is not so much in the story and style of writing as in the time and setting. There has always been a glamour of romance around the city of Quebec, and no time in the history of that ancient capital seems to offer the same opportunity for the exploitation of love and adventure as the period immediately preceding and up to the conquest by the English. The "Path of

Glory" led Wolfe to death and took from France its great American colony. The central figures are *Charles Randolph,* of Virginia, and *Alfrede de Saint-Pierre,* daughter of a French commandant. This novel is thrilling in its adventure and strong in its love scenes. (Boston: Little, Brown and Company).

*

THE charm of freshness and novelty pervades Stewart Edward White's book, entitled "The Cabin." Here is a volume that is merely an account of how the author and a few companions went up into the Sierras and built a cabin there—and a very delightful one it is, too. Mr. White is, as his readers know, a lover of the free, open life of the wild, and in this book he tells of how he has been enabled to enjoy it to the full. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

THE Canadian Annual Review of Public Affairs, of which Mr. J. Castell Hopkins is the editor, completes, with the 1910 volume, which is just out, its first decade as an annual publication. It is the most comprehensive review of our public affairs that we have. Last year was unusually fruitful, and the editor has reviewed such topics as the naval question, and its relative interests, and the death of King Edward with good judgment. The volume is well illustrated. (Toronto: the Annual Review Publishing Company).

*

ONE of the most promising of young American novelists whose first venture, "Queed," is being generously received by the critics, is Henry Sydnor Harrison. His novel consists mainly of a character study, Dickensian in some respects, whimsical and perhaps overdrawn. The style of writing is pleasing, except that the humour is sometimes affected. *Queed* is a grave, conceited young man, one who is made a target for witticisms. He is struggling towards a lofty goal, and is assisted by two young women of somewhat conventional type. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

"UNCANNY TALES" is the title of a posthumous volume of short stories by the late Marion Crawford. The title pretty well describes the contents. These tales have not the terrible uncanniness of some of Poe's, but they are sufficiently so to suit most persons who like that kind of reading. (Toronto: the Macmillan Company of Canada).

*

MANY readers will recall a little book that was widely read several years ago—"The Lady of the Decoration." It was an account in letter form of an American girl's experiences in Japan. Now Miss Adeline Teskey, a Canadian writer, has turned the tables and written the impressions of a Chinese girl in America. Between the two books there is this fundamental difference: "The Lady of the decoration" is the impression of an American girl by an American writer; "The Yellow Pearl" is the impression of a Chinese girl as an American writer thinks she would be impressed. In one sense, Miss Teskey's is a good device for satirising Western conventionalities, and the book (or, rather, diary) is written in a spicy, somewhat whimsical style; but one happens to wonder whether a Chinese girl, who is, after all, half white, would refuse to wear a fur garment decorated with an animal's head or an imitation of one. Perhaps she would, but the question is suggested merely to point out the many difficulties that this author had to overcome if she attempted to do more than mildly scoff at American customs that may be absurd. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

THE WORST OF IT

"I'm sorry you've got to leave Eden and go to work simply because I gave you the rest of that apple," said contrite Eve.

"Never mind," answered Adam. "The ultimate consumer always gets the worst of it."—*Washington Star.*

*

DISGUISED

"You didn't pay the slightest attention to the policeman who warned you about the lights on your automobile!" said the magistrate severely.

"I am at fault, judge," replied Mr. Chuggins. "I'm a stranger in the city and he spoke so politely I didn't think he could be a real policeman."—*Washington Star.*

"Aw, why don't you get a sweater on, and be a real sport." —*Jugend* (Berlin)

ONE OF THE SIX BEST

"John, whatever induced you to buy a house in this forsaken region?"

"One of the best men in the business."—*Life.*

*

RIGHT TO A DOT

"I can tell you," said he, "how much water runs over Niagara Falls to a quart."

"How much?" asked she.

"Two pints."—*The Christian Advocate.*

*

A SLEUTH

Police Officer—"In order that the villain who caught and kissed you in the dark may be tracked, we must set our police dog after him. So to trace the scent you must give Nero a kiss."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

NO TROUBLE AT ALL

"Have you any serious trouble with your new automobile?"

"Not a bit. So far I haven't hit a single man without being able to get away before he got my number."—*Cleveland Leader.*

*

BLACK AND BLUE

"Your husband is not looking well to-night, Mrs. Rhymer."

"He isn't, and I'm not surprised at it."

"No? Has he been overworking?"

"It isn't that so much, it is his originality. Why, that man is struck by so many original ideas that his mind must be one mass of bruises."—*Woman's Journal.*

SHADES OF COLUMBUS!

TEACHER: What is the capital of Ohio? Think carefully; it was named after one of the greatest men that ever lived.

"Jack Johnson." —*Life*

HIS ONLY HOPE

The doctor stood by the bedside, and looked gravely down at the sick man.

"I can not hide from you the fact that you are very ill," he said. "Is there any one you would like to see?"

"Yes," said the sufferer faintly.

"Who is it?"

"Another doctor."—*Judge.*

*

NO NEED FOR THAT

A minister, in an address to other ministers, once said that he thought ministers ought to be humble and poor, like their Master. "I have often prayed," said he, "that I might be kept humble; I never prayed that I might be poor—I could trust my church for that."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

THE REAL TEST

"How," the president of the Fat Man's Club was asked, according to a magazine writer, "did you prevent fraud among your applicants for membership? Didn't some men try to get in that weren't up to the standard weight?"

"Yes," the portly officer replied; "but it was no use. Applications had to be presented in person at the Polk building, fifth floor. There was no elevator. The applicant climbed the five flights of stairs. At the top he met a man who asked: 'Were you looking for the Fat Man's Club?' 'Yes.' 'The main office is on the first floor,' the man said. 'Your application is rejected. We receive no man who can climb five flights of stairs."—*Kansas City Star.*

PROUD FATHER: "Well, my boy, and what kind of sheep do you keep on this farm?"

LAND AGENT (in pupil stage): "Oh, er—big—woolly beggars." —*Punch*

SHADY

He—"Don't you think she has rather a good complexion?"

She—"It strikes me as being just a trifle too impressionistic."—*Scribner's.*

*

GENEROUS

Grandma—"Johnny, I have discovered that you have taken more maple sugar than I gave you."

Johnny—"Yes, Grandma, I've been making believe there was another little boy spending the day with me."—*Harper's Bazar.*

*

THERE WAS A REASON

"It's all very well for you to preach economy," said his wife; "but I notice whenever I cut down expenses that you smoke better cigars and spend more money for your own pleasure than at any other time."

"Well, confound it! What do you suppose I want you to economise for, anyway?"—*The Pittsburg Observer.*

AN EXAMPLE

"Pa, what's a metrical romance?"

"Well, this month's gas bill is one."—*Toledo Blade.*

*

REFUSED TO BE AUREOLED

Sunday School Teacher—"If you are a good boy, Willie, you will go to heaven and have a gold crown on your head."

Willie—"Not for mine, then. I had one of them things put on a tooth once."—*Puck.*

*

NO NEWS

Visitor (who has been going for the last half-hour)—"You know, I'm not physically strong, but I've got good staying powers."

Hostess (wearily)—"Yes, we noticed that."—*M. A. P.*

*

BRIBERY

Mrs. M.—"Who did you vote for?"

Mrs. N.—"I don't remember his name. He gave me his seat in the street car last week."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

*

UP AGAINST IT

"In the days of the ancient drama," said the pedantic person, "performances were given in the open air."

"What a discouragement that must have been," replied Miss Cayenne, "to the man who insists on going out of the theatre to get a breath of fresh air."—*Washington Star.*

*

EXPLAINED

Two ladies, previously unacquainted, were conversing at a reception. After a few conventional remarks, the younger exclaimed:

"I cannot think what has upset that tall, blond man over there. He was so attentive a little while ago, but he won't look at me now."

"Perhaps," said the other, "he saw me come in. He's my husband. —*Penny Pictorial.*

Painting by C. W. Jefferys *Courtesy of Robert Glasgow, Publisher*

AN OLD-TIME POLLING DAY

THE

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L'T-COL. IRVINE AND THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

BY EDMUND MORRIS

THE visit of Lieutenant-Colonel Irvine to Eastern Canada, after a severe illness last winter, recalls to mind the early days of Manitoba and the North-West Territories, when he played a conspicuous part as Commissioner of the North-West Mounted Police. Though of recent years he has been Warden of the Penitentiary of Manitoba, his thoughts hark back to his life amongst the warlike plainsmen of the far West. He and the writer have talked many times of the early history of that country and together have gone over his valuable records.

For those who are interested in the country and who are unfamiliar with the organisation of the police and the reasons which called for such a force, I shall in my sketch refer to existing conditions in the West prior to the coming of the police.

The policy adopted by the Canadian Government towards the aboriginies differed entirely from that pursued by the United States authorities. In the States pioneers and miners pushed their way into the Indian territory, and, through injustice to the natives, wars ensued which cost the American Government hundreds of millions of dollars.* Treaties were made only to be broken by the whites, and, as a result, horrible massacres were perpetrated and hundreds of pioneers killed. In Canada a small armed force was sent into the Indian country to establish law and order, and treaties were then made on fair and just terms and without bloodshed on either side. Since then the Indians have been regarded as wards of the Crown.

But, before going further, let us consider the two soldiers who were to command the mounted police and establish military rule in the Blackfoot country.

James Farquharson Macleod and Acheson Gosfort Irvine, who in later life were to become so closely linked together, first met at La Prairie, opposite Montreal, where the post cadets of the Schools of Infantry of Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto were encamped. Again they came together at the School of Cavalry of the 10th Huzzars, then stationed at Toronto.

Macleod, a scion of the ancient clan, was born at Drynoch, Isle of Skye, and

*Bishop Whipple's "The Red Man and the White Man."

his father, who had been Captain and Adjutant of the King's Own Borderers, came to Canada and settled near Toronto. Irvine is a native of Quebec of three generations; the family came originally from the Orkney Isles, and his father, Colonel Irvine, had been Aide-de-Camp to many Governors-General.

Both were noble-minded, determined men, and later were to become fast friends, living and camping together and sharing dangers alike.

Trouble arose at the then far-away Red River Settlement. In 1870 an expedition was sent out under the command of Colonel Wolsley (afterwards Lord Wolsley, Commander-in-Chief of the British Army), and Macleod joined the force as Brigade Major of the Canadian Militia; Irvine also joined as Major of the 2nd Battalion of Quebec Rifles. The expedition arrived at Fort Garry, to find the gates open, Riel and his forces having fled. I shall not refer to the half-breed troubles. They are recorded by British and French historians, and by consulting both sources a fair opinion may be formed.

The forces sent to the Red River were the 60th King's Own Rifles, a detachment of the Royal Engineers and of the Royal Artillery and Army Hospital Corps; the First Battalion, or Ontario Rifles, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Jarvis and the 2nd Battalion, or Quebec Rifles, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Casault.

In the autumn of 1870 the Imperial troops returned to Canada (as the East was then called), the 1st Battalion remaining at the Upper Fort, or old Fort Garry, and the 2nd Battalion at the Lower Fort, or Stone Fort, eighteen miles north of Fort Garry.

Colonel Jarvis was the senior officer in command of both battalions, but he went away on leave, and Casault took command of the troops, with his headquarters at the Upper Fort. Colonel Macleod continued to act as Brigade-Major. Major Irvine was at the head of the Lower Fort, and Wainwright took command of the Upper Fort.

In the spring of 1871 these regiments were disbanded, with the exception of two companies of forty men each of the Ontario and Quebec Battalions, and Major Irvine was appointed in command of these companies, remaining in garrison at Fort Garry.

In the autumn of this year the Fenians of the United States caused great uneasiness. O'Donoghue and other leaders prepared to invade Manitoba. The situation was most serious. It was feared that many of the labourers who had been employed by the Northern Pacific Railway, being now out of work, would join the ranks of the Fenians, and the latter were counting on the French half-breeds of Manitoba also joining with them.

Lieutenant-Governor Archibald had been informed that the Fenians had captured the Hudson's Bay Company's post at Pembina. He consulted with Colonel Irvine and his Ministers and the Colonel was requested to put them out. This officer had a force of eighty men, but anticipating trouble could count on two hundred.

The Lieutenant-Governor issued a proclamation calling upon all loyal citizens to enroll, and the list increased to a thousand. He also wired to Ottawa for reinforcements. Colonel Scott was sent out with two hundred men, and Mr. Gilbert McMicken, who was at the head of the Detective Force of Canada, went to Manitoba overland through the States to find out what was going on. Colonel Irvine and his men had not gone far on their march when a runner arrived with the news that the American troops, under Colonel Wheaton (who held that Pembina was in their territory, the boundary commission not having yet established the boun-

dary line) had captured O'Donoghue and his "Generals," and so the manœuvres of the Fenians and their plans to capture Manitoba came to nothing.

Lieutenant-Governor Archibald had sent Lieutenant Butler (afterwards General Sir William, author of "The Great Lone Land") to inquire into the situation of the outlying districts. In the Governor's instructions he stated that for the last two years reports had been coming in of great disorder along the line of the Saskatchewan, and that he believed it would be necessary to have a small body of troops sent to the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company to assist in maintaining peace and order. Lieutenant Butler travelled through the West and made a careful investigation. He reported murder and rapine, and the danger of an Indian war with the white race.

There was correspondence with Mr. Archibald and with Mr. Morris during their terms of office. The Adjutant-General, Colonel Robertson Ross, made his report, and to all of these Sir John Macdonald gave careful consideration and started the organisation of a force—police in regard to discipline, although armed soldiers—and so the famous North-West Mounted Police sprang into existence. An Act was passed instituting the force. The number named was three hundred.

Colonel French, of the Royal Artillery, who had been in command of the School of Gunnery at Kingston, was offered and accepted command as Commissioner, and Colonel Macleod, who was in England, received a cable to return as Assistant Commissioner.

Lieutenant-Governor Morris, in his despatches, repeatedly urged sending on the force, and in July of 1873, he reported the horrible Cypress Hills massacre. The British Minister at Washington also reported the case. In the spring fifty-five* Assiniboine Indians were killed by United States borderers, whisky traders, who, in violation of the laws of both countries, were selling their drugs to the natives. The body of the chief was treated with peculiar barbarity, it having been impaled on a stake and then placed on a high hill.

Later it was found that these Assiniboine Indians had been suspected of having stolen horses. The traders followed a trail as far as Milk River, then went on to Farewell's trading post in the Cypress Hills, where these Indians were camped, then concealing themselves in a coulée opened fire right into the lodges of the Indians, killing men, women, and children.

This affair quickened the organisation of the force. Lieutenant-Governor Morris wrote to the Minister of the Interior that he "believed the Privy Council had yet not fully realised the magnitude of the task that lay before the police in the creation of the institution of civilisation in the North-West, in the suppression of crime there and in the maintenance of peaceful relations with the fierce tribes of the vast prairies beyond Manitoba."

The organisation was well under way when the changes of Government took place, but the new Premier, the Honourable Alexander MacKenzie, and his Ministers continued the work of the old regime in pushing forward the police.

One hundred and fifty mounted police were sent to Fort Garry, but the Governor sent a despatch stating that such a number was quite inadequate, and a second contingent was sent up. War had broken out between the Crees and the Blackfoot. The Americans also had a conflict with the Blackfoot, and deaths occurred on both sides. The Assiniboines to avenge the late murders burned two posts of the traders and

*The first despatch gave the number as twenty-six. Later reports gave fifty-five. Colonel Irvine places the number at about thirty-six.

the Sioux refugees in Canada were also becoming restive.

An extract of a letter from Lieutenant-Governor Morris to the Premier, the Honourable Alexander MacKenzie, sums up the situation. It is dated Fort Garry, 26th December, 1873: "The Indian question, the American trading and the contending of the Metis of the North-West with the *new régime,* are the problems we have to solve, and I believe that all these can be successfully dealt with. The trading question is a very serious one. There are some eight trading posts in our territories, commencing 100 miles from the Missouri frontier, in the region watered by the Belly and Bow Rivers, and running on to the Cypress Hills, where the murder of the Assiniboines took place last summer. The country is perhaps the most fertile in the North-West, where horses and cattle of all kinds feed themselves, and excellent coal abounds. I am credibly informed that these Americans imported last summer 50,000 buffalo robes, worth, say, $8 each, or $400,000, and to which may be added $100,000 for other furs, or a total of $500,000. They sell whisky, breech-loaders, etc., to the Indians, and, of course, pay no duty. A very serious view of the matter apart from the demoralisation of the Indians is the precipitation of the great difficulties we will have to encounter with the Crees and the Blackfoot, when the buffalo are extinct, an event which, at the present rate of extermination, may be looked for in five or six years."

The second contingent of the mounted police, which had been quartered in the Old Fort, Toronto, was sent on, and these were joined by the others stationed at Old Fort Garry, at Dufferin, the rendezvous.

Lieutenant-Governor Morris and Colonel French had conferred with James McKay and Pierre Levallier, two half-breeds, who knew the West thoroughly, regarding the route to be followed by the police, and the Governor had arranged with Levallier and a hand of half-breeds to accompany the force as guides.

The Northern Pacific Railway survey parties had been escorted by 2,000 troops through the American Sioux territory, several skirmishes and some loss of like took place, and when the international boundary survey passed through the country the Sioux crossed the Missouri in large numbers, to be ready, if their chiefs thought it wise, to fight, as they believed the Americans had induced the English with them to form a rampart against the Sioux, and, in consequence, the surveyors had difficulty with their guides. To avoid all this it was decided the police should travel across the plains more to the north.*

The little force, to the number of 300 men, filed out across the prairie and plains. In close order the cavalcade covered a mile and a half, but on the line of march it usually extended from front to rear guard from four to five miles. Through the heat of July, August and September they journeyed on, and after covering 940 miles, reached their destination, the junction of the Bow and Belly Rivers. The whisky traders had heard of their approach and fled, leaving their posts standing.

En route, at Roche Percée, a troop under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Jarvis branched off, going north *via* Fort Ellice, Fort Pitt, and Fort Carlton to Edmonton, where they were to be stationed in the old Hudson's Bay Fort. When the main force reached the Sweet Grass Hills the Commissioner, Colonel French, and Colonel Macleod proceeded to Fort Benton, in the United States, and on their return French, with two troops, returned East, instructing Colonel Macleod to proceed north-west and build a fort, naming it af-

*Despatches from Lieutenant-Governor Morris.

ter himself. The police often came upon the buffalo, and near the Bow River sighted a great herd of about 80,000. the plains being literally black with them as far as the eye could see.

Colonel Macleod sent small detachments of the police to reconnoitre the upper course of the rivers and open up communication with Fort Benton. He secured the services of Jerry Potts, a Piegan half-breed, as guide and interpreter, and sent his men to work to build Fort Macleod. The Indians in the neighbourhood numbered about 8,000, and this gallant officer and his associates soon won their regard and friendship.

Colonel French had proceeded direct to Fort Pelly, where quarters had been built by the Board of Works while the force were in the Bow River Country, but these were found to be inadequate. The hay was also burnt, so the Commission left one troop only and took the other to Winnipeg and thence to Dufferin, where they wintered. In the spring of 1875 they returned to Fort Pelly and made it the headquarters of the police. Captain Walker took a troop to Battleford, and he and Colonel Macleod, with another troop, acted as guards for Lieutenant-Governor Morris and the other Commissioners when the Indian treaties at Fort Carleton and Pitt were made. Captain Walker and his men then returned to Battleford and Colonel Macleod took his troop to Fort Walsh, which now became the headquarters. Colonel French resigned and Colonel Macleod became Commissioner of the whole force.

Colonel Irvine joined the mounted police as Assistant Commissioner in 1875. He travelled through United States territory by way of the Missouri, in order to trace up the Cypress Hills murderers, and told me of his experiences. After eighteen days in a wretched steamer he decided to strike the trail, and with his man-servant got off at Fort Peck, where the Indian agent arranged for their transport to Helena. They started on their long journey through a country held in great dread by the Americans on account of the Sioux, with whom they were at war. Before leaving, the Colonel was shown the grave of a teamster who was shot down. At night the guide would pitch the tents some distance from the trail, and was careful to make no fires, fearing the smoke would attract the Sioux. *En route,* Colonel Irvine got word of and traced up the principal witness of the Cypress Hills massacre, Alex. le Bombard, a half-breed, who later led the Sioux at Batoche. He accompanied the Colonel to Helena. At Benton they awaited the mail. The great herd of buffalo on their march south had knocked down the telegraph poles, and the connection between Benton and Helena was cut off. At the latter place they found Colonel Macleod awaiting their arrival. The Commissioners laid evidence against the murderers and went to Fort Benton. American troops surrounded the place and the men were arrested and taken to Helena. A lawyer was engaged and a trial followed.

The Commissioners were kept nearly three months trying to get the men extradited, but the Americans would not consent. These men were desperadoes, whisky traders, and wolfers. When the men were released a platform was erected and the defendants made speeches. One said he would wade knee deep in British blood rather than hand them over—then faltered, and a little man, whose legs were very unsteady, hurled his hat in the air, and said next to the Stars and Stripes he would rather live under the Union Jack. The legs gave out and he was hoisted up to say, "Remember, no matter whether they are Indians or Negroes if they are British subjects they are protected." The hat was again thrown up and the legs gave out altogether. The erect figures of the Commissioners amongst these must have made a striking picture. They learned

that three of those implicated in the murder were still in Canadian territory, and when they were captured Colonel Irvine took them to Winnipeg. He found the trial could not take place until the spring, and wired to Ottawa for permission to return to God's country, as he calls Alberta. He went by way of Wood Mountain and Cypress Hills.

Le Bombard and Jack, "the man who took the coat," the young chief of the Assiniboines, were the witnesses sent to Winnipeg, but it was found there was not sufficient evidence to convict these particular men, and they were released.

A cause of great anxiety to the police was the arrival of the Sioux. The Americans had long been at war with these warriors, and after their victory over General Custer the Sioux again began to cross the borders, taking refuge in British territory, and camped about Wood Mountain. Many powerful Sioux chiefs came with their following, and finally, in May, 1877, Sitting Bull and his immediate following crossed over. With the arrival of all these warriors, the hereditary enemies of the native tribes of Canada, there was great danger of a general Indian uprising, and the rapid extermination of the buffalo, their only means of support, was driving the Indians to desperation, so that it required the greatest tact and firmness to control the various elements gathered in the neighbourhood of the Cypress Hills. Here were Crees, Saulteaux, Assiniboines, and Sioux. The refugees, the Sioux, had with them their King George medals, and they declared their father had always considered themselves British subjects, and that they would not submit to the rule of the "Long Knives," as they called the Americans. It required the mounted police to be continually on the alert to prevent hostilities between the tribes.

I would refer historians to "Papers relating to the Sioux Indians of the United States who have taken refuge in Canadian territory, printed confidentially for the use of the Ministers of the Crown," 1876-'79. In this is recorded the interviews between the Sioux and the officers of the mounted police. Another work of importance is Captain Denney's Journal, "The Riders of the Plains."

About this time Colonel Irvine came into contact with the notorious Big Bear, the Cree chief, who played so conspicuous a part in the half-breed rebellion. He had stopped the Government surveyors, and complaints were brought to the Commander. He took twenty-six men with Winchester rifles (previous to this they had used Snider carbine), and proceeded to the scene of trouble; arriving at the south branch of the Saskatchewan, a little west of where Medicine Hat now stands, they found a large number of Blood Indians encamped. These had heard of Big Bear's interference with the surveyors, and knew the meaning of the presence of the police. That night the police camped with the Bloods, a fire was burning in the chief's lodge, and presently the braves came and sat around. Then they rose, and, throwing aside their blankets, stood in their war paint, with nothing on but their breech clouts and mocassins, and armed with rifles. Ho! O muket stumix (Bill Bull), Ho! we will go with you. We will kill Big Bear!" they exclaimed. The Colonel withheld his answer until the morning. The Bloods gave their war dance, chanted their war songs, and the warriors recounted their many deeds of valour, occasionally mentioning the name of O mux et sumix, the name which Sapo Maxika (Crowfoot) the Head Chief of the Blackfoot had given Colonel Irvine.

The next morning he told the Chief it would not do to take the tribe, but he might come with one of his braves. The Indians then showed the ford and the party crossed

over, though one of the police was nearly swept away in the swift current. Reaching Big Bear's camp, it looked ominous. The women and children had been sent away. The Colonel ignored Big Bear and went to the tent of the surveyors. Then came Big Bear with a large number of his braves. Colonel Irvine told him if he interfered with the work of the surveyors he would arrest and lock him up in the guard-room at Cypress Hills. A Blackfoot runner arrived at that moment with letters for the camp, and it occurred to Big Bear this was a concerted action between the Bloods, Blackfoot, and the police to attack him. He, therefore, submissively consented to let the surveyors go on with their work, and this was the last time they were interfered with by any of the tribes.

Big Bear had been present at the great Fort Pitt Treaty negotiated by Lieutenant-Governor Morris. He refused to sign, but promised to do so some time. He was then practically deserted by his following, and they joined other bands who took treaty. The Chief wandered off alone; later he was joined by all the malcontents of the West, and became the most powerful Chief of the Crees since the death of the great Chief Sweet Grass of the Plains Crees. He would not settle, and used to frequent the Cypress Hills. While here, Colonel Irvine got word of an attack he had planned to make on Fort Walsh, so that when he came with his braves in their war paint ready to fight, he was awed by the front the police presented. Later he came to the fort, and Colonel Irvine, after much persuasion, at length induced him to sign his adhesion to the treaty; then, after a turn on the plains for buffalo, he started in the direction of his reservation, near Fort Pitt, the country he originally came from. Unfortunately, on his way he met Riel's runners with messages from the rebel leader to meet him at Duck Lake. This he did and the promise of great gain swayed the Chief, and he joined the half-breeds.

One of my most precious relics is Big Bear's own copy of his adhesion to the treaty, which Colonel Irvine gave me lately.

I shall briefly refer to the half-breed rebellion and the part Colonel Irvine took in it.

On the 13th of March, 1885, Superintendent Crozier telegraphed to Regina: "Half-breed rebellion liable to break out any moment. Troops must be largely reinforced. If the half-breeds rise Indians will join them."

The Commissioner, Colonel Irvine, wired to Ottawa recommending that a hundred men had better be sent at once. Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney advised his going north, and on March 18th he left Regina with a detachment of ninety of the police. He passed through Chief Pieapot's reserve, then on through the Qu'Appelle Valley, and into the Touchwood Hills. While camped here, near Great Salt Plains, he got a communication from Superintendent Crozier that Indians had joined the half-breeds, who had made prisoners of several whites at Duck Lake, and that their plan was to seize any troops coming into the country at the north branch, then march on Carlton, then on Prince Albert. *En route* for Carlton the Colonel learned that 400 half-breeds and Indians were gathered at the south branch, Batoche's, ready to stop his crossing the river at Agnew's Crossing.

The half-breeds were enraged at his having out-manœuvred them, having passed through a country in their possession and formed a junction with Crozier's forces. He reached Prince Albert on the 24th, after a march of 291 miles in seven days. He then proceeded to Carlton. On the way he got a despatch from Superintendent Gagnon at that place, stating that Crozier had marched out and exchanged shots with the rebels at Duck Lake, and was retiring on

Carlton, and here he and Irvine met. The Commissioner had now to decide which of the places—Carlton or Prince Albert—was to be made the base of operations. He favoured evacuating Carlton, as he regarded Prince Albert as the key to the whole position. He held a council regarding this, and it was decided that the safety of the country lay in ensuring Prince Albert of being placed in a tenable position. It was agreed that Prince Albert and the country immediately adjoining it represented what might be termed the whole white settlement where the lives and interests of the people lay. The country to the south, already in the possession of the rebels, was composed of their own half-breed settlements and farm lands.

There is no doubt that the presence of the police force saved Prince Albert from falling into the hands of the rebels. The Sioux settled near this place did move on Prince Albert, and abandoned their raid, when in close proximity they saw the trail of the police; besides this the loyalty of many of those at that time about Prince Albert and the surrounding country was not at all certain; these the police kept in check.

The normal population of Prince Albert was 700; now the refugees had increased it to 1,500. It was a straggling settlement, stretching five and a half miles. The Colonel had 225 mounted police and 300 Prince Albert volunteers.

On the 25th of March Colonel Irvine received the following telegram from the Comptroller: "Major-General commanding militia proceeds forthwith to Red River. On his arrival in military operations when acting with militia take orders from him." Subsequently Irvine got a message from General Middleton saying he was then under his orders and to report to him. This Colonel Irvine did.

In some unaccountable way it was for a time accepted as the opinion of General Middleton that the Commander should have attacked the rebels on the north side of Batoche at the same time that Middleton's column was attacking it on the opposite side of the river.

In the first instance Colonel Irvine had suggested to Middleton that their forces should combine, either by the Commissioner going out with his column, or by Middleton joining the police at Prince Albert. This was before the Colonel knew that the 350 men were joined by the 1,000 men following each other in rapid succession. Messrs. McDowall and Bedson brought the Colonel a message from the General which stated that he would engage the enemy at Batoche on the 18th of April. They stated that Middleton's orders for the Colonel were not to attack. On the 19th of April the Colonel made a reconnaisance in force in the direction of Batoche, and pressed forward his scouts, but gained no information of Middleton's troops being near Batoche.

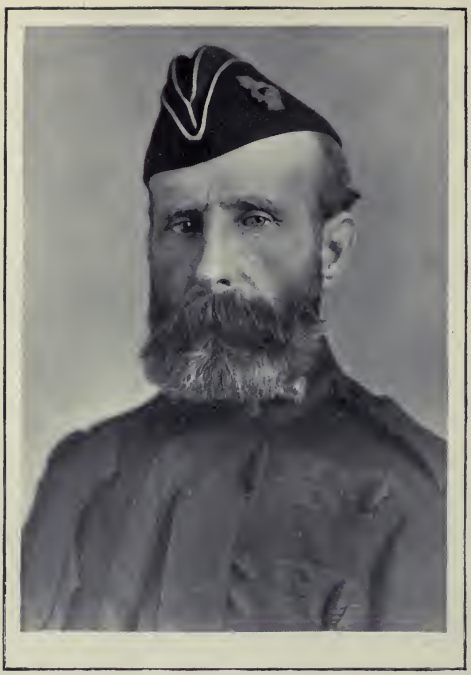
Irvine's scouts brought word that Middleton was moving on Clark's Crossing, and later another of his scouts brought a despatch from the General that he had been attached at Fish Creek on the 24th, had driven the enemy back after a smart fight, but would not repeat. In it he said he had ordered Otter to send a regiment on to Prince Albert if he could spare it.

There was great danger at this time that the rebels would attempt to seize the setlement. I will quote from a letter written in 1890 by Father André, who was there at the time:

"If in consequence of some fatal mistake the rebels had carried the place I am certain that the rebellion would have lasted longer, spreading, as it would have done, upon a greater area of country. You have been blamed, I know, for having stayed at Prince Albert, and not having left the place to join General Middleton, but those so ready to blame your conduct know very little of the consequences invoked in that of leaving Prince Albert. When the rebel-

LIEUT.-COLONEL IRVINE, WARDEN OF STONEY MOUNTAIN PENITENTIARY

lion was over I had plenty of opportunity to see Riel and the men who were engaged with him in the outbreak. Riel I saw every day for four months during his captivity at Regina before his execution, and in conversing with him about the several phases of the rebellion I particularly inquired from him what was the reason that prevented him to come down upon Prince Albert, knowing well what a prestige would have been given to the rebellion, the news spreading over the North-West that Prince Albert had been taken, all the hesitating Indians, Crees, or Blackfoot would have taken arms at once, but said Riel, he was deluded about the force of men under the command of Colonel Irvine, he thought them a great deal more considerable than they were, indeed, but, said Riel, we were expecting the Colonel to leave with his men, Prince Albert, and going to the front to join General Middleton. In that case we have made up our mind to make a raid on Prince Albert, following the trail alongside of the southern branch of the Saskatchewan, and Riel, in a kind of joke, said to me: 'It was fortunate, Father Andre, that the Colonel stayed at Prince Albert, for otherwise you would have received my visit.' Thus, Colonel, you acted as a



LIEUT.-COLONEL IRVINE, AS COMMISSIONER OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

loyal and cautious commander in not moving from Prince Albert. The whole population of the town and that of the surrounding country, which had rushed there for protection, was entrusted to your care, and you would have assumed a terrible responsibility in abandoning us to be attacked the moment you were gone to join General Middleton."

The police scouts were active, often having skirmishes with the men employed on similar duty by Riel, who frequently tried to scout right into Prince Albert.

The personnel of the Prince Albert vounteer companies was made up of half-breeds, as well as white men, and the Colonel could not say enough in their praise.

Middleton did not attack Batoche until the 12th of May. He then defeated the rebels, and brought his force of 1,200 men—scouts, artillery and infantry—to Prince Albert. The Commissioner reported to him he could take into the field a force of 175 mounted men, who, like himself, wanted active service, in pursuit of the rebel Big Bear, but the General considered it more important for the police still to remain at Prince Albert.

Middleton, with a force of artillery and infantry, left by steamer for Battleford. The Colonel then remained at Prince Albert until the 24th, when he took a guard to be posted at the ferry at Carlton. With a small number of men he rode south to Duck Lake, and disarmed a band of Indians camped there. On the 8th

of June, acting under instructions from the Minister of Militia, he started an escort from Prince Albert with forty rebel prisoners, but had to recall these, as he got orders from Middleton to send out as many mounted men as possible to cross the river at Carlton and patrol towards Green Lake, as Big Bear and his band were supposed to be making in that direction. Troops were scourging the country in all directions in pursuit of this rebel chief, but he had been deserted by the Wood Crees and crept along Indian trails between the columns of Irvine and Otter, and was finally captured by a sergeant and three of the mounted police, whom Irving had left at Carlton.

On his return, Irvine found some of Big Bear's followers encamped near Carlton. He arrested these and took them to Prince Albert, and on the 11th he sent Inspector Drayner with Big Bear and other prisoners to Regina. The same day he left for that place himself. The capture of Big Bear was the final episode in the Rebellion of 1885, Riel and Poundmaker having both surrendered.

I have not given an account of the movements of the police force as a whole, but only of those under Irvine's command, and have drawn my account from his report as Commissioner.

The year after the rebellion (1886) Colonel Irvine resigned from the police, and became agent to his old friends the Blood Indians. That to him was an ideal life, and the Bloods cannot say enough in his praise. Later (1892) he became Warden of the Penitentiary at Stoney Mountain, Manitoba. The Colonel told me when he used to visit his predecessor, Colonel Bedson, he thought it the most lonely place in the world and little thought he would spend so many years there, but he threw himself into the work, and the prison is a model. He aims to help those who are under his charge more than to punish them.

Stoney Mountain is a plateau rising above the prairie. At night the lights of Winnipeg are seen from the Warden's broad verandah, and here the Colonel has welcomed many visitors. It was a relief to his friends that he pulled through a severe illness last winter. All honour should be shown to him, for he did much to open the distant West to settlement and quiet the warriors of the plains.

OGUNQUIT BY THE SEA

BY HELEN E. WILLIAMS

ONE summer, while exploring the many headlands about Fortune's Rocks, I happened upon a little cove, where one of the old fisherfolk was mending his lobster traps.

"What is the name of this point?" I asked.

He told me, also, the names of several beyond.

"An' tharn Cape Poppus, whar the lighthouse air," he continued, "an' tharn the Port, whar the grand folks be, an' tharn Kennebunk Beach."

"And then?" I prompted, for his stop seemed to set a period to the conversation.

He ceased for a moment his work of repairing the ravages of the sea, and looked up at me blankly.

"An' tharn?" he repeated, giving his nose a puzzled tweak and shaking his head—"God knows."

He looked out across the sunlit, tumbling waters to where, away down the coast, a thread of gray lay on the quiet sea at the point where sky and ocean meet.

"The end of the world, I'm thinkin'," he added.

I conceived a desire to visit the "End of the World." Every day that summer I looked across at it until the fires of sunset burned low in the west, and Cape Porpoise lighthouse winked out in the twilight and far in the distance the York headlight answered with its steady glow. Next summer Scarboro' and Prout's Neck claimed me. Kennebunk Beach, the following year, again brought me nearer. I wandered over the Webhannet golf links; I followed the windings of the Kennebunk and Mousam Rivers; I flirted with the Atlantic; I "did" the Port, and visited Kennebunk village, four miles away, where I breathed the New England atmosphere of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman and Alice Brown, in all its native mellowness. But late of an afternoon I was pretty sure to find myself among the rocks of Pair Orchard, watching the homing waves come hurrying across from my old fisherman's "End of the World," and seeming to hear in their many uplifted voices a call to come over.

And next year I went.

Ogunquit, at first, is disappointing. One has heard so much about it, and it is so utterly careless itself of making a good impression. During your six-mile drive out from Wells Beach station, the curving silver thread on your left widens and deepens to a ribbon of glancing blue, and far in the distance you see it sparkling about the base of a high bluff, on which a single mediæval-looking castle shines like gold in the westering sun. The bluff is Ogunquit, but the castle resolves itself into nothing more antique than a summer hotel.

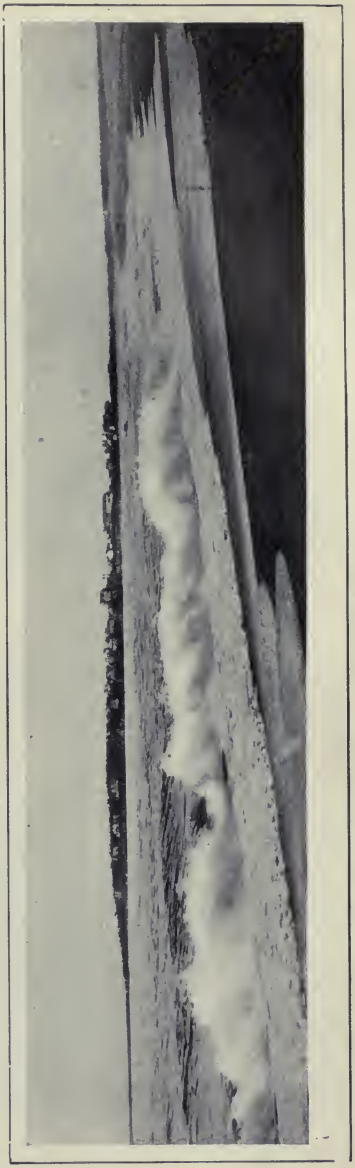
For the first week you wonder what there is about this little, gray village by the sea to make the artist world rave about it, and paint it, and pray all the gods that be to leave unchanged. The second week you begin, vaguely, to understand. Thereafter, the only people in the world whom you really pity are those who from time to time drive away with

many a backward look. To the newcomer, disappointed and blank as you once were, you would like to say:

"I know what you are feeling now. That will pass. You are going to like it. You are going to like it tremendously. But don't lose a minute. Begin!"

For Ogunquit is a place that grows upon one. Newport may be more fashionable, Old Orchard has a longer beach, Kennebunkport and Prout's Neck have more picturesque cottages, Scarboro' is more restful, but Ogunquit has that which these others lack —tone.

You see it, you feel it, everywhere. But it is down by the old fish houses that you come under its influence most. Here Ogunquit River rises with the tide till it bathes the gray feet of the tottering buildings, and, falling, leaves many a curious shell and limpid jelly-fish and feathery strand of seaweed pressed into the moist, corrugated river-bed. Gnarled, patriarchal willows of gigantic girth, and limbs that stand out like the sinews of a man straining in mortal combat offer perennial shade to the artists, who are to be found at all hours of the day sketching and painting the wonderful symphonies of gray. For wonderful they assuredly are. They play upon the imagination like fairy music. The river and the bridge and the sky and the gleaming sand-dunes, green crested, have perhaps suffered a "sea-change." There are days when you doubt their reality, think them an optical illusion. It is all so un-American in essence, so old-world in accent. The venerable figure of Hiram, the old clam-digger, forking up the tidal harvest from the river-bed, with the stolid skill of lifelong practice, might have been the prototype of some of Millet's Barbizon studies. I sometimes wondered that I never saw him on any of the canvases. The strip of blue-green ocean glimpsed beyond the sand-dunes, a sail afar in the distance—clouds of circling gulls—a boat rid-



THE SURF AT OGUNQUIT

THE BEACH AT OGUNQUIT

ing at anchor under the bridge—the old ruin — the fish-houses — these stereoscopic subjects again and again, but the *genius loci*, never, the absence of man and the preponderance of nature being still a distinctive trait of American landscape painting.

Perkin's Cove was to me my Carcassonne. I was forever being told that I "ought to go there." Day after day I left "The Sparhawk" with firmest intentions to do so. But the attraction of the surf along the Marginal Way proved too strong and lured me aside, or I became tired with the long walk, or there was an excursion elsewhere—something always prevented.

Once I did follow the indented coast up and down, up and down, along bay-scented paths, until the Cove lay far down beneath me. But a glance was all I was able to carry

THE RACING "WHITE-HORSES"

away with me. For a terrific thunder shower had followed hard at my heels, and inky clouds were painting lurid pictures overhead, and the oily crest of the breakers were pallid for hermit crabs and star-fish among the barnacled rocks when the tide is out. Very beautiful, and calm, and guileless and devoid of cruel intent. One could look for-

HIRAM THE CLAM-DIGGER

with what was to come. An artist, high on the cliff, was working like one possessed. He did not see me, but as I passed for an instant I caught the expression on his face. It was the look of a man who sees what Robert Hichens calls "That wonderful thing in nature which is God without man."

On the second or third day of "the Line Gale," as the natives call the equinoctial storm, the inmates of all the hotels leave their cheerful open fires, get into raincoats and rubbers and turn out to watch the drama for hours together in the rain, moving only to view from all sides the racing "white horses" charging over the rocks and up the gorges all along the coast. It is a sight not soon forgotten. After a morning so spent one comes to know a little of the awful majesty and terror of the sea. Very different it looks on days one hunts ever down into the pellucid, green-fringed pools, where crabs and queer unknown salt water insects zig-zag over an amber floor thick studded with barbaric jewels. And yet, looking up and out, you see poetry in every breaking wave. Poetry in the dory off the farther point, where the fisherman is hauling in his lobster trap. Poetry in the youthful couples who come here to sit and build castles, which are unlike all other castles, in that they are never, never to fall.

Charming are all the roads about Ogunquit, alluring and full of historic interest. It is to the old Portsmouth road, however, that one turns oftenest. Hardly a road it could be called now, for grass grows rank and unmolested in the middle, and trees almost touch overhead. But it has been a road, and coaches have rattled along it at a round pace in the olden

time, and people, a full score have passed upon their way, where you now meet but one—a lover of byways and birdnotes like yourself. A corduroy road, mossy and soft underfoot, branches off to the left, and following it for a little you presently find yourself emerging upon an elevated ledge, thickly covered with the greenest of overlapping juniper. From this fragrant couch you can look down upon Ogunquit village and watch the stir of life below. People arriving, people returning to the city, little detachments setting out for afternoon bathing on the beach, still others coming back again, driving, and tennis, and that other game where the players are restricted to two—all this you see looking out from among your juniper. Overhead great, filmy cloud ships sail in the blue; lights and shadows play over tree and meadow and far-away hillside; in the woods behind birds break out into song and trill, and whistle, and carol for mere joy of living. Heady nectar of the gods is every breath you drink in. And always, from beyond the maze of sand-dunes, you hear the voice of the ocean, mystic, yet strangely human, soon to come to you fainter and fainter, as you, too, drive away with longing backward glances.

And when the air no longer is strong with the savour of the sea, and the salt marshes have dropped behind, and the meadows have danced scarlet poppies into view, and the solemn procession of White Mountain peaks marches past, you care not greatly for any of these. For ever, in fancy, you hear the waves breaking upon the gray cliffs of Ogunquit calling, calling you back.

ALBERTA

BY CARROLL C. AIKINS

ALL, all is mine, of mountain and of plain;
Of foothills, swelling to the steadfast sea,
Of rolling ranges, where the stampede wakes
A drowsy echo in the distant hills.
My sons have wandered in the lonely ways,
Laughing with shadows of their dearest dreams
Until the silence seized fast their souls
And visions vanished in the clearer light.
The test of silence! God's criterion
Of open hearts at his confessional!
The meed and merit of their naked worth!
The making and the breaking of my sons!
These days are passing. Hark! The measured tread
Of eager millions marching to my gates;
Science shall weave her steel-shod, shining ways
Beside the tardy trails of yesterday.
Houses shall rise amid the golden fields
And new-born cities rear their hopeful heads,
My waters shall be saddled to their use,
My woodland wealth and mountain anthracite.
Alberta's birthright! Long neglected, I!
As some lone virgin-goddess, in whose hands
Still waits the ready recompense, unclaimed!
In largess lies my long-sought heritage.

ST. KATE AND THE DRAGON

BY JANE PRATT

OH, don't leave me! Don't leave me!"

"No, no, we won't leave you. You keep still. You're all right."

Suddenly on the other side of the bed a man's face. "How is she coming on?"

"You must be the doctor. Your coat is white. Is this a hospital? She says not to talk, but I keep talking. My name is Kate Sears, and if my mother were alive I would send her word that I was all right, but there is nobody who will worry. Only Mr. Clarke might like to know. He's at the office, 70 State Street. Could you tell him? He had an important matter after lunch. What happened to me?"

And on the instant the blessed power to be silent held me close.

"You have had an accident," said the doctor, putting his hand on my wrist, "and it was necessary to operate at once; now we are going to take very good care of you. Yes, I will tell Mr. Clarke."

His kindness dropped gently down on me. The head nurse stayed after he went. I lay watching her and her young assistant moving about. The pain seemed an opiate. By and bye somebody pushed up an unfamiliar cotton sleeve. More and more the pain seemed an opiate.

The next morning I accepted everything without wonder or interest. The night nurse came with basin, water, sponge, and towel. I looked for long lines of hospital cots, but I was in a room alone. Later came the doctor. Yes, he had notified Mr. Clarke. That seemed to lift my only care, the thought of the important letter I was to have written after lunch. I tried to remember a little about the accident, but I found it was too hard work, so gave up.

The doctor, a dark, young fellow, with large, delicately formed hands, looked at me as if studying. Was there anybody to whom I should like to have him write?

No—no. Cousin Fanny was in the mountains, and Cousin George—but no.

He observed that thinking wearied me. "No matter; we wo. bother about that now," he said quickly.

As I look back on those first days in the hospital, I seem to have been at that time only a cog in some vast machine. The nurses moved in and out, and the doctor, when he came on his rounds, still studied me with the least bit of a pucker in his forehead. But I was no case of lost identity. I knew that I was Kate Sears, Mr. Clarke's secretary, all alone in the world. The people at the boarding-house had sent to inquire, and Mr. Clarke asked every day over the telephone, the doctor said. For the rest, my back ached, and sharp pains shot through my head, which was bandaged. Sometimes an older man came in and punched and tapped, while my doctor stood by answering an occasional curt question.

But all those first days (I don't know how long it was) I never felt the pity of it, never felt sorry for poor Kate Sears, without a friend in the world to care very much, lying

there with her head bandaged and her back aching.

And then the roses came. The little brown-haired nurse brought them in. She was young, and she held the great mass of crimson jacqueminots pressed against the blue and white of her hospital dress. Her plain face, peeping over them, looked rosy and soft. She smiled as if they fed her youth. Such roses!

"Oh, bring them here, bring them here!" I cried, and gave a quick movement, which sent an agony of pain down my poor back. She put them in my arms, and I buried my face in them. And their loveliness, and the pity of it! I began to cry, even while drinking in their sweetness all the time with a delirium of joy.

"Who sent them? Who sent them?" I asked, yet not much caring.

"There's no card," answered the little nurse, dimpling, "you must ask the doctor."

It was the stereotyped reply to almost all questions, but this time the doctor appeared at once. He looked down at me, smiling at my tears as if I were his favourite child.

"Oh, but Miss Sears, it isn't so bad as all that!"

"Who sent them?" I gasped, fishing under the pillow for my handkerchief.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you," he said gravely. "They are from the man whose automobile ran over you. I hope you'll enjoy them just as much," and he turned and went out.

The little nurse had brought a tall vase and looked gay and girlish as she arranged the flowers. Ether, bandages, and night duty! The jacqueminots seemed just then to suit her better.

The man and his automobile did not stay in my mind at all. But the roses waked so many memories! The morning my mother died, her single white roses in full bloom beneath her window, stole softly in. The day I left Broadmeadow to go to the city to earn my living oppressed me. I wondered if the old friends there knew I was hurt. And then I began to think of last Christmas, the first Christmas alone, and of Cousin Fanny's dinner, and of her guests, and of the bitter ache of my loneliness as the courses came and went. Remembering it all, I began to cry again—the nurse was gone now—but very forlornly this time.

And as it happened, the doctor, who apparently had me on his mind, came in again and found me.

"Now this will never do," he said severely. "Evidently, we ought to have confiscated those flowers."

I was ashamed of myself, and tried to say something sensible.

"I think I'm beginning to realise things a little more," I ventured brokenly. "And why is it I'm in this room by myself? You know I have no money, only what I earn. I ought to be in a public ward."

"The room is paid for."

"By whom?"

"By Mr. Blagdon."

"The man who ran over me?"

My mind really was awake at last.

"His automobile ran over you. His chauffeur was drunk and alone in it."

He paused and then sat down.

"Is it quite impossible for your aunt to come to the city?" he asked.

"My cousin?"

"Mrs. Greenleaf."

Had I ever told him her name?

"I don't know," I said weakly. "Why should she?"

"Your cousin's husband is Mr. George Greenleaf, the lawyer?" he asked.

"Yes."

"He has an excellent reputation. Would you be willing to put your affairs into his hands?"

"My affairs?"

"My dear Miss Sears," he exclaimed, a little impatiently, "you should have damages for this injury."

"Oh, yes. Could I see Mr. Greenleaf? There is no need to bother Mrs. Greenleaf."

After Cousin George's call came Cousin Fanny's box. Small events loom large in a hospital, great ones look small. It was the little nurse again who brought it in, and we enjoyed it together. I was certainly getting to be a perfect child, and Cousin Fanny had remembered my childhood's colour. A delicate, soft, beribboned pink wrapper lay light and fluffy on the top, as if it were the cream of the whole matter; beneath it were slippers, and novels, and patience cards. Cousin Fanny was certainly very kind.

"This has been a most terrible thing, dear Kate," her note said. "Run down on Washington Street at noon! I was laid up two days after I heard of it. I hope George will secure *heavy* damages, but you know he is much too easy. The doctors may say you are doing well, but you never can tell. You must remember your nervous system. It may never recover. There is a lady in the hotel here . . . " and so on, and so on.

"When can I sit up?" I began to ask the doctor, and he always answered something, kindly and cheerfully, quite as if I were his favourite child. At last and at last the time arrived when I really could—and glad enough I was to be helped back into my clean, white bed again.

One day not long after the doctor came in, with that very little pucker in his forehead, and sat down, which he only did when he had something special to say.

"Miss Sears," he began, "that automobile man is making me a great deal of trouble."

"Automobile man?" I repeated, picturing a persistent agent who over-estimated our hard-working house doctor's income.

"Mr. Blagdon, whose motor car ran you down. He comes to see me every day, and he wishes to see you. I can't understand what right he has. I don't know anything about the fellow. Why doesn't he go back West, where he belongs? Now he has handed over his check and your uncle is satisfied, that's all that is required of him."

The doctor looked both worried and cross. I was quite unable to get his point of view.

"Miss Sears," he continued, "you're the best patient I ever had. I don't believe you'd have got on half so well if—if you hadn't made up your mind to. We all feel now that you are going to make a complete recovery. In less than a year you ought to be as well as you ever were. But you've got to go through considerable discomfort, and it has certainly been no joke up to now. I wish you felt more resentful toward this fool who nearly knocked the life out of you with his cursed machine."

He glanced at the roses on the little stand. They were great pink ones to-day.

"I don't know," he soliloquised, "but I ought to have cut down on those flowers at the beginning. I really wish your aunt were here," he finished, with the little anxious pucker.

And then his idea dawned upon me. He was trying, awkwardly, to be a sort of chaperon to his poor little patient, all alone in the world.

"You see," he continued, with an effort at an accurate statement of the case, "the young man has been very much wrought up over the whole affair. He's from the West—Kansas, I believe. He can't understand that his money is all you need. It's a kind of obsession with him that he must see you, ask your forgiveness, I suppose. He seems a good, honest fellow. He certainly has taken the thing very hard."

"If he wants to come, Doctor, what harm can it do?"

"Well, if you say so," rising, "but be sure," and this time he smiled, "be sure to show proper resentment."

As it turned out, I showed no re-

sentment at all. If my heart had been heavy with it, it would have been melted away, for the day the doctor allowed Mr. Nathaniel Blagdon, of Kansas, to see his precious patient was the same day that precious patient was wheeled out through the long stone passages of the great old hospital onto the thick green grass of the hospital grounds. It was mid-October now, but the sun was warm, and the sky as blue as June. Oh, what a sky! I had forgotten the sky. Its beauty was almost too great for me. The grass was thick, and soft, and dark. I wished I could press it with my hand. All over the upper part of the great enclosure were the patients, hurried out, every possible one of them, for the benefit of the warm, quiet October day. And among them I had not only the weight of the beauty of the day upon my poor, unusued personalty, I had to take up, too, the consciousness of myself. I seemed such a little, brown thing! The bandages were off my head now, but my braided hair hung down each shoulder. The frivolous pink wrapper was well covered up with a big, dark hospital blanket. I felt so weak, and so frightened, almost, under the wide, beautiful sky in that hospital blanket that I closed my eyes to shut out the wonder and the fear.

And when I opened them the doctor was coming toward me, the doctor and another young man who looked sturdy and square-shouldered beside him. And then was the time I should have felt the resentment, for this was Mr. Nathaniel Blagdon, of Kansas, I knew at once, and he was straight and well-made, with a smooth-shaven, sunburnt face, and a shock of auburn hair—he carried his hat in his hand, —while I lay with my poor, useless back, pain-racked and shaken, under the hospital blanket.

"Miss Sears, this is Mr. Blagdon," said the doctor.

The young man had been walking with his eyes down, but now he raised them and looked steadily at me. Then a kind of dumb, helpless misery suffused his face. He appeared as if he were going to say something to me, but instead, after a pause, he turned to the doctor, with, "I am most happy that Miss Sears can be out to-day."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I'm very glad."

They both seemed stiff and awkward and unnecessarily solemn, and I felt a glimmer of returning responsibility, enveloped though I was in the big hospital blanket.

"It is very kind of you to call, Mr. Blagdon, and I wish, I wish," I finished frivolously, "I could ask you to sit down."

"You see we furnish chairs only to our patients out here," added the doctor, more lightly than before.

"I—I—prefer to stand in your presence, Miss Sears. I—it's useless to talk; it's too serious a matter for talking about, but if anything I could do, any sort of thing, could make you more comfortable, stronger,"—he broke off, his eyes were full of tears.

The doctor looked embarrassed. This outspoken feeling distressed him as a man and a New Englander. As a physician, he entirely disapproved of it. But to tell the truth, it made more of a woman of me than I had felt myself for a long time. Everybody had been taking care of me. Here was somebody who needed a little comfort.

"Oh, but you mustn't feel so," I pleaded. "They are fixing me up so nicely here. I'm to be as well as ever before very long. And you couldn't help your chauffeur getting tipsy."

"I refused to pay his fine," he blurted out, savagely. "A fine for a dastardly piece of work like that! And I've sold the blasted car—but precious little good that'll do you."

"I don't know how I shall feel when I get better and at work again, but so far, for the most part, I haven't had much emotion at all. You see," I continued, smiling up at the doctor, "they use antiseptics here

to keep out all emotions. Dr. Brand never allows them."

The young man looked at Dr. Brand doubtfully.

"I'm afraid," hesitating, "I shan't be admitted again if I've broken all the rules the first time."

"Oh, yes, you must come up the very next unpleasant day, when we shall be inside, we patients, and there'll be a chair to sit on."

"Then I'll go now to prove I'm trying to deserve your kindness. Would you mind shaking hands to show, to show," he rallied bravely, "you'll think as well of me as you can."

The doctor was silent, except for necessary questions, on his evening visit, but I was a bit excited and wanted to talk.

"Did you think I was too cordial to Mr. Blagdon?" I asked.

"Well, I was wondering what you would have done if he had smashed you to a jelly," he joked.

"Oh, it wasn't that. It was because he was so sorry, and you were so stiff with him."

The doctor grunted, and asked me to turn on my right side.

But I was not to be silenced.

"You know," I continued, "it's just as I told you this afternoon. My ideas have been sterilised a little too much of late. I do need some healthy spiritual germs."

The doctor laughed.

"I'll have to tell that to Dr. Dana. He'll think that's great. Just the line he's working on."

After that Mr. Nathaniel Blagdon came often afternoons. If the day was dull and cold I was in the pink wrapper in my room. If it was warm and bright I was shrouded in the gray blanket and he was comfortably seated on the grass. The doctor gave up all responsibility, quite washed his hands of the whole matter; the nurses joked, but that did not trouble me in the least. The other patients who saw him on the outdoor days regarded him with a pathetic favour. He seemed to bring health and cheer among the shattered folk.

As for me, as I told myself, I did not mind him at all. Which meant that his frequent visits seemed the most natural thing in the world. I began by considering him very much of a boy, and that idea did not depart when we discovered that we were of the same age.

He evidently had made a compact with himself not to speak any more of his sorrow and remorse over my condition. His theory apparently was that I needed to be amused. And he certainly amused me. The stories he told—of his college days, of his experiences in his father's mines, of his sisters, and of his boyhood. He evidently thought his father a very remarkable man, but held a half-concealed opinion that he did not fully understand his only son. As to his mother, he adored her. His ambitions were apparently vague. He thought he could help his father a lot more if he would let him.

It was just a time all by itself. He continued to send me flowers. He brought me books. When I returned one after reading it, he looked distressed, miserable.

"You are not willing to keep it?" he asked, with a sharp pain in his voice. "I—I don't wonder."

"I should like it very much," I said, quickly, and the others that he brought I kept.

If I did not think of the future, I never had thought of the future since I came to the great stone hospital. The autumn rains were setting in, but he still remained in the East, and his reddish hair seemed an individual brand of sunshine, especially good for convalescents. When the doctor came in while he was there they spoke of me with a mutual pride in my improvement. The doctor still had at times that little pucker in his forehead, but it was evident that he could not dislike Mr. Blagdon, of Kansas.

I do not know how much longer it might have gone on if he had not had

a telegram announcing his mother's serious illness. He came to me as soon as he received it. He was pale and quiet.

"I must start West this evening, but I cannot go without telling you I must look after you always. It is all I think of. You must promise to marry me."

"Oh, no," I gasped. He grew whiter and his face looked rigid. "You do not care for me?"

"Oh, yes, yes, but not that. It would not be right. You pity me. You blame yourself. You have been very much distressed by the whole thing. Oh, no, no!" I covered my face with my hands.

He came nearer.

"You do care for me!" he said, eagerly.

"It wouldn't be right. Think how ridiculous! Just because your automobile ran over me! Anybody would see it was ridiculous. A young man like you!"

"I'm two months older than you are," he sulked.

"Oh, but you haven't had such a hard time as I have."

"I had a hard enough time after that confounded accident, when they kept you for three days on the dangerous list—and now," there was a little catch in his voice and he turned his head away.

I knew how much he loved his mother, and I reached out and took hold of his hand.

He turned toward me quickly.

"Oh, I do love you, just you. It's not because I've hurt your poor back. If I could only take care of you!"

He leaned toward me, a sweet yearning and gentleness through all his young strength. I felt myself yielding, yielding.

But something answered for me, "No, no."

He started to go; I felt he could not speak. But at the door he turned and faced me again. I saw he had somehow pulled himself together. There was a bit of whimsical smile about his lips, though his eyes were grave.

"I shall come back," he said, "when you are stronger. I'm afraid it won't be good for you to fight you too much now. Good-bye."

And he was gone.

I put my head down on the pillow of my little hospital bed, and the thorns of one of his roses caught in my hair. It was very lonely.

And just then Cousin Fanny came in.

"Well," she ejaculated, "the way they let you wander about this place and find your own way! If it hadn't been for that nice-looking young man who directed me so carefully! They said you had a caller. Was it he? And who is he?"

"Mr. Blagdon, whose automobile ran over me," I faltered.

"Well, of all the impudence!" exclaimed my cousin, remembering at last to embrace me.

"My dear," she continued, "you certainly do look much better than I expected to see you. I always told you that as long as you didn't go into mourning you might as well wear something becoming. But why is this strange man calling on you? Do you think it quite"—she stopped and looked at me with a more penetrating gaze than I had ever seen on poor Cousin Fanny's face.

"He won't any more. He's gone home to Kansas. He's been very kind."

For once Cousin Fanny was silent, but not for long.

"Well, he ought to be," she snapped. "George thought he was very liberal about the money. He must be rich. But I told him no matter *how* much he paid I never should think it was enough. But you certainly are looking better than I expected to see you. If you only can keep your nervous system from breaking down! This is a good room, but how bare they do have them!

"Well, now, Kate," she went on,

"I've been talking with the doctor—he was called away or I think he'd have come up with me to show me the way—and he says you are going to get completely well, and that you are quite able to be moved any time, and your uncle and I want you to come to us right off, as soon as I get the house running. Mary Foley is coming back, but Bridget has gone to Ireland."

*

A few days afterwards I was installed with ceremony in Cousin Fanny's best guest-room, freshened and crisped to its prettiest in honour of me, poor me, too forlorn then for much gratitude.

I missed the regular routine of the hospital, with its cheerful, impersonal helpfulness. I missed the tonic acidity of the head nurse, and my special little nurse's funny ways, and dear Dr. Brand's railing kindness. I looked at Cousin Fanny's knick-knacks and longed for bare walls. But, most of all, I missed Nathaniel Blagdon.

There was no letter from him. My back still ached. As well as ever in a year? What did they know about that? The truth of the matter is I was a selfish, self-pitying, irritable, unhappy young woman. Cousin George and Cousin Fanny were kindness itself, but Cousin Fanny's advice made me wild. It usually was poor, but none the less well-intentioned because of that.

Mrs. Knightley it was who showed me how to save the day. Mrs. Knightley has a summer house in Broadmeadow, but I suppose I should never have really known her if she had not walked in upon me one afternoon when I was at my lowest, back aching, and heart aching, and only wishing I could die. She was like a sunny day, with a sea breeze in it. Clever, original, lively, awfully good fun, we called her in Broadmeadow, and we were always glad when she and the robins arrived in the spring; but she's a strong angel of the Lord, is Mrs. Knightley, and I found it out in Cousin Fanny's best guest-room.

There's a cut-glass lavender-water bottle there that will always remind me that self-pity is deadly, and a lavender eiderdown puff that will preach courage and a hard control every time I look at it. Somehow or other she made me ashamed of myself, she dared me to maintain a good fight. She stuck by while the struggle was on, too, and buoyed me up when I was bruised and sore after a bad fall. What if my back did ache? It was going to get over it before long. Alone in the world? Nobody was alone. Never see Nathaniel Blagdon again? Well, supposing I never did? I'd got to live somehow, and I might as well make as good a try at it as possible.

It was a hard winter. The worst of it was that I was such a miserable, half-sick thing. There was a picture of St. George and the Dragon at the right of the dressing-table, just beyond the cut-glass bottle, that I used to look at and think about a good deal. There must have been times in the fight when the dragon seemed to be getting the best of it, and how did St. George look then?

It is queer what tremendous efforts we put forth to gain a fair degree of decent behaviour. By spring I was much better, able to walk about the public garden and take a vivid interest in the appearance of the tulips and swan boats, and even soon to do a little shopping down town. I was really getting some colour. I played cribbage with Cousin George evenings and entered with a good show of zest into Cousin Fanny's plans for refurnishing the drawing-room.

*

And now it is the May after the accident. I am almost as strong as ever, and when Mrs. Knightley came to Broadmeadow to open her house she persuaded me to let her open our old house, and dry it, and sun it, and

air it, and put Mary Pringle into it. So here I am in my own room, the great South Chamber, sitting by the open window, where I can hear a humble bee buzzing in the crooked old apple-tree by the back porch. The contorted, low-drooping branches are covered with pink and white blossoms, whose odour comes in between the curtains. It is as if some gorgeous queen's cloak, heavy with jewels and perfume, had been thrown over a poor beggar woman, bent double with racking pains, standing at the gate.

Yesterday I was sitting in the sunshine on the south steps, feeling endlessly old (I'm twenty-seven), but strong, and quite equal to making the best of things. The sun was the warmest sun, just soaking in, and I was looking at the bent trunk and twisted branches of the old apple-tree, covered then, only yesterday, with the roundest, hardest-looking pink buds among the tender green leaves, and reflecting that we were alike, the apple-tree and I, all our racking troubles over, and basking in the sun. I remember there were some robins flying about very officiously, and a little toad jumped out from under the steps and blinked at me in a funny, shrewd way.

And just then Mrs. Knightley came into the yard, bare-headed, and quick, and eager.

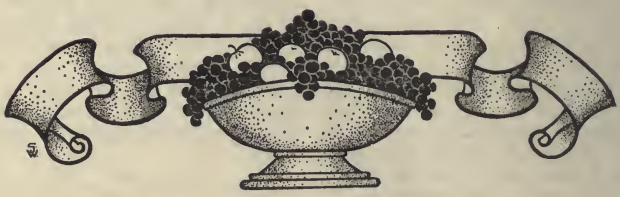
"My dear, you must come over to lunch with us this minute. It's a friend of Charlie's just come. You don't need to do a thing; you look as *nice!* At *once,* or the chops will be spoiled!"

Oh, it's too absurd to tell, quite too absurd! Charlie's friend, *Charlie's* friend, what did she mean? It was *my* friend. It was Nathaniel Blagdon.

Oh, well, why should one get so excited about that? The world, as people are always saying, is very small. It was, as I told myself, a little unsteadily, nothing so unheard of.

As to Mr. Blagdon, he was very quiet through that luncheon and afterwards. He walked home with me and told me about his mother's recovery, and a little about the business his father was putting into his hands now. He seems older and graver, but when he laughs it is just as dear. I wonder if he will come to call to-day.

I don't care about writing any more. I will go and sit in the sun on the south steps. If the little toad comes out I will ask him to tell my fortune. He looks such a knowing little toad!



FREDERICTON AND ITS LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS

BY EMILY P. WEAVER

LITTLE Fredericton, nestling amongst its elms, in the green valley of the St. John, combines within itself many diverse charms. To borrow the description of one of its own citizens, it is "a most complete little city." With this epithet in mind, one catches oneself wondering at each fresh proof of the completeness of this, the smallest of Canada's provincial capitals, as one delights in the delicate finish of a tiny model of some ancient building or complex piece of mechanism. Surely, Fredericton has everything—except rattling street cars and dangerous crossings—which a city and a capital ought to possess. It has so much that many people find in it ample compensations for that lack of mere bigness, which some of us usually confound with greatness.

Of course, the city has its Government Buildings and its Parliament Buildings, erected some twenty-five years ago, in place of the older legislative halls, which had echoed to the eloquence of Wilmot and his fellow-Reformers in their long fight for responsible government. It has, too, its handsome old Government House, the scene in its day of many brilliant functions, and, later, the home and training school for the deaf and dumb of the Province. On the rising ground behind the town stands the home of the University of New Brunswick, a lineal descendant of a college of New Brunswick, which received its charter in the year 1800. On its roll of graduates are many names, honoured in circles far distant from the little capital, but it is only the crown of New Brunswick's educational system, and Fredericton (of which one of the earliest institutions was a grammar school) has schools of all grades, including a Collegiate school and a Normal school, for the training of teachers. Another kind of training school is that for military officers, housed in Fredericton's old Barracks, and "the red-coats" of this small garrison—if we may call it so—lend their picturesque touch of vivid colour to streets and throngs, which, without them, would be by no means sombre. The Court House and the City Hall, the Hospital, and little Wilmot Park are all so many links in the city's claim to completeness; and, last, but not least, may be mentioned the small, but beautiful, Cathedral, built by Bishop Medley some fifty years ago and very recently badly damaged by fire.

Fredericton is withal a calm little city of blooming gardens, green lawns, and high, blue skies, unobscured as yet by the reek of factory chimneys. The waters of the vast St. John serve still, as in the days when all the Province was Indian country, as a noiseless highway to far distant regions, and along the broad stream sweep ever the fresh, pure breezes from the fields and forests. Thus, to

GENERAL VIEW OF FREDERICTON

THE CAPITAL OF NEW BRUNSWICK

shy dwellers in the still country, who would grow bewildered in one of the brick-and-mortar wildernesses, which nowadays seems the typical city, small, peaceful Fredericton bears a friendly aspect; and there many an old farmer, grown weary of his fields, spends the evening of his life in placid content.

Yet, once a week, at least, the quiet is broken. The Saturday market-day brings stir and life and business to the stores and the streets. By seven o'clock on Saturday evening Queen Street, parallel with the river, has become a veritable promenade. A procession of smart buggies, occupied for the most part by lads and lasses agreed as to the old adage that "two is company and three none," pass and repass on the roadway. Less exclusive throngs jostle each other good-humouredly on the sidewalks, dividing their attention between the bright shop-windows and the attractions of their fellow-saunterers. Of course, the same scene may be enjoyed on a Saturday evening in any other prosperous little centre of a district devoted to agriculture; but the stranger would be greatly at fault (as visiting strangers are apt to be) if, judging by such a scene, he classed Fredericton as a mere country town.

The fact that it is and always has been a capital city has impressed upon Fredericton that aristocratic dignity, which the consciousness of rank gives alike to individuals and communities. Fredericton has a history—a long history, as the term applies in Canada—shading off, as all histories and scenes must shade off, into a dim, half-imaginary background.

In this case the background is one of primeval forest, haunted with big game and red warriors; but, to the very horizon, of three centuries ago, we can trace the noble river, flecked with the dim shapes of lightly-dancing birch canoes, which seem to be of the very essence of the poetry of the wilderness. Other relics of the race

we have displaced often hold suggestions gruesome or sordid, but the canoe is the graceful symbol of all that was fairest in the Indians of old—their untaught instinct for

THE ST. JOHN RIVER ABOVE FREDERICTON

beauty, their wild daring, their passion for liberty, and often and often the broad breast of the St. John has borne up a whole flotilla of these fairy skiffs. And still to-day the white men who have succeeded to the heritage of the red—the citizens who occupy the Indians' old camping ground—love nothing better than to entrust their canoes (rarely now made of birch-bark) to the swift current of the great river, or to go exploring in the more sheltered reaches of its tributary streams, the Nashwaak or the Oromocto.

Acadian fugitives from Nova Scotia were the first white settlers at St. Anne's Point, as the site of New Brunswick's capital was then called, and they used to gather for worship in a little rude chapel near the spot where Government House now stands. But the modern city of Fredericton, like that of St. John, owes its existence to the Loyalists. The town was laid out in 1784, the year following the great Loyalist exodus from New York, but it was a difficult task to put up even the roughest sort of houses, and the foundations of the city were laid in misery and anguish of spirit.

Now, Fredericton prides itself on a winter climate far more "steady" than that of the coast towns of New Brunswick. Often when St. John is wreathed with mists or drenched by furious rains, the capital, sixty miles away, is enjoying the crisp, invigorating atmosphere of keen frost. And the mid-winter frosts of Fredericton are keen enough to grip the mighty river with a grasp of ice, and for weeks there is a glassy highway for the flying sleighs, till in the spring the river comes to its own again, with a rush and a roar. Then it flings its ice prison in fragments against the great bridge at Fredericton, till it is a marvel that any work of man can withstand the fury of the onslaught. It is a fascinating sight to see the river in its hour of revolt against its usurping winter-tyrant. It asserts grandly its inalienable right to liberty, but none the less the frost-king has had his triumph, and for weeks the river has lain at his feet, bound, helpless, voiceless.

But not only over the river does

the Frost-spirit exercise his dread magic. He turns the earth to iron, the winds to sharp-edged swords, and woe to the weak mortal who presumes to measure strength with him. Those early Loyalists, in their first months at Fredericton, felt the fierceness of his wrath. Their little crazy huts

HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT, FREDERICTON DEPARTMENTAL BUILDINGS]

became the harsh prisons of ill-nourished, half-clad women and tender children, and many a time death visited them, armed with arrows of piercing cold.

On the whole, however, the Loyalists were of the stern stuff that can suffer and endure and from defeat wring victory. They were a resourceful folk, many of whom had served their apprenticeship in the struggle with nature in New England, and had learned to force subsistence out of a grudging land. Thus, in the rich valley of the St. John, their triumph was only a question of time, and the old letters of the period often reveal a brave gaiety of spirit, which foreshadows victory.

In the "Winslow Papers," ably edited by Rev. W. O. Raymond, we have a collection of such old letters, which show what manner of folk the Loyalists were, not only in battle and council, but in such disheartening tasks as building new homes in the wilderness, often late in life. We see them—women, as well as men—at their own firesides, at their dinner-tables, entertaining friends, or joining in the more general festivity of some ancient, humble ball-room. We even learn something of the cost and trouble at which was obtained the finery so dear to their brave old hearts. We get glimpses into their housekeeping, troubled at times by the unruliness of black "boys" or slaves. We discover that most of the luxuries of life, even books, came from the Old Land, and we find piteous entreaties for something—anything—to read.

It was Thomas Carleton, the first Governor of New Brunswick, who decided that Frederic's Town (as he named the place in honour of a royal duke) should be the capital; and still the larger city at the mouth of the river can hardly forgive him

for his blindness to its superior claims. To balance this, one hopes the Fredericonians are properly grateful to the stubborn old Governor, to whom they owe the greater part of their city's marvellous completeness.

OFFICERS' SQUARE AND OLD BARRACKS

Naturally, the seat of Government is largely the centre of intellectual and social life, and hence, no doubt, the fact that Fredericton can boast a larger number of literary associations than is usual with a town of its small population. Looking through a bibliography of works bearing on New Brunswick or written by authors who had spent some part of their lives in the Province, I was amazed to find how many persons, having some connection with Fredericton, have been haunted with literary ambitions. Many of the names have only been brought to light by the most painstaking research, and, turning over the list of these forgotten writers, one seems to be wandering through a cemetery, where dead hopes and outworn ambitions lie side by side with the poor mortals whom they lured and tortured during life. Here and there, amongst the crowd of humble headstones, moss-grown and scarcely legible, one comes on some more magnificent monument, which, at least for a moment, catches one's attention, though it by no means follows that its subject was worthier than many who sleep beneath grassy, unmarked mounds.

Chronologically, one of the earliest Fredericonians who won a reputation with his pen was the first Provincial Secretary, Reverend Jonathan Odell. He lived in Fredericton for nearly thirty years, but his literary work belonged to an earlier time, when, in the heat of the American Revolution, he used his pen, an effective weapon, on the British side. His style was pungent, his verses bitterly satirical, but his story, as sketched in Tyler's "Literary History of the Revolution," accounts for some acerbity. A descendant of New Eng-

land Puritans, he was in turn doctor, clergyman, and politician. He deplored the action of the British ministry in taxing the colonies, but did not go far enough to suit the hotter "Patriots." After suffering various insults, he was forced to escape to New York, which he might never have reached had not a Quakeress concealed him, when hard pressed, in a dark and secret nook contrived for such emergencies behind the shelves of her linen closet. Throughout the war Odell cheered on the Loyalists with his rhymes, and was long happily convinced that the "mock-States," with their "mock-money" and "mock-troops," would all melt away together. When at last this prediction proved to be hopelessly at fault, the poet turned his back on his native New England, and gave his energies to building up a new British Province in the north, where to the last he showed himself, as Tyler says, "a proud, gritty member of a political party that had been defeated, but never conquered or convinced."

A few years after the staunch old Loyalist's death there was born in Fredericton a boy named John Foster Kirk, who became secretary to the American historian Prescott, and himself wrote a history of "Charles the Bold." Amongst other writers on serious subjects who have lived for longer or shorter periods in the small capital might be mentioned Dr. George R. Parkin and William Francis Ganong, who has worked both in the fields of history and science.

OLD GOVERNMENT HOUSE

Of story-writers, there is special reason in connection with Fredericton in mentioning the name of Juliana Horatia Ewing, not so much on account of the value of her work, though her books for children are as graceful and dainty and quaintly humorous as the most charming of the little people for whom she wrote; but because her letters from her "Canada Home," which have been published comparatively recently, give a most delightful picture of life in Fredericton forty years ago.

Incidentally, the bright, unconventional young lady, impulsive, whimsical, imaginative as a child, and her musical husband, both ready to en-

joy to the full life under its new aspects, must have been a great acquisition to the society of Fredericton during the two years of their sojourn there. Major Ewing came to Fredance in fuel." But this "Reka Dom," as Mrs. Ewing christened it (the name is Russian for "River House") commanded such a view of the St. John that more practical con-

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL

FREDERICTONIANS ARE JUSTLY PROUD OF THIS EDIFICE AND PARK

eriction in some capacity connected with the garrison, having just married Juliana Gatty, the daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman, and one of a family of eight brothers and sisters. Already the bride—a tiny, golden-haired woman, with "deep eyes"—had won a reputation in her special field of work; and she wrote several of her stories at Fredericton. But she was no recluse. She enjoyed the society of the place and its amusements, and I fear that on the other side, "society" must have derived a wicked pleasure from the little lady's queer experiments in housekeeping.

On their first arrival, the couple established themselves in an old house of twenty-one rooms, so difficult to heat that as that useful factotum, the orderly, declared, "it would take a major-general's allowsiderations seem to have sunk into insignificance. Moreover, it was near the Cathedral, which Mrs. Ewing learned to love almost as much as the River and the trees, which are the glory of Fredericton; and the ferry-boat (for it was before the building of the great bridge) stopped opposite their front door. The Ewings made no attempt to furnish their great house (which, by the way, still stands) in any regular fashion. They appear rather to have camped in it, and when they gave a dinner-party, they had to borrow right and left, glass and china and candlesticks, whereby hangs a harrowing tale. The dinner, enlivened doubtless by the sparkling wit of the hostess, was a brilliant success until, at the end of the evening, an extraordinary uproar was heard from the kitchen. Going to see what was the matter, Mrs.

THE FORMER HOME AT FREDERICTON OF THE POET BLISS CARMAN

Ewing found the orderly and a "borrowed butler" engaged in a stand-up fight amongst the debris of the borrowed china, whilst the cook, half-intoxicated, lay in the corner, "a heap of smoking ruins," having crammed a lighted pipe into her pocket.

Mrs. Ewing threw herself with enthusiasm into Canadian ways and Canadian sports. In winter, when the dry, powdery snow covered the fields she and her husband went sleigh-riding or snow-shoeing. In summer they explored the woods for new flowers, and learned to paddle their own canoe on the river by day or night. On one moonlight evening, Mrs. Ewing writes that they "lay to" in the Nashwaaksis, close to a great bull-frog; on another they came down the St. John with the current, their canoe and thirteen others being lashed together, whilst the Major, who was choirmaster at the Cathedral, led the singing, with his paddle for conductor's baton. They both loved the glories of colour in the Canadian landscape; and Mrs. Ewing tried to reproduce them in water-colour, but found the rich tints baffling. She was nothing if not courageous, however, and she often organised sketching parties during her brief residence in Fredericton. Some of her sketches, including views of her beloved Cathedral and the Old Barracks, where Major Ewing had his office, are reproduced in the volume describing her Canadian home, to which I have referred.

Fredericton surely has some mysterious appeal to the poetic side of many minds. Of those half-forgotten writers of early days several strove to express themselves in verse, whilst in more recent years, new poets have arisen not likely to be for-

gotten while interest in Canadian literature continues to grow as it has grown during the last few decades.

Of these later singers of the St. John, of its woods and wild-flowers, of its wide salt-marshes and the weird, terrible sea, the best known are akin in more than their genius and their common love of Nature as she reveals herself in the lovely land of their birth. Bliss Carman, the richly-gifted Roberts family, and Barry Straton are all cousins and great-granchildren of a certain Judge Bliss, who was a cousin of the American philosopher and essayist Emerson. All were educated in the schools of Fredericton, several of the cousins attended the University of New Brunswick, and all are endowed with some share of the poet's gift. Now most of this wonderful "nest of singing-birds" have left their old haunts for a wider, busier world, but still one representative of the family remains, Mrs. Macdonald, who is herself a poet.

The two most widely famed members of this melodious clan, Charles G. D. Roberts and Bliss Carman, have not confined themselves to verse. They have plied the pen in many ways. Mr. Carman has been editor and essayist, as well as poet, but it is his verses, with their haunting phrases and wonderful word pictures, which seem to belong most intimately to the quiet home of his boyhood and to the streams, along which used to flash his far-famed "Red Swan."

As for Charles Roberts, he has won honours in history and fiction with tales of old times and stories of animals, but, if I mistake not, poetry was his first love, and in the poetry of our country many would accord him the rank of laureate.

Little Fredericton has every right to be proud of her poets, and we may well believe that they are proud of her. Who could paint her more attractively than does Roberts, in his lines "To Fredericton in Maytime," which strangely mingles the sweetness of spring with longing memories of summer?—

"This morning, full of breezes and perfume,
Brimful of promise of midsummer weather,
When bees and birds and I are glad together,
Breathes of the full-leaved season, when soft gloom
Chequers thy streets, and thy close elms assume
Round roof and spire the semblance of green billows,
Yet now thy glory is the yellow willows,
The yellow willows, full of bees and bloom.
Under their dusty blossoms blackbirds meet,
And robins pipe amid the cedars nigher;
Thro' the still elms I hear the ferry's beat;
The swallows chirp about the towering spire;
The whole air pulses with its weight of sweet,
Yet not quite satisfied is my desire."

THE KING'S WATCHFOB

A STORY OF INTERNATIONAL DIPLOMACY

BY CAPTAIN LESLIE T. PEACOCKE

I DID not have long to wait, so I knew the matter must be of importance. The outer room was crowded, yet on presenting my card I could see by the searching glance I received from the secretary in attendance and the alacrity with which he delivered it that I was expected. He reappeared almost immediately, and many envious glances were cast on me by the waiting importunates, among whom, as I hastened to obey the summons, I recognised several members of the Upper House and one Cabinet Minister. As I entered, the Prime Minister looked up from the document he was perusing and motioned me to a chair. He appended his signature, added a postscript, placed it in an envelope, and carefully sealed it. He regarded me intently from under his shaggy brows for fully half a minute, and then he spoke.

"Captain Forbes," he said, "you don't waste time."

I hastened to assure him that none of my colleagues did so when the Government service was in question. Our time belonged to it.

"I am going to entrust you with a very important mission," he said, "perhaps a dangerous one. You know Dublin?"

"Yes," I replied. "I was quartered there with my regiment eight years ago."

He opened a drawer in his desk, and took from it a square package.

"Good!" he exclaimed, "I want you to leave for there by the night mail from Euston. I need not ask you if I can trust you with a secret."

I assured him that was unnecessary. He took up the package.

"This," he said, "contains the State jewels, which were stolen from Dublin Castle. You no doubt have heard of the theft."

Who, indeed, had not. The newspapers at the time had been full of it, their recovery despaired of, and many prominent people, peers and government officials, some of them my intimate acquaintances, suspected of the crime. To say I was astonished was to put it mildly. He smiled at my undisguised surprise, and continued:

"I do not believe in leaving in the dark a man whom I trust." (I bowed my appreciation.) "So I am going to tell you all about it. You will be surprised to hear that it is more or less an international affair. As you may remember at the time, the Lord-Lieutenant had as a guest a certain young Prince, you know whom I mean?" (I nodded my assent.) "Well," he contiued, "that young Prince is a practical locksmith; our secret service found that out, and, having the run of the castle, he found the opportunity of committing the theft. He was, of course, never suspected; in fact, was the last person on whom suspicion did fall. Upon investigation, we discovered that he is in love with a beautiful woman of the actress type, whom he has housed

in a sort of splendour at Angoulême, in France, the Prince having rented a chateau at Jarnac, quite adjacent. We discovered that this woman had taken all the stones of value out of their settings, and had them reset to suit her fancy. The old settings we discovered, some having been pawned in Bordeaux, some in Royan, and some in Cognac. Having located them, it was an easy matter to get them back. Our secret service saw to that. The lady was cleverly robbed, and all the jewels in their original settings are in this package."

He paused, and handed the package to me.

"A smart piece of work, sir," I said; "but I don't quite see what danger I incur in delivering them to the officials at Dublin Castle."

The Premier looked suddenly grave.

"I trust none," he said, "but I warn you to be on your guard. Three of our secret service men had charge of their recovery from that woman, and only one of them returned to London. Watson, a Scotland Yard man, was murdered in Tours, and Bowers—you knew him, I think—has been waylaid in some way in Paris. The Prince, you know, as heir to the throne; though kept low in funds by his father, hence I suppose his incentive for theft, has tremendous influence, and has put the secret service of his country to the task of recovering the jewels. They missed the mark in Watson and Bowers, as the third man, little Caswell—you know him also, I think—had them in his possession, and got them safely through. The Prince apparently will stop at nothing to get them back; his blind infatuation for that woman has turned his brain."

I ventured to suggest that if the recovery of the jewels was publicly made known, that the Prince would desist in his efforts, advocating at the same time the cause of several Castle officials who had lost their positions incidental to the robbery.

"That is unfortunately what we cannot do," said the Premier. "Our relations are already somewhat strained with the country to which the Prince belongs, and such an act on our part might precipitate a war. No, we must go slow, and if possible replace them without a breath of suspicion from the public falling on the Prince. Here is a letter to the Chief Secretary of Ireland. He is the only person outside the secret service who knows anything of the matter."

He handed me the envelope he had so carefully sealed.

"That is all, I think," he added, extending his hand, which I respectfully shook and withdrew.

To me the mission appeared a simple one, and it was with unmixed feelings of delight that I anticipated my visit to Dublin, where I had some warm friends, contracted during my period of soldiering in that hospitable city.

Leaving Downing Street, I hailed the first hansom that offered, giving my rooms in Half Moon Street as my destnation. Pondering deeply over my interview with the Prime Minister and the cause and effect of the Dublin Castle robbery, I took no thought of my bearings, until suddenly looking up, I found to my astonishment that I was crossing Waterloo Bridge. Surely I had made no mistake in my directions to the driver? Remembering the mission I was on, and the Premier's advice, I raised my cane, and, cautiously opening the little door in the roof of the hansom, took stock of my *Jehu*. Yes, upon close inspection, there was no doubt he was a foreigner. His high cheek bones, blond hair, and florid complexion betrayed his nationality. That the Prince's emissaries were daring and unscrupulous there was now no doubt. Leaning far forward, I looked behind us, and was not surprised to see that we were being closely followed by another hansom, con-

taining two men, unmistakably of the same nationality as my driver. My experiences of later years, whilst following my present calling, had sharpened my wits, and, seizing the opportunity, as my hansom got blocked in a crush at the end of the bridge, I cautiously sprang out, and, dodging swiftly through the moving vehicles, darted into a 'bus bound for Charing Cross. Fearing to return to my rooms, as I knew I was now a marked man, I left the 'bus in the Strand, and, engaging a hansom, whose driver looked above suspicion, I drove straight to the Naval and Military Club in Piccadilly. From there I telephoned to my rooms, and in less than an hour my servant had delivered to the club a suit case containing everything I should need for my journey and short sojourn in Dublin. I kept within the precincts of the club until the hour of my departure, and, having secured the package containing the jewels, and the letter, to a belt which I wore beneath my waist coat, and enveloping myself in an Inverness Cape, I hailed a cab, and in less than half an hour was the sole occupant of a first-class smoking carriage in the Irish mail. A liberal trip to the guard of the train had secured me that privilege.

Having provided myself with some light refreshments at the club, I found no necessity to leave the train at either Crewe or Chester, and a good book enabled me to pleasantly kill the time until we were within ten miles of Holyhead. Knowing that we were nearing the terminus, I was in the act of consulting my watch, when a sudden jerk, accompanied by a tearing and grinding sound, brought the train, which was fortunately slowing down, to a standstill. In a moment all was confusion, and, leaning out of the window, I ascertained from one of the frightened passengers that some sleepers had been thrown across the rails, nearly derailing the locomotive. Fearing I should miss connection with the Mail Boat, I hailed the approaching guard, who was running down the line of cars, accompanied by an officer in naval uniform, beseeching the passengers to keep their seats, as the obstacle, having been removed, the train was about to proceed. In answer to my inquiries, he told me that the mails had already gone forward, as delay might invalidate the Irish mail contract, and the boat would more than probably leave before we reached the pier. More than annoyed at the delay, which would now entail a loss of twelve hours, I swore roundly at railroads in general, my views being shared by the naval officer, who begged for a seat in my compartment, as the other smoking carriage was crowded. Nothing loth, I asked the guard to open the door, and in a few minutes the train was once more on the move.

My companion, I discovered, was a junior lieutenant, in command of a torpedo boat lying at Holyhead, and at present engaged in the Spring manœuvres. His boat was part of the defending fleet, which had anchored the preceding day. He was a pleasant fellow, and on learning that I had been in the army, we soon fraternised, and I was glad to avail myself of his offer to visit his ship, and partake of his hospitality. I did not relish the idea of knocking about Holyhead in the dead of the night with the objects of my mission on my person, and a British man-of-war, albeit a small one, was as safe a place as I could have wished. He told me that he had been paying a visit to some people in the neighbourhood, close to where the accident had occurred, and gave me to understand his affections were involved. He acknowledged the breach of discipline in leaving his command during the manœeuvres, but pleaded the state of his affections as an excuse.

We found a pinnace awaiting him, and, as all was darkness in the harbour, we got safely aboard his craft without his absence being detected.

He told me he was the only officer aboard, and he apparently took great pride in his command. His cabin and quarters were very comfortable, and from the porthole near which I sat, I could indistinctly define the heavy hulls of several ironclads.

We drank a success to the object of his visit ashore, and he regaled me with an excellent supper, and invited me to accept the hospitality of his bed, assuring me that a short rest on the cabin lounge was all that he required. I was glad of the opportunity for snatching a few hours' sleep in such safe quarters, and, throwing myself down on the bed, which was uncomfortably narrow, I was soon snoring like a trooper.

I could not have been asleep more than five minutes, when I was awakened by the most dreadful uproar. It seemed to me as if all the thunders in heaven were suddenly let loose. I sprang up and opened the cabin door. As I did so, I heard my host give a sharp command, one that I understood—but in a foreign tongue. Scattered as my senses were, I quickly grasped the situation. I was trapped, cleverly trapped, and on board a torpedo boat belonging to that foreign government whose secret service I was trying to outwit.

The harbour, which but a short time before had been plunged in darkness, was now a flood of light, searchlights playing on and around us, and the flashes from the big guns of the ironclads were almost blinding. I realised at once that the attacking fleet had made their appearance under cover of the darkness, and that the ships I had seen lying all around us were trying to beat them off. This mimic battle would give my host an excellent opportunity to escape, as I knew that our own torpedo boats would be rushing to the mouth of the harbour to engage the supposed enemy, and thereby give the boat I was on every chance to reach the open sea without exciting suspicion. To reach the deck and jump overboard was impossible, as the Lieutenant and three of his crew barred my way, and I saw at a glance that the portholes of the cabin were too small to permit my exit in that way.

I had not a moment to waste in thinking, as I had heard the Lieutenant give the command to full steam ahead for the open sea. I knew that he did not suspect that I knew I was trapped, and I might expect his appearance at any moment in the cabin. The situation was desperate, for I realised that if once clear of the mouth of the harbour I was lost, and my life not worth two pins. No man could know what I must know, and live. To think, with me, was to act, and drawing the revolver with which I had been careful to provide myself, I awaited his entrance. In less than half a minute he entered, and, clubbing the pistol, I felled him like an ox, slamming instantly the door behind him. In the twinkling of an eyelash I had ripped off the tablecloth, bound him, and with his own handkerchief gagged him. The boat, now under full steam, was plunging and straining to reach the open bay. To one unaccustomed to the motion of the torpedo boat, as she darted in and out to avoid the many craft, bellicose and otherwise, with which the harbour was crammed, the sensation was far from pleasant, and I found it all I could do to keep my footing.

Having made my prisoner fast, I bolted the cabin door, which, fortunately, fastened on the inside, and, exerting all my strength, I tore the table from its hinges and braced it against the door, backing it with the Lieutenant's sea chest. I was safe for a time, at least, and I was fully determined, if attacked, that my treacherous host should die before I did. On searching him, I found two revolvers, both loaded, so now I was fully armed and ready if need be to sell my life dearly. The Lieutenant, in his present condition, was worse than useless for the furthering of my

design, so, seizing the water jug, I emptied it over his head, reviving him almost instantly.

My only hope lay in promptly convincing him that his case was as desperate as my own, so far as his life was concerned. As his senses slowly awakened, the first object that met his gaze was the barrel of my revolver, and, closly watching his features, I was glad to note that fear was strongly mingled with astonishment at his helpless condition.

Waiting until he had fully recovered, I earnestly addressed him.

"Lieutenant," I said, "you are dealing with a desperate man. I give you my word as an officer and a gentleman that if this boat is not back in the harbour and alongside a British ship in five minutes that you will be a dead man."

From the fresh outburst of booming cannon all around, I knew that we were now in the open, and passing the attacking fleet, and a voice, probably that of his second in command, was calling for my host. If he suspected how matters stood, I knew that my scheme must fail.

"I am going to ungag you," I continued, "and you must stand in the doorway and issue such commands I give you. If you fail to obey me in the slightest particular I shall blow your brains out."

So saying, I loosened the gag, forced him to a standing position, and shoved him towards the door, keeping the cold muzzle of my revolver pressed against the back of his head. I then made him remove the barricades I had placed at the door sufficiently to permit his addressing a party on the outside.

"What are you going to do?" I asked. "Are you going to obey me or are you not?"

The perspiration was pouring down his face, and he was trembling visibly. "Yes," he replied, "but I must give my commands my own way or they will suspect."

"No, you don't," I retorted. "Do exactly as I tell you, or I'll blow the back of your skull in."

I pressed the muzzle home to emphasise my intention.

"Now, round ship," I commanded, "and full steam for the harbour."

He groaned.

"They won't obey that," he pleaded. "You don't understand; they would suspect at once, and my life doesn't count in this. I will tell them to lay to. That won't alarm them, and I will help you to escape. I swear it."

His argument appeared reasonable, so I told him to go ahead. He did so, and the boatswain's reply, in the foreign tongue, which I, fortunately, understood, reassured me that I was so far safe.

"Aye, aye, sir," he said, and issued the order to "lay to," then turned to the trembling lieutenant. "Is everything all right, sir?" he inquired. His officer assured him that it was, and told him to keep the men aft and await orders. He then closed the door, and, with his back still towards me—my revolver muzzle insuring that—he addressed me.

"Captain Forbes," he said, "if you will remove your pistol and help me to put this table back in its place it will be safer for both of us. The boatswain may return for further orders, and it would be well if he found us seated at the table. I am unarmed, so you are quite safe from me. I swear on my honour that I will make no attempt to escape or give an alarm."

I was half afraid to trust him, and he was, as he said, entirely at my mercy. So, still keeping him covered, we carried out his suggestion, and in a few minutes were apparently seated in friendly discussion. I placed him with his back to the door, and faced him, thus commanding the situation.

"Now what is to be done?" I asked.

"Captain Forbes," he commenced, having somewhat regained his com-

posure, "I am not going to begin by asking your pardon for my actions, as both of us know what we are fighting for. At least, I know, and you think you know."

I smiled sarcastically, and muttered, "Go on. I know what I know."

He put his hand to his breast pocket, and I promptly raised my pistol.

"Don't be alarmed," he said, smiling, "I am only looking for my cigarettes," and he shoved the case over to me, lit one and threw his match box across the table. "I say you think you know," he repeated, "but you don't." You think that if you fulfil your mission that a great scandal, probably great enough to provoke a war, will be averted. I tell you, Captain Forbes, if you deliver that package of jewels, which I know you carry, a greater scandal than ever you dreampt of will be the result."

I watched his face intently, but did not interrupt him, so he continued:

"I was brought up in England, and went to school at Harrow, and am as anxious as you are to prevent any cause for ill-feeling between our Governments. You were naturally deceived by my bearing and accent, and you will see that I was the best person in our naval service to be selected for this task."

Here I interrupted him.

"But why," I asked, "does your Government back the Prince up in this? It's a damned outrage!"

He smiled, and then instantly became graver than before.

"I told you that you did not understand," he said. "My presence here has nothing to do with the Prince or those jewels you are anxious to take to Dublin Castle."

Here I interposed by muttering, "Bosh!"

"I know you think so," he said, "but hear me out. The Prince, as you know, is an utter scamp, and has been causing our Government no end of trouble. He has been making himself conspicuous by his open infatuation for that woman in France, to whom he gave those jewels you are carrying. His father has purposely kept him without funds as a means to curbing his desires, and this action of his Majesty is without doubt the cause of his scandalous behaviour and of our secret missions. The Prince is, I am bound to confess, unscrupulous, and I am not trying to defend his conduct."

Chafing with impatience, and fearing that he was trying to gain time by talking, and thereby hoodwink me in some way, I made a motion with my revolver, and told him to hurry up.

"You must hear me, Captain Forbes," he said, "and you must understand that I am trying my best to save you and both our Governments. I have given you my word, and you must trust me. In that package which you carry there is a watchfob; a heart-shaped locket, which the Prince stole from his father, and gave to that woman. Your secret service men took it along with the other jewels, and it is that watchfob which is causing all this trouble."

This information sounded like a cock and bull story, and I so informed him. He answered by telling me I could verify it by opening the package; in fact, that I would have to do so. I told him that I had no warrant for that.

"Yes, you have," he assented. "Listen! That watchfob is of more value to his Majesty than anything he possesses, and he would sacrifice half of his kingdom to get it back. I will have to tell you a secret that no one, except his Majesty and I, know. When you hear it, you will keep it, I am sure. No gentleman could do otherwise. The locket attached to that fob contains a portrait, signed, with endearing words on the back, and the portrait is what his Majesty wants."

His very earnestness almost convinced me that he was telling the truth, so I interrupted him by asking whose portrait could create so much trouble.

"You must know," he said, "because you will have to open that package. It is a portrait of——" (here he mentioned a name which I would rather lose my right hand, aye, my life, even, than mention). "So now," he continued, "you will please open that package."

Utterly astounded, I obeyed him, hoping against hope that he was mistaken, or lying to me, in either of which case I was determined he should die. No man should utter such a calumny in my hearing and live.

My left hand trembled as I broke the package open, grasping my revolver in my right. Underneath the cardboard wrapping was a jewel box, with a spring clasp, which, on my touching, flew open, disclosing in motley array, the state regalia of Vice Regal Dublin. I feverishly plunged my hand amongst them, with one ardent eye on the Lieutenant, whose heart was covered by my revolver, and the other on the jewels.

The blaze of the stones dazzled me, so I dumped the box upside down, and there, sure as fate, lay the watchfob, a beautiful heart, studded with diamonds. My host drew a sharp breath.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "that's it! Open it. You will see I have told you the truth." Still hoping that he was mistaken, I acted on his suggestion, prying the locket open with my teeth, my finger on the trigger of the pistol. If he had calumniated one of England's fairest royal daughters to save his filthy neck nothing could save him now, no matter what the consequences to myself might be.

My teeth soon found the clasp of the locket, and it dropped open in my hand. In a moment I saw that he had not lied to me. I stared at it, and then at him, and placed the revolver on the table.

"Well?" he said.

Utterly dumbfounded, I could only mutter.

"I—er—I beg your pardon."

He held out his hand for the fob.

"Thank you," he said.

"No!" I cried fiercely. "We will burn the portrait," and I snatched it up and sought my pocket for my penknife, intending to open the locket and extract the tell-tale miniature.

"No," pleaded my host, "don't do that, please don't do that. I have kept my word to you. Won't you think of me now?"

"What the devil has it got to do with you?" I cried.

The Lieutenant shrugged his shoulders.

"Everything," he said, "without that I cannot return. Come. Treat me fairly. No one knows this secret but you and I, and no one ever shall. I dare not reveal it, nor will you. We are both gentlemen. That portrait was given to his Majesty, and with the love of Princes we have nothing to do. We are their subjects, not their judges. Come, old chap, do the right thing by me."

He rose, and held out his hand.

Picking up the locket, I rose, too, and with a lump in my throat I gave it to him.

"I suppose you are right," I said, "but it's a confounded shame, the whole business."

The Lieutenant endorsed my sentiments, and, picking my pistol from off the table, handed it to me.

"You have mine, I think," he said. I could not help smiling as I restored them to him.

"I suppose you know," I said, "that it was touch and go with you?" and I patted my revolver.

"Yes," he said, "I knew."

He was a brave fellow, and I admired him then, and as we replaced the jewels in their box and he held the string in place whilst I retied the package securely, I told him that

I hoped we should always be friends and meet often in the future.

Asking my permission, he summoned the boatswain, to whom he whispered the success of his mission, and in less than two minutes we were full steam ahead for Kingstown Harbour. He landed me safely there, and, refusing my offer to run up to Dublin to partake of the hospitality of the Kildare Street Club, whose breakfast menu is second to none, shook me warmly by the hand, and ten minutes later I was waving my handkerchief at a tiny speck on the horizon, which was bearing him at twenty-five knots an hour to the land of his allegiance.

The jewels lie safely once more in Dublin Castle, and on the bosom of my newly-wedded wife reposes a heart, studded with diamonds, a wedding gift from a noble gentleman whose commands are obeyed, and containing an excellent portrait of the giver.

SELF-RELIANCE

By HILDA RIDLEY

IT matters not what bitter words you say,
Nor that your path winds dimly out of sight
Through sunless tracts abandoned of the light,
And that you seem to faint beside the way;
For this has been my refuge and my stay,
That in the dark you must be led aright,
And though the way be long and stern the fight,
You will emerge victorious one day:

When all those bands which wrap and bind you fast
Shall tear and burst, and, falling one by one,
Lie rotting on the ground, and you, at last,
Released, shall know their paltry work is done;
And like a god, leap forth to claim your own,
Naked and unashamed to stand alone.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT

BY ANNE WARNER

"I HOPE that she doesn't go in for politics," the Liberal said to the friend who was extolling a lady's charms; "I hate that kind of woman. Women are women. They don't belong in men's affairs. And when they do meddle they always make a mess."

"Oh, she isn't a Suffragette, if you mean that," said the friend; "or if she is, I never heard of it," he added quickly.

"You think that she may be one?" The tone was all challenge.

"Well—er—I don't know. She is *rather* unexpected."

"What do you mean by 'unexpected'?" The tone was suspicious this time. (And yet the Liberal was truly a most delightful fellow).

"I mean that if I suddenly heard that she *was* a Suffragette I shouldn't be surprised, because she *is* surprising."

"You mean that she is unconventional?" Now the tone had become one of pronounced decision.

"Well, rather. Yes."

The Liberal considered.

"All women try to be unconventional in these days. Does she do it well?" he asked then.

"I believe that it is generally admitted that she does it very well," the friend replied; "indeed, I believe that it is generally admitted that anything that she sets out to do at all she does most uncommonly well."

"I hate unconventional women," said the other man at that. Then—being a Liberal and open to all manner of modern advance—he added: "But I shall like to meet her. You may depend on that."

A week later he did meet her, and during the week following he met her eleven times by accident. There is a centrifugal force of an altogether uncommon quality awhirl when people meet eleven times by accident in one week. It is a force far too little investigated, but, fortunately for all politicians of any party, it exists, and never ceases evolving new futures.

The first meeting had been on a Sunday, and the next Sunday completed the first dozen. It was that Sunday which followed upon the coming of "the thief in the night." She was just descending the steps of a place where, oddly enough, many people had been gathered without any one's referring to the situation. The explanation is that the place was Westminster Cathedral, and the most remarkable thing about the whole affair was that the Liberal should have happened to be passing that instant.

"How very odd!" he exclaimed, stopping to greet her with a brilliant smile; "I didn't know that you were a Roman Catholic!"

"I'm not," she said; "I only go to their church."

Then—although he was on his way elsewhere—he walked home with her first. They talked a bit about that of which everyone was talking, and he condescended to cast a few rays upon her darkness.

"You will be very busy now," she said simply, when he paused in his well-doing of exposition.

"Naturally," he said.

"I don't know just what to say to you as to your chances," she said, pausing at her own door; "you see, I am not exactly with you."

They had never talked politics, and something dire flashed through his forehead.

"Surely you are not a Conservative?" he said.

"No," she said tranquilly; "I'm a Socialist."

Of course it gave him a shock to find out that she was a Socialist, for nice people shouldn't be Socialists. Nevertheless, late in the afternoon of that same day, he made time to go and see her again. It had been a day of more or less stress with speculation and mental discomfort on every side. There are a great many politicians who are so queer in their ways of thinking as to find two elections in one year quite a superfluity of public devotion. These gentlemen made the first Sunday after the announcement of the Dissolution very trying to their friends.

So he was awfully glad to get away from it all, to find his feet upon the stair-carpet of that particular house, to see that particular parlourmaid turning the button of that particular sitting-room door to let him in.

In a single week the room within had grown absolutely familiar to him. He knew every turn of the stucco carving and every twist of the carved chair-legs. The same centrifugal force which was working havic generally within him had printed all these petty details on his mind while he had been thinking of other things. Strange! But then, centrifugal force is a strange affair.

The curtains were all drawn and candles were lit on the chimney-piece and on the two Italian cabinets. There was a fire, for we all know that the thief came upon a night in latter November. It had been bitterly damp and cold without, and the fire was full of pleasure. On a low seat before it, her chin propped upon her hands, sat the Socialist. She only turned her head when the maid announced him.

"I thought that it would be you," she said; "I told them not to let any one else in."

He felt so grateful, so glad of the fire, so generally content with life for the first time that day, that he almost went down on his knee beside her and——

But he rallied at once and took a chair, crossed his legs, and shut his eyes.

"How most awfully good you are," he said. "Oh, I'm so tired!"

"You'd like tea, I know," she said then, jumping up and running to the bell before he could open his eyes. "I'm sure that you must have had it and had it all wrong, but now you shall have more and have it quite as it should be."

So they had tea, and he cheered up amazingly.

"Don't think that I'm depressed over this beastly election," he said presently. "I don't mind it in the least, only it's such rot having the game all over again. I've other ways to spend money—better ways."

"Yes, naturally," she said, in a kitten-like and soothing manner; "but whatever happens we're safe not to have another *this* year, you know." She smiled there, but he took her most seriously and answered:

"I should think not," with the accent on each word.

"And you're so much better off than those in the doubtful spots," she went on. "You can rest easy with your lovely big majority; you don't figure in that horrible column that they keep printing under the heading of 'Possible Gains.'"

He smiled at that, but only a very little.

"One can never tell what will happen nowadays," he said. "Some new wind may blow on the Labour weathercock and give me an opponent after all—a real adversary, that would mean."

She was silent a minute, and then she said:

"I do wonder if I am true enough to my belief to want to see you overthrown by some one of my order."

"Your order? You don't mean that you are actually a Socialist? In very deed?" Then he leaned forward and tried to see her face, but her face was to the fire.

"Yes, in very deed, I am. I subscribe to the whole programme."

"What, for the land and all?"

"Yes." And then she turned and looked at him.

He contemplated her with that kind of smile which exacts more patience from an intelligent woman than anything else that the stupidest man can do.

"You don't really know what you're talking about, my dear little girl," he said pleasantly, and then apologised. "It slipped out before I thought," he explained casually.

A great many men must have called her "dear little girl" inadvertently before, for she didn't seem to notice at all.

"I don't believe that you know what Socialism really is," she said, after a while.

"Oh, yes, I do. I read all their papers."

"Then you are familiar with the Belgian platform, the French platform, the position of Bebel, what has been done in Hesse, what they've driven through in Bavaria, and what Berger declares will come soon in America."

He felt a bit staggered, but, being a Liberal, he only took a sip of tea and said:

"As a general thing, yes."

She looked at him in a most peculiar manner, opened her lips to speak, then looked at him in a quite different manner, and closed them again.

"If you are really and truly a Socialist," he continued presently, "I don't quite see how you manage with society: its conventionalities must gall you very considerably."

"I'm throwing them over rather rapidly," she said. "I do not have a companion, and I decline to wear this year's hats and skirts. Both my ears and my ankles have claims upon my common sense and consideration."

"I never thought about the companion," he said. "Haven't you any one at all living with you?"

"No. Only guests, when I ask them."

"Aren't you—aren't you afraid of being talked about?"

"Not a bit. I know absolutely how to behave, and I do not make friends of either sex unless they know how to behave too."

He pondered this a little, and wondered what would happen to a man who misbehaved. He glanced at her; she was staring in the fire, and she looked very pretty. But then he noticed that her right hand was on the handle of the singing tea-kettle, and something in the sight of the steam pouring out of its spout reminded him suddenly that *he* was conventional—and a gentleman—and a Liberal. After all, the Salvation Army lassies go everywhere. Why *should* she have a companion? He coughed, glanced at the tea-kettle again, and took some more cake.

"I sometimes wonder," she pursued, "just how far one has a right to follow out their own beliefs. It's a bit puzzling at times."

"Yes," he said. "For instance, if I invited you to go north with me and make speeches, you couldn't, of course."

He did not put it as a question, meaning simply to bring her up with a round turn.

"Why couldn't I?" she demanded, turning her face towards him.

He choked on a currant.

"Would you?" he asked when he could speak.

"Yes, if I could do any good. But I don't see how I could do any good. Unless you had a great deal of typing to do? I use a typewriter as well as

a professional. But as to speeches, my convictions are as far ahead of yours as yours are ahead of your opponent's. I couldn't set back the hands of my clock to suit your election needs, you know."

With that she turned her face to the fire again. It came over him with what can only be described as overwhelming irresistibleness what it would mean to have his cold, gray, weary, northward way illuminated by this—this—well, let us say just, by *This*. Of course, being a mere man, he didn't know exactly where he was standing or just what he was approaching, but he did know that—that——

There are *tons* of typewriting to do *always*," he said suddenly, with an emphasis that almost shattered his tongue.

"I don't know why I shouldn't go with you and do it," she said then; "it would be very interesting."

He looked up at the ceiling, but it had *not* fallen. Then he looked at her. Some men—even some Englishmen—can get over a great deal of ground in a week.

"Doesn't that tea-kettle burn your hand?" he asked. The other subject he felt that he must drop.

Her eyes fell sideways as far as the tea-kettle handle, and she shook her head.

"It keeps my hand warm," she said; "I always hold it."

The days passed rapidly while the thief slipped lightly here and there making up his sack of booty. Then the days arrived when the battle began to froth at the cannon's mouth, and every one was up, off and away. A great deal had happened, was happening, was inevitably to happen. All sorts of dust filled the air, all sorts of complications blew out of unexpected quiet back street. Some sheet-anchors became loose and dragged. Some things afloat went ashore. Some parties ran men where they had no chance and picked up somebody else's certainty half unawares. That merry old saw about the foregone conclusion speedily began to back water, and in some places leaked sadly. The Liberal became rather tired and haggard.

"I wonder if it would really do to take you with me," he said one day; and if he had not been so wrought upon by his country's need that he dared not divide his voting strength in such an hour, he might have said more. "More" was dreadfully close to getting itself said every day now. "More" would have simplified things so. But——

"I don't see why not; it's nobody's business but ours," she said. "If it makes too much trouble—why, I'm alone and quite free."

"It would be such a comfort," he said, eyeing her in a way very absorbent of possible comfort. "Of course, there are always other people about—other women, you know; and —oh well, I want you up there with me."

"I could do letters and things," she suggested modestly, "and I'll never interfere." She knew his point of view well by this time; and being very wise she never took any liberties. He was not a man who believed in women having much liberty.

"Yes," he said, "that is your great charm. You never do interfere. You know your place. I've no use for women except in their place." He was very English, and most Liberal—with a big L.

She smiled.

"I'll go with pleasure," she said.

And she went.

It is a very disagreeable trip to make in winter, and that railway which transforms G. B. into N. B. is not the smoothest in the world, even under the best of circumstances. Yet they were very gay about it, and he was obliged to talk politics steadily to keep from feeling unduly exuberant. He went into a lot of details for her benefit, and pointed out all

the common-sense objections to her own creed, even while admitting that he had not read *Das Kapital* in German, and could not disprove any Vandervelde statistics.

"At any rate, Bismarck was driven into all his reforms by our pressure," she said in her sweetly subdued feminine undertone.

"Not necessarily," he declared, and then he made her a truly fine speech on Magna Charta, full of warmth of tone and wealth of metaphor only to be accounted for by the fact that he had to continue talking politics to keep from falling into the temptation of forgetting the premier claim of his party and all else for——

"I don't want to argue," she said finally, peering out at some signals which did *not* wink at her, "but it always seems to me that Socialism is the inevitable——"

Just there the non-winking signals proved their stolidity by being the prime factor in a sudden crash, smash, and wreck. There was a quick chain of hideous jars, a sound of shattering glass, the wrenching of wood and steel, the creaking, rending, and harsh grating that accompanies every railway disaster. The roof above sank suddenly, the cold air rushed in, the Socialist felt herself to be upon the floor of the coupé, and the Liberal was silent, flung down in a heap on the floor beside her.

Outside there were shrieks and wails in the darkness. It is always pandemonium in the very first of an accident. She was perfectly quiet herself and sure that she had not lost consciousness for a single second. Stripping off her gloves she felt about. He was stretched lengthwise between the seats and besprinkled with broken glass. She knew in herself that clear, swift precision of judgment which is priceless in an hour of need, and slipping on one glove to protect her hand from glass-splinters, sent it before the other to search out how he fared. In a few seconds she knew that his head was free; her bare hand touched his face and felt none of the moisture that hints hideously in the dark. She moved closer and bent her ear to his lips; his breathing was very faint. She struggled to get her hand where she could feel if his heart beat, but he had not intended freezing to death on his way to his constituency, and his heart was entrenched and inaccessible. So she drew his head upon her knee and waited quietly.

It seemed a long time, but it was in reality only a few minutes, before the first torches went flaming by. The half-hour after was hell in very truth. The wrecking-train with its wondrous outfit and workers arrived soon, and they placed a jack-screw under the bent and twisted roof and took the Liberal out, feet first. The Socialist followed on her hands and knees, as would perhaps be thought eminently fitting.

Thus he came among his own to "stand again."

"Will he recover?" she asked of the surgeon in the hospital where they carried him.

"Are you a relative?"

"No; I'm his secretary."

"Yes, he'll come out all right," said the surgeon, "but he'll be weeks at it, and the uncertainty as to how he'll pull through will likely lose him his seat."

She went in afterwards and looked at him. They had shaved his head and bound ice-bags on it. His eyes were closed and he was quiet, yet strangely unrestful.

"It's fever," said the nurse, glancing at him as she put her little glass table in order, "he'll sleep soon. He's only out of his head now. Nothing dangerous."

The Socialist drew a chair beside the narrow white bed, slipped her arm beneath te uneasy head and drew it into the angle of the best rest of all, the rest that God and nature devised together for babies and weary, weary men. The head was

still, the lips parted in a single, peaceful sigh; then there was silence, utter and complete.

"I'm his cousin," the Socialist said to the nurse later. As she said it she laughed into the nurse's eyes.

"Come whenever you're able," said the nurse (she ought to have had a Gold Medal, a Blue Ribbon, and been made a member of the Academie Francaise); it'll do him more good than anything else."

The Socialist laughed again, but her lips trembled too. Such a close call. To think that——

In January of the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eleven, England was still afloat upon the water which she claims as her own by right of all that has been said and done since days before the Spaniards of the Armada thought otherwise and failed to make good.

The election was over, and why say more than that when we all know how it went?

The Liberal, sitting up and rapidly recovering, knew that he had come through victor, and was very calm about it—as victors have a way of being. He looked over his telegrams and cards with quiet appreciation.

"I suppose that sympathy had a lot to do with it," he said to the Socialist, who came in to take his orders for dictation and typing as tranquilly as if she had never done anything else in life. "By George! but that was a crack to get on the head. Talk about '*Zerstreuung*' for spies—well, a knock like mine will do the business; I don't remember one word I said from London up." And then he looked at her very hard, indeed, wondering what he *had* said on the way up and what she had said when he said it—if, indeed, he had said it.

"You talked about the election," she told him. "And you outlined it all for me. And I made notes for your speeches—don't you remember?"

"Not one syllable."

Then she opened her eyes widely.

"Don't you remember my going through some of Kautsky's premises for you, and your being so interested?"

"I tell you I can't remember a thing."

"Why, don't you recollect how you suggested the possibility of incorporating some of those principles into your own speeches?" Her amazement was very real now.

He quite started.

"Socialistic principles into *my* speeches?"

"You weren't going to call them by Kautsky's or von Vollmar's name. I wanted that but you wouldn't have it."

"Well, I should think not," said the Liberal.

"No; but we went all over it—just on account of the Labour vote; and I made notes and typed them."

"When? When did you type them."

"After the accident. That same night. I was so afraid that I would forget. And I knew that they would be needed—during the campaigns, you know."

"Did you get them into the papers, or print them as an address?"

"I didn't have them printed; I thought that rather risky. I delivered them myself."

"You delivered them!"

"Yes. I said that I was your secretary, and knew your views practically by heart; and so I went to all the meetings and always spoke. Of course, I never could have done it, except for your having told me the subject-matter before. But with all that ready I managed somehow. And it all went very well. You can read all about it if you feel strong enough to look over the press clippings?"

"How many are there?"

"There are a good many. There are more every mail."

"How many are there now?"

"Between five and six thousand.

But I've sorted and arranged them."

"What *do* they say?"

"They say you've founded a new party."

"Good heavens!"

"I *thought* that you didn't appreciate what wonderful views you held. I've *often* thought that, but coming up in the train I was perfectly bewildered. You don't know what a remarkable man you are." She was smiling straight into his eyes. It would be hard to doubt such a smile under any circumstances. But now——

The Liberal leaned back against his pillows. But the doctor had assured her that he was strong enough now.

"I suppose that subconsciously you've been thinking these thoughts for a long time, but only now, in the sudden hour of need, they all came together. It was a perfect miracle to me how each time I rose to speak your views stormed in on me. You must read the speeches. Two publishers want to make a book of them. Some of the papers say you will surely be offered the next Cabinet vacancy."

Then she ran to fetch the press clippings, and with a bright red spot on either pale cheek the invalid read a few selected bits dealt out to him.

"Surely you remember *now?*" she said, looking earnestly and anxiously into his face. "This bit about the Miller and Ministerial proposition—you *must* recall *that?*"

He couldn't bear to disappoint her, so he said kindly:

"I do seem to recollect that—but vaguely."

Her face grew quite bright.

"And every one was *so* enthusiastic," she said. "After the first day there were a great many telegrams from managers and whips; and even the head of us all was said to be a little troubled over some of your ideas; but as the election went on the speeches proved more and more exactly the thing. You'll see by the clippings what a great name you've made for yourself."

He began to feel absolutely faint.

"I can't read any more," he said. "Won't you sit by and tell me about it. And can't you hold my hand—just for once?"

"Oh, I don't mind," she said, moving the mess of newspaper cuttings and dirty green and pink additions. "I've grown so used to doing anything I can to help you that I can do this very well too."

He looked at his hand, folded between her two.

"Do you know," he said slowly, "what *I* thought that I thought of on that train was whether I could possibly wait until after the election before asking——" He paused and bit his lip. "I'm too used up to go on," he said then.

"Shall I finish for you?" she asked. "I couldn't understand politics, or do that kind of work, because I'm just nothing but a woman; but perhaps I can say what you want to say now."

The Liberal looked at her.

"Say it," he said.

She stood up and leaned above him, drawing his head upon her shoulder.

"It doesn't need saying," she whispered, and it was fortunate that she felt so, for, in that, second speech failed her too. Because her lips——

Looking afar into the future, I believe that we may safely surmise that they were happy—very happy. Some men are made like the Liberal, and some women like the Socialist. But when they——

IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS, QUEBEC

A VIEW OF RICHMOND

SCENERY AS A NATIONAL ASSET

BY FRANK YEIGH

IS scenery to be regarded as an asset? Are lakes and rivers, mountains and falls to be reckoned as in any sense a part of a country's national wealth? Is Canada's richly varied scenery worth entering up in her ledger as possessing a computable value?

For Canada is, in a unique sense, and to a remarkable degree, a land of scenery. Each of the nine Provinces forming the chain of Confederation boasts of its own scenic setting, all the way between the kelp-scented ocean shores of the Maritimes and British Columbia, while in the hinterlands of each, and in the even vaster areas of the north and west, far beyond any provincial boundary, are wide realms, rich in all nature has to offer and upon which few eyes have gazed.

Nova Scotia can boast of its sea-indented shores, its fruitful valleys, its Evangeline land, and its Cape Breton. New Brunswick has the Canadian Rhine, in the St. John River, curious tidal phenomena in the reversible falls and the Petitcodiac bore, strange nature forms in the colossal Hopewell rocks, and river beauty unexcelled where the great salmon streams have made a path to the sea.

As for Quebec, a St. Lawrence alone would give her fame, but when a Saguenay, a Richelieu and an Ottawa are added, when cataracts by the score mark the landscape, and when all have a Laurentian range for a noble background, then the wealth that scenery brings makes the land of the Old Regime rich beyond compare.

And what does Ontario possess? There is her northern wilderness, where nature is seen in all its pristine glory, but scarce a section of the fair

Province is without its natural charm. Has the reader ever seen the sweep of the River Nith as it makes its circuitous way through a land of pastoral beauty? Have you ever explored the quiet waters of the Speed, the Thames, the Maitland, or the Grand? Have you ever drunk in the trees, huddling close together by a coulée for companionship and emphasising the immeasurable spaces of the country.

Who can look without a thrill upon this world of the West, as it awakes with the returning light, just the everyday birth of the morning when

ORCHARD IN BLOOM, NOVA SCOTIA — TIDAL RIVER IN BACKGROUND

beauties of the intricate water region in Eastern Ontario—Sharbot, Massanoga, Kawartha? Nothing sensational in scenery is revealed by them, but for rarity of quality Canada can show nothing finer. And on the way to Manitoba there are alluring glimpses of the Nepigon streams, and of the Lake of the Woods, both suggestive of vast waterways stretching far beyond the skyline, where the sunset lingers longest.

There are those who would aver that the Prairie Provinces are without the attractions of natural scenery, but where is their vision when the real prairie sweeps into view, the prairie floor of waving grass and o'ertopping flowers, of gently swelling hills, catching the last colours of the sunset, of lonely little clumps of a glamour of indescribable charm rests upon the world. The Western plains without scenery? He that has eyes to see will make adequate answer.

And then the mountains! Alpinists who are acquainted with the world's great ranges—men like Longstaff and Whymper and Munn—tell us that Canada possesses one of the great mountain heritages of the globe, a heritage that carries with it a value which the Canadian is apt to overlook in counting up his country's assets. The Alpine Club of Canada, a comparatively new organisation, but one that has already gained a membership of six hundred. aims at revealing to Canadians this great nature gift of seas of mountains and leagues of valleys.

What is the commercial value of scenery? If a computation could be made under this heading the total in Canada would no doubt be a surprisingly large one. Take, for instance, the sixty or seventy thousand visitors to Banff each summer. Such a tide of travel is highly indicative of the monetary value to the country of unrivalled scenic attractions. While it would be difficult to estimate the amount of money such a company of travellers would leave in the country (for a large majority are from lands other than Canada), the total sum would doubtless pass the million mark, and yet this would fall far short of the grand total spent by those who are attracted to our Canadian mountains season after season along the lines of the Canadian Pacific Railway alone. When the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway shall have made accessible the mountain wonders of the Yellowhead Pass, with kingly Mount Robson within view, and when the Canadian Northern Railway shall have reached the coast by still another route, the stream of tourist travel to and through British Columbia and Alberta will be sure to increase proportionately. That day is not far distant.

IN NEW ONTARIO

A CHARACTERISTIC WATERFALL

It would be interesting if possible to estimate what may be termed the income of Niagara Falls all through its history, since it was first viewed by the eyes of white men. As one of the world's great magnets, it has attracted millions who have left behind a golden shower of ducats.

What has been the value of Ontario's North-land scenery of lake and stream and forested areas? For years an ever-increasing stream of travel has swept northward to the delectable regions of Muskoka, the Lake of Bays, Algonquin Park, the Temagami waters, and the alluring lakes and rivers of farther beyond, until the Height of Land turns the currents in another direction.

This discovery of what Kipling so aptly termed our "Land of Little Lakes" (although they are by no means little) has also added its monetary results to the benefit of the ludicrous, if not pathetic, are the efforts sometimes made to exploit a bit of fall, a modest stretch of stream, or a hill with mountain ambitions, on behalf of a community or an enter-

THE RIVER NITH, ONTARIO

transportation companies, the entertainers of the public, and all who serve them. Here again any estimate of results would run into substantial figures.

Or again, take the "Niagara-to-the-Sea" tour, which probably cannot be duplicated in any part of the world. Starting from one of nature's greatest cataracts, covering an inland sea and a kingly river, cruising among beautiful isles, and running white-capped rapids, tens of thousands annually traverse this charming route, and the results in dollars and cents help to create satisfactory dividends for more than one transportation or public service company.

The economic value of scenery is, indeed, observable on every hand and prise. Just as nearly every transportation line, whether by land or water, has "a great scenic route," so every centre of population that can boast of a bit of scenery makes the most of the fact.

There comes to mind a charming little town in eastern Canada, the name of which I would not divulge for a king's ransom, that advertises an adjacent waterfall as an attraction and so seductively that a wandering summer traveller was irresistibly drawn to the town and its miniature Niagara. The place itself was all that was advertised—shady streets, attractive homes, well-kept laws, a thriving human centre, with a charming setting of rural beauty. The first day's programme of sight-seeing in-

EAST COVE, PERCE

A CELEBRATED BIT OF SCENERY

cluded a drive to the much-advertised fall and the cliff-like rock in the background, but, alas, there was no water and consequently no waterfall. It had gone dry! Under the stress of summer drought the rock was as parched as the ground, but it only required a little imagination to realise that there had been once a trickling stream over the modest little rock, for did not the railway and town guides picture it in all its flowing beauty!

Sometimes the humblest of summer inns, with more balcony than bedroom space, will issue alluring pictures of scenic surroundings based on even less than a dry waterfall.

I recollect a summer resort carrying the name of a lake. It sounded cool and restful when read on a hot day, and it was successfully used as a

traveller's bait, but it proved a very diminutive body of water, with marshy and reedy banks, without a single island to decorate its waters, and where the little steamer had to perform all kinds of acrobatic turns to fill in an hour of sailing. But this is in the United States.

BATTLE RIVER VALLEY, NEAR WAINWRIGHT, ALBERTA

These are, however, exceptions that only prove the rule that scenery is an attractive force, that God's handiwork in nature casts its spell over all who have eyes to see; that scenery is, in fact, a mighty and continuous magnet.

If scenery is a national asset, carrying a commercial as well as a sentimental valuation, then it should be safeguarded. This has become the policy of the United States through its Conservation of Natural Resources Commission, and none too soon. "Save the scenery" is as deserving a cry as the saving of any natural resource.

In the United States a series of 152 National Parks and Forests have been created by Congress, within which are some of the world's sublimest nature pictures, wonderful records of past centuries and reminders of prehistoric races. This system of parks also includes famous battle-fields and other historic sites. Even yet, however, the American people have only touched the fringe of the subject, though the enormous area of the 152 is 191,000,000 acres. It is only a few years since San Francisco tried to secure the right to dam the canyon that would have destroyed the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, one of the most beautiful features of the Yosemite Park, and it was only after a storm of protest had arisen from every quarter that the step was frustrated. Strong fights still need to be made to save the Adirondacks and White Mountains as forest reserves. This would indicate a public indifference that is in itself a dangerous feature, but along with it is the very hopeful sign that an active interest is being evinced in the recreative

value and purifying power of natural scenery.

Canada's action in setting apart large areas as forest reserves or parks is a hopeful one, and the movement has the valuable co-operation of the Commission of Conservation. The Dominion has twenty-four forest reserves, covering the immense area of 16,760,640 acres. Sixteen of these reserves are in Alberta and British Columbia, and therefore include large areas in the Rockies and Selkirks.

The eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, from the international boundary to a point two hundred miles west of Edmonton, has recently been set apart as a forest reserve, making the largest mountain park in the world. This tract, together with the Rocky Mountains Park and Jasper and Waterton Lakes forest reserves, which were previously reserved, forms a strip approximately 350 miles in length, and from ten to fifty miles in width.

Another recently established mountain park is known as the Jasper Park reserve in Alberta, at the foot of the Canadian Rockies, and contiguous to the Grand Trunk Pacific. Other parks cover the region of Banff, the incomparable Yoho Valley, and in the Selkirks a large region in the heart of that great alpine world.

COLUMBIA VALLEY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

LOOKING NORTH FROM SWANSEA PARK

Canada has wisely taken this action before it is too late, and coming generations will bless the men who had the foresight to thus preserve one of the greatest heritages that belongs to the people.

In addition to the above mentioned reserves, set apart by the Canadian Government, many of the Provinces have adopted a similar policy. For example, Ontario has five forest reserves, comprising over ten million acres, in addition to the Algonquin National Park of over a million acres. Quebec also has devoted 174,000 square miles of the Crown area to reserves and parks, as

have the other Provinces in degree, and it is safe to predict that no better investment for the future could be made by the State.

What is the value to England of the Lake District? What to Scotland of its Trossachs and Glens, what to Ireland of Killarney and the Giant's Causeway? What is the Bernese Oberland worth to Switzerland, or the Southern Alps to Italy? The value of the Rhine to Germany is the value of the Rhone to France. The fjords of Norway match with the needle-like dolomites of the Tyrol in attracting the sightseer from every quarter of the globe. Let Canada learn its lesson ere it is too late. It is satisfactory to note in this connection that many of the scenic features of the Dominion have been discovered and appropriated by the artist, who has found in them subjects of the highest type. The Canadian painter need no longer search in foreign lands for suitable themes for his brush.

Cobden was wont to say that there are two sublimities in nature: the sublimity of rest and the sublimity of motion. The sunset alps represented, in his opinion, the sublimity of nature, and Niagara Falls the sublimity of motion, and Canada can fulfill both conditions.

"THE GAP," ROCKY MOUNTAINS

ENTRANCE OF CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

It would be a thousand pities if Canada were to undervalue her scenic possessions, chiefly for their ennobling influences. He who can look upon a giant of the Rockies like Temple or Hungabee, and not be profoundly moved lacks a spirit of appreciation that may easily lead him to under-estimate their value in any sense; they may become to him so many obstructions in the pathway of man. Such a blinded one may perchance be likened to the dweller on

the plains who, on seeing the mountains for the first time, remarked: "I can't see any scenery for these 'ere mountains!" He who is blind to the out-of-door world of God will be blind to much beside.

But even such may have regard to the commercial standpoint. He may remember that the scenery of Switzerland is a money-producing asset to the value of two hundred million dollars a year, and from the monetary basis he may be awakened to a sense of its value. But one would fain hope that a higher point of view would prevail, and that it will be more universally recognised that in the varied scenery of our land, from the sweetest-toned rivulet to the thunders of Niagara, from the little rounded hill in a country landscape to a kingly spirit throned among the peaks, we have one of the best gifts, one of the richest of assets, æsthetically and morally, as well as practically and commercially.

THE RIDE TO RESCUE

By CHARLES WOODWARD HUTSON

WE hangit swords frae shouthers strang—
Frae belts to droop they were too lang—
We mounted pownies fleet as wind,
Frae ane guid mare the twain were twinned.
We rade and rade, like witches wild;
In toons we scairt fu' mony a child.
We thunnered ower the Brig o' Doon;
Oor scabbards scattered splints o' th' moon.
We raced and raced, nor drew in rein
Until we cam' to the Beggars' Lane;
And there we fell on the gypsy crew,
Whose ane auld mare had cast a shoe.
And right and left we cut and slashed,
And mony a pow was sairly gashed,
Or ere they clattered doon the glen
And left the lass to us young men,
The lass of lily broo and hand
They'd borne that morn frae Borrisland.
She wadna choose whilk croup to tak',
And sae we twinned in ridin' back,
And she sat licht on Wat's *Sir Guy,*
Because my roan was wont to shy.
Anither day micht Wat and I
For her fair sake mak' red bluid fly;
But each was licht o' heart the noo
To show himsel her champion true!

THE INVISIBLE LINE

BY MARION ATWOOD

I WOULD not have cared so much if it had been a handsome cow, but it was lean and scraggy, with a coat that looked like a worn-out hearthrug and only one eye it could see out of; but the remaining eye was so alert and full of mischief and devilment of all sorts that I often wondered what feats that cow would have performed had it possessed full power of vision. If there are any devils roaming this earth in transmigrated form, one dwelt in the gaunt, meagre frame of that animal, consequently if her owner saw any beauty in her it must have been *la beauté du diable.*

This owner was a certain Mrs. Burke, of Irish-American extraction —that is, her genealogical tree began, as far as it had been traced, with one Brian McDermod Burke, known in ancient history as King of Connaught, and ended in one Brian Murphy Burke, known in modern history as a thriving saloon-keeper of Spokane, Washington. So her character was of the strenuous type, and the pride and hauteur of kings were blended in her manner, with the business ability and volubility of expression usually possessed by the successful trader in mixed drinks.

She was my nearest neighbour, and our homes were only divided by a visible fence, two fifty-foot lots, and an invisible line, which extended between two countries, so that in point of fact that cow had no business within one hundred feet of my garden unless she paid duty each time she had stepped over the line.

But what did she care for international complications? Her mind was purely material, and her one relentless purpose in life was to obtain luxurious living at someone else's expense.

Now—like *Elizabeth*—I loved my garden, and it was the joy of my life to work in it as soon as the motherly earth had absorbed the snow in her throbbing breast. Such a labour of love it was to plant and transplant all kinds of bulbs, seeds, and tender shoots that I knew would reward me by growing up into things lovely and fragrant. Even the homely occupation of weeding the strawberry patch or raking over the melon bed, where the cats had held *soirée* the night before, brought its own pleasure, because in the intervals I could look round at the hills in their exquisite garments of spring green.

The soft April showers and warm sunshine had laced my fences with vine tendrils and draped my verandas with curtains of wild cucumber, wistaria and rose foliage, and beneath them one's eyes rested on a wide spreading carpet of clover, where the bees hummed and the butterflies coquetted all day long.

And, like the cherubim at the gate of Eden, my business was to guard this Paradise from those who would despoil it—and more especially from that beast of a cow.

I am not particularly addicted to early rising, but the click of the front gate, which foretold the milkman's entrance, soon after six o'clock, was the signal for me to "throw off

dull sloth and early rise to pay this morning sacrifice," for, ten chances to one, that wicket would not be fastened securely when he went out, and so surely as it was not—for even a scant five minutes—a gaunt, red form would come slinking round the corner of the fence, dash wide the gate, and, plunging into the midst of my cherished clover plot, begin to partake of a hearty breakfast, making side grabs by way of *entrées* at every vine festoon within easy reach. And once in, that cow was not put out in a hurry, I can assure you, or not until such depredations had been done as to leave me tearful for the rest of the day--and an empty wood-box.

In the event of my having to go away from home on either business or pleasure I was obliged to put up as many barricades to an entrance on the premises during my absence as might have safe-guarded a beleaguered city. But, if Love laughs at locksmiths, I am sure the devil does too, for neither barred gates or a *chevaux-de-frise* of barbed wire around the whole domain were able to keep out that animal, and so one afternoon, returning after an hour's absence, I found her in full possession, and such industry had she displayed in catering for herself during her short tenure of office that half the fence was denuded of its drapery, the veranda pillars were bare, and the clover trampled so low that every bee and butterfly had left in high disdain.

I suppose a great mind would have viewed such a scene of devastation with calm philosophy, and consoled its owner by a recollection that all that vegetation would grow again some day; but my mind must have belonged to the small order, for every idea in it became concentrated upon having revenge on that beast, and, rushing into the wood-shed, I collected as large an armful of sticks as I could carry and commenced bombarding it with all my might.

I must confess that most of the missiles flew wide of the mark, but one went home with such true aim that, with vicious snort and tail erect, she departed through the back gate —which I had set wide open—and returned to her own country, pursued by me and a flying shower of firewood.

And there, standing just beyond the invisible line, was her mistress, viewing with wrathful brow this rout of her pet.

The cow passed on, but she stood still, and so did I when I came just opposite to her, remaining meanwhile on my own side of the line.

"Madam," said she, ignoring the language of her royal forefathers (which, I presume, was Gælic), and adopting the dialect of her immediate ancestor, "what has that poor baste done that ye must be firing sticks and stones afther her like that? Have war been declared between Canady and the United States?"

"No, madam," said I, just as politely, "but war has been declared *a l'outrance* between myself and your cow, and if you don't keep her out of my garden I'll kill her."

"Kill her, will ye? Well, I don't know what sort of an 'utterance' ye mane, but ye may take yer oath my 'utterance' manes that if ye lay a finger on that craythur to harm her ye'll lamint it to yer dying day."

"And do you suppose," I replied, "such a foolish threat as that will deter me from hurting her if she continues to play havoc with my garden? Why don't you keep her your own side of the line? What business has she in Canada at all?"

"Just as much business as ye have, ma'am. Sure, yer only an intherloper yerself."

"Mrs. Burke," said I, with dangerous calmness, "do you see that line?" moving the toe of my shoe backwards and forwards over the blades of grass. "Well, I want you to understand that the next time I catch that horrid beast over it I'll

shut her up until I can get the customs officer to seize her as contraband goods."

"The customs-house officer," she ejaculated with contempt. "He dare not touch her, bekase ennybody with sinse knows that line yer pretending to show me was relocated last fall by the United States surveyors one hundred feet the other side of yer garden, so that Bessie has all the rights in the world to ramble about her own blessed country if she feels like it, and ye'll have to behave yerself now like a dacent citizen of the great Republic or ye'll be druv out of it, and then I'll buy up yer little strawberry patch and give it to Bessie to ate her desart off."

But this brazen impertinence was the last drop in a cup already full to overflowing, and sent any remaining politeness I may have possessed to the winds, so, throwing up my head and walking slowly backwards, as became a retreat from a royal presence, I fired one parting shot into the enemy's quarters.

"You are really such a rude, ignorant person, Mrs. Burke," I remarked in my haughtiest tones, "that I see it is only wasting time to try and reason with you, but I am very much afraid if you continue to make such wild statements you will find yourself before long in a lunatic asylum."

And I turned and walked quickly away.

"A lunatic asylum," she screamed after me. "No fear of that. As long as such idjits as ye are left at large I'll be safe." But I wisely pretended not to hear, and the interview ended in something like a drawn battle.

I need scarcely say that after this Mrs. Burke and I were not acquainted —in fact, when we chanced to meet on the lonely flat we might each have been the last inhabitant left upon the earth for any sign the other showed of being aware of the presence of a fellow-being, consequently I was more than surprised one fine morning about a month afterwards, while I was spending an enjoyable hour in decapitating cut-worms, who were boarding amongst my strawberry plants, to find her watching me from the other side of the fence.

"Yer at yer murthering work as usual, I persave," was her courteous address.

"You are welcome to 'persave' anything you please, so long as you and your cow keep off my premises," was my polite retort.

"We won't trouble ye just yet," she said, laying a strong emphasis on the just yet.

"Have ye located the line where I tould ye it was put by the United States surveyors last fall?" she continued, with a most impertinent grin playing over her features.

"I have already told you," I replied, "what the consequence will be if you go on making such crazy assertions."

Her grin grew broader, but she said nothing else for a minute.

"Are ye sorry for what ye said to me the other day?" was her next surprising remark.

"I am not aware of having said anything I ought to be sorry for. You were just as rude and impertinent as you could possibly be," I answered.

"I am some older than ye," she said, and—after a little pause—"of higher blood."

"I am quite willing to admit the former, but I don't see how you are going to sustain your last assertion," I replied.

"My ancisthors sat on thrones and wore crowns of goold on their heads," she remarked.

"Did they now," said I insolently, "and so, I believe, do the kings of the Cannibal Islands and of the Zulu nation, but I can't see what there is to be proud of in being descended from such barbarians."

The colour flamed high in her royal countenance.

"And so ye call the ancient kings

of Ireland barbarians, do ye?" she ejaculated in tragic tones. "Well, after that cruel insult I'd put no crime past ye, but all the same, me fine madam, ye'll take back thim same words some day."

"I don't think I'm likely to," I called out as she moved away from the fence.

And on that occasion I had the last word, as she condescended no reply.

After this second exchange of neighbourly civilities we were at times more dense of vision, if possible, than formerly, and no doubt Mrs. Burke took her cow into her confidence on the whole matter, as it not only gave my premises a wide berth, but invariably turned its blind side towards me whenever we happened to encounter each other.

And the lovely spring days moved on, and summer was upon us, with all its heat and lassitude. All vegetable nature drooped and languished, and my pretty flowers hung their heads and called to me the whole day long, in their silent but eloquent language, for water.

But though that element proved ever a potent remedy for their ailments, it failed to revive me when I began to droop and languish also, and soon such a sense of weariness and inertia took possession of me that my mind held no interest beyond a passionate craving for cooler weather.

One evening in particular, when the thermometer had been registering at ninety-eight for three consecutive days, I felt that the end of all things must be at hand, and should not have been a bit surprised to feel the earth shrivelling up all round me and vanishing, with myself, in smoke. But then I had eaten nothing solid for seventy-two hours and may have been a little light-headed. I was alone in the house, as my husband had left home a week before, and I did not expect him back for another ten days.

And so I lay on my bed, while my astral self wandered away into the most extraordinary places and amongst the most extraordinary people, but always returned to its more substantial second part at short intervals.

I invariably received it with a loud groan, and I suppose these dismal greetings must have floated through the open window and attracted the attention of the passers-by, for presently I heard a knock at the door.

I don't know if I answered, but after a minute it slowly opened and admitted the head of Mrs. Burke.

I suppose if I had been in my normal condition I should have exclaimed: "Hast thou found me, oh, my enemy?" But my astral self had already found and had so many stiff encounters with her that morning that I did not feel equal to another just then.

"What ails ye, to be shouting like that?" I heard a far-away voice inquire. And then an exclamation of "God bless us!" floated to my ears, but I heard no more for I had started on another trip.

When I came back I was lying on a couch near an open window, and a cooling breeze played over my face from a fan wielded by a steady hand. I lay still and enjoyed it for a little while, and then through half-closed lids took a peep at the wielder. But I quickly closed my eyes again and tried to concentrate my poor, wandering mind on the situation.

Could that kind, sympathising countenance belong to my irascible neighbour across the invisible line, and those gentle touches come from her strong, clumsy-looking hands? And why was she ministering thus to me who, instead of using the "soft answer which turneth away wrath," had stirred up further strife by impertinences which would have caused me to have been hung and quartered for "lèse majesté" had her royal forefathers still held office and I been a subject of their realm.

And, by and bye, when I felt myself lifted up by those strong, capable hands, and fed slowly with delicious iced milk, I turned, and, flinging my arms round the neck of my erstwhile enemy, bedewed her shoulder with my tears.

"Oh, Mrs. Burke," I sobbed, "how can you be so kind to such a rude, disagreeable woman as I am?"

"Whist, honey," she answered, "don't be bothering yer head about what's past and gone. We were only jest trying to show each other how smart we could be, and I think ye'll allow that no matter what ye said, I was always able to 'go wan better,' except—except on wan occasion when ye reflecthed on my ancisthors, but I know yer sorry for that now."

"Sorry!" I exclaimed. "I could not half tell you how sorry I am for saying such a rude, horrid thing. And it was not the truth either, because I know Irish people are just the bravest and cleverest and kindest in the whole world—and—and won't you forgive me?"

"Av coorse I will," she said. "Sure, I knew at the time ye did not mane it, and only spoke thim words bekase I riled ye about that old boundary line, which none of us ever saw or knows a thing about. And after this we won't remember there's wan located between the two countries at all, for, what difference does it make anyhow? Ain't we all of the wan family and language, and have no more right to quarrel than brothers and sisters—or good first cousins, anyway?"

"That is quite true," I said, "and after this you and I will never quarrel again, I know, and—and—I'll save all our clover, when we cut it, for that nice cow of yours."

And if I could go any further than that in an abject *amende honourable*, I should like someone to tell me.

THE QUESTING HEART

By CLARE GIFFIN

AH! poor and prodigal Heart, come back ashamed,
From the far country, broken, poor, and cold,
Beggared of joy, with many sorrows grown old,
Blinded with many tears, by hard ways lamed:
Lost is the fair desire that boldly aimed
At all things high and passionate, longed to hold
In fragile hands love's crown of burning gold,
Nor feared the awful light wherewith it flamed!

Ah, Heart! Ah, Prodigal! Look up, be glad!
That light thou hadst, however brief the day,
That little hour of Heaven, though Hell be long!
Lo, the calm Soul that knows not to be sad
Hath not known aught of love's rich fleeting May,
Hath not forgot love's sorrow in love's song!

THE LITERARY GROUP OF '61

BY J. D. LOGAN, PH. D.

AUTHOR OF "THE STRUCTURAL PRINCIPLES OF STYLE," ETC.

This is an essay in literary classification. To Canadian authors it applies a special method of historical grouping. These two facts are to be remarked at the outset, in order to have it clearly understood that the essay deals primarily with exposition and constructive criticism—not with biographical and æsthetic appreciations of "favourite" Canadian poets and prose-writers.

The method of the essay has desirable pedagogical advantages: it assists the imagination to view Canadian authors in proper historical perspective, and thus to discriminate one group from another by their relations in time, genius, inspiration and achievement. The method has also important critical advantages: it disengages the essential excellences of the writings of any particular group and enables the constructive critic rightly to estimate the social significance of their ideas of nature, man, and human life. The essay divides into three parts: the first deals with the historical position of a special (or, as it happens, the primary) group of Canadian authors; the second, with the quality of their writings as literature; and the third, with the significance and potency of the social ideas inspiring, or openly expressed in, them.

—The Editor.

THE year 1861 A.D. may rightly be signalised as the "annus mirabilis" in the literary history of Canada. In that year—just a half-century ago—were born William Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, William Wilfred Campbell, Frederick George Scott, and Margaret Marshall Saunders. Though not all of them are the most gifted or eminent of Canadian *litterateurs*, yet as a group they must, for several reasons to be stated immediately, be regarded as the most *significant*.

The reasons are these: First, they were born, bred and educated (mentally and emotionally) in the very four provinces—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Upper and Lower Canada (Ontario and Quebec)—which formed, on the proclamation of the British North America Act, 1867, just six years after their birth, the original territorial and political unit known specifically as the Dominion of Canada. From the point of view of their nativity and education in relation to these confederated provinces, as their homeland, the members of the literary group of '61 are thus the first, strictly so-called, Canadian *litterateurs*.

Again: They were the first native-born writers to begin, under the Confederacy, a *systematic* literary career. The term systematic defines their conspectus and aims. To the literary group of '61 the free and impassioned expression in verse and prose of the truth and beauty in nature and in human thought, activities and institutions appeared as their own specific function and ideal life. They were thus the first to undertake a literary career which should be, in its way and degree, commensurate with the growing social and commercial life of the Great Dominion, and to find their inspiration chiefly, if not wholly, in the beauty (I cannot add sublimity; another group, native to the Prairies and Rockies, will be inspired by that) of their homeland

and in the spiritual import of the lives of their compatriots. In short, their conspectus was thoroughly Canadian and their inspiration or ideals Canadian too—a moral necessity with them, a loyal obedience to the same creative impulse active in other spheres of Canadian life.

Finally: The literary group of '61 (along with Charles G. D. Roberts, whose historical position I shall define later) may justly be given the distinction of having been the first Canadian writers to show their American cousins and the motherland that the politically and commercially lusty young Confederacy was decidedly active in letters, putting forth green shoots and boughs, full of spiritual sap, on the great antique tree of English literature. Here I have purposely used metaphor ("green shoots," etc.), in order to prevent the scorn of the academic critic who, dwelling, by reminiscence, only in the past and with the dead, respects not the beginnings of things, nor beholds the shining glory of the imperfect. The fact is that the verse and the prose of the literary group of '61, though derivative in form, actually have gained the regard of the parent nation and are quite worthy of the admiration of their own compatriots as furnishing proof of the presence of the god in the Canadian people and as promising unsullied achievements in letters, distant, no doubt, but sure.

For the reasons, then, enumerated, namely, nativity, literary conspectus and ideals, and honourable reputation for achievement, the Canadian writers born in '61 distinguish themselves, and the year in which they were born, as the most significant in the literary history of Canada under the Confederacy.

Now, from the outset I have anticipated, in the epithet *significant*, the answer to this question: Are not the writings of Charles G. D. Roberts and of Ralph Connor (both born in 1860), of Duncan Campbell Scott, Sir Gilbert Parker, and of that excellent aboriginal poetess Pauline Johnson (all born in 1862), as important in the literary history of Canada as the writings of the group born in '61? The truth is that, disregarding natal years, the group of '60 and the group of '62 have done nothing which in kind might not, or could not, have been done, were it not for circumstance or preference, by the group of '61. The last have all the potentialities of intellect and fancy present in the first two groups, and, of course, all the powers of acquired technic. By virtue, then, of nativity, potential genius and actual accomplishment and reputation, the Canadian *litterateurs* born in '61, though not all as eminent or famous as some of those born in '60 and '62, are the most significant.

To illustrate, taking a single instance, Mr. Roberts, or Sir Gilbert Parker, is more eminent or famous in the world of letters than Miss Saunders. Their work in the short story, or in the historical romance, is more striking, or powerful, and more widely read than hers in the same *genres*, though theirs is not more original, authentic and readable. In one literary species, Miss Saunders, it may be said, stands alone both in craftsmanship and fame. But the international reputation and household popularity of her "Beautiful Joe," certainly a unique sociological tale, wherein are commingled strangely, but veraciously, the life of man and of the domestic animals, is based on pathos and the tender sense in us of the "near-humanity" of the nobler domestic animals. Mr. Roberts's animal stories, on the other hand, are psychological fictions: they appeal, not to the heart in us, but to the analytic imagination and the æsthetic sense. These are enduring faculties of human nature; the humanitarian feelings vary their expression according to circumstance of time, education, and environment. In the world of letters as such, then, Mr. Roberts's animal stories will al-

ways take a higher place than Miss Saunders's, though hers be, conceivably, more original, veracious and readable.

In view of these distinctions in classification, the first proposition of this essay may stand: In the literary history of Canada the group of writers born in '61 are primary in significance. It so happens that Roberts has certain positive and special relations (which the other writers born in '60 and '62 have not) to the group of '61. And as I hinted I should do, I shall bring him within the scope of this essay by defining these relations to the primary group.

First: Roberts was the literary sponsor of Lampman and Carman. In 1884, while editor of *The Week,* he published in that periodical the very first poems which Lampman contributed to the public press ("The Coming of Winter" and "Three Flower Petals"). This is more significant than appears on first view. It must be remembered that Roberts, though but twenty-four years old at the time of his editorship, had published in 1880 his "Orion and Other Poems," which had been well-received by the press. This distinction, abetted by his editorial connection with Goldwin Smith, the founder of *The Week,* gave him some of the glory of a new literary star and made him an authority whose good opinion of another's verse was inspiring when it took the form of introducing a young native poet to the Canadian public. Lampman was a young man then; human, sensitive and shy, and Roberts gave him that practical encouragement which alone really counts—a right start *per aspera,* indeed, but for Lampman, as we shall see, *ad astra.*

In 1886 (7) Roberts published his second volume of verse, "In Divers Tones," and his star shone with greater glory, especially to the eyes of our American cousins, who were not likely to think that any good thing could come out of Canada, except pulpwood, fish, and potatoes. Roberts was related to Carman by blood and temperament. This fact being known and the light of Roberts' literary glory being reflected on his compatriot, it was but natural that the editors of *The Atlantic Monthly* should publish in that magazine Carman's first poem, "Low Tide at Grand Pré" (1888). This, too, is more significant than it seems. To appear in *The Atlantic,* as the phrase goes, is for a young poet, story-teller, or essayist a literary distinction in itself; and its imprimatur is as a royal seal in the kingdom of letters in America; for that magazine enters only the homes of the most cultured readers, lay and professional—the literary *élite.*

Thus Roberts was directly sponsor for Lampman and indirectly for Carman; further, all the while from 1880 to 1893 his success was an inspiration to these two and Scott (F. G.) and Campbell, an incitement to them to accomplish a body of verse, excellent enough for publication in volume form, without fear of discrediting themselves and their country. So, in fact, it happened: Lampman and Scott (F. G.) published their first volumes of verse in 1888; Campbell his first in 1889, and Carman his first in 1893.

Again: it was Roberts's two volumes of verse that called the attention of the neighbouring Republic and of the motherland to the fact that systematic literary activity was going on in Canada and first awakened curiosity about the quality of the literary work of the group of '61, when their volumes of verse appeared. Roberts's renown secured for them a just "hearing"; and this done, the quality of their verse, especially of their nature-poetry, brought them no uncertain standing in the world of contemporary English literature.

Once more: Roberts is related to the literary group of '61, not only positively as sponsor, and as, so to

put it, elder brother, doing the same kind of work along with them and encouraging them, but also in a special way. He is "the voice" of the Canadian Confederacy, of the new progressive, creative spirit in the men of '61, and their compatriots active in other spheres—a genuine patriot poet *revealing Canada and her citizenry to themselves, and calling on them to achieve the destiny immanent in their genius and in the resources and institutions of their country.**

In virtue, then, of his peculiar affinities with the literary group of '61, Roberts, despite the difference of a year in priority of birth, falls within the scope of this essay. So!—Roberts and Lampman, Campbell and Carman, Scott and Saunders—is not that a roll of names, honourable for literary ambition and achievement, to which the other English-speaking peoples may be pointed by the compatriots of the young Canadian Confederacy, with brows uplifted and faces unashamed?

In passing, I remark that the phrase "in the literary history of Canada," though open to the same kind of objection which those polite detectives, the purists in speech, would raise against naming a college for women a female college, is used in this essay, which is one of constructive criticism, for a special purpose. I might have used "in Canadian literature" or "in the literature of the Canadian Confederacy." But by employing the phrase in the text I have escaped "begging," as too many of our literary critics and historians do, two questions, still mootable: (1) whether the verse and prose of Roberts and the group of '61 are really literature; and (2) if so, whether, as literature, their writings are to be differentiated as merely *native* or as *national*.† Both questions will receive a sufficient answer by implication if we discover in the writings of Roberts and the group of '61 that they (who are, of course, Canada—the land and the people—incarnate and vocal) have in any wise contributed to the world of letters, first, novel delights, and, secondly, original social ideas, quite indigenous, for the spiritual enhancement of life.

Let it be granted, as axiomatic, that the intrinsic end of existence is its own perfection and that verse and prose rise to the dignity of fine art, or literature, when they promote existence ideally—by delighting the æsthetic senses, by consoling the heart, and by inspiring the moral imagination. Judged by this threefold test, the best poetry and imaginative prose of Roberts and the group of '61 will fare well in the company of the poetry and prose of the significant British and American authors of the Victorian era; while here and there in Canadian verse appear genuine gems of poetry, which, for vision, imagery, passion, lyrical eloquence, verbal music, and mastery of technic, are hardly surpassed by Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Wordsworth, Browning, Tennyson, or Swinburne.

If this be doubted, then apply this method of criticism. For exquisite tenderness and simple pathos, with Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break" compare Roberts's sweetly sad lyric, "Grey Rocks and Greyer Sea." For delicacy or for poignancy in expressing the passion and meaning of love, with Swinburne's "These Many Years" compare Roberts's "O Red

*Doubtless he does this somewhat grandiloquently in his verses, yet with true insight, sincere feeling and noble emotion. For fuller treatment of Roberts as "the voice" of the Confederacy see pp. 562-3.

†For the distinction between a "native" and a "national" literature I am indebted to Mr. Newton MacTavish in a sensible, incisive illuminating article in The Canadian Magazine (see "Within the Sanctum," Vol. 32, Feb., '09, pp. 388-90). Here also I may acknowledge my indebtedness to Mr. Donald G. French, author of an excellent handbook of poetics, and to Mr. Albert E. S. Smythe, a gifted poet (born in Ireland, 1861), and author of "Poems: Grave and Gay."

Rose of Life," or with Browning's "Evelyn Hope" compare Roberts's "A Nocturne of Consecration." For power to visualise the ghostly and ghastly, with Coleridge's "The Ancient Mariner" compare the vivid, uncanny pictures of a spectral ship and crew in Carman's "Nancy's Pride." For beauty of descriptive imagery, verbal music, and expressive correspondence of emotion with the mood of the season, in nature-poetry, with Keats's "Ode to Autumn" compare Lampman's lovely lyric of earth, "September." For dignity of thought and mastery of technic, with the finest sonnets of Wordsworth, compare Roberts's "The Sower" or those noble sonnets by Lampman, beginning, "Not to be conquered by these headlong days," "Come with thine unveiled worlds, O truth of Night," and "There is a beauty at the goal of life." For dramatic power in sounding the depths of elemental passion and emotion, with Tennyson's "Rizpah" compare Campbell's profound utterance of the heart of woman in "The Mother," or with the more subtle of Browning's dramatic monologues compare Campbell's psychological revealments in "Unabsolved" and "The Confession of Tama the Wise." Finally, for the dainty, piquant expression of all those experiences which delight and console us in our humaner moments of reflection and reverie, let these pure lyrics be a daily rosary:—Scott's "The Cripple," "Van Elsen," and "A Reverie"; Campbell's "The Hills and the Sea," "Vapor and Blue," and "Lake Huron"; Lampman's "We, too, Shall Sleep," "The Weaver," and "The Passing of Autumn"; Carman's "Make Me Over, Mother April," "The Ships of St. John," and "The Grave-Tree"; and Roberts's "The Lone Wharf," "Lake Aylesford," "Afoot," "Kinship," and "Recessional."

True, Mr. Arnold Haultain would submit that these are, in his phrase, "examples of poetry"; and, forgetting that England possessed a literature when she heard but the notes of that sweet warbler Chaucer, would maintain, as he has done (*The Canadian Magazine*, April, '09), that "a dozen beautiful Canadian poems do not make a Canadian literature." Then, let us complete our litany by adding Lampman's and Campbell's metrical dramas, Carman's essays in *belles-lettres*, Roberts's and Miss Saunders's animal stories, and their romances and tales of

"—old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago."

Now, constructive criticism must do more than furnish, as the scientists say, "proof presumptive" that Canadian letters have, through the poetry and imaginative prose of the literary group of '61, attained the beauty, or the distinction, of thought and style which inform genuine literature. To furnish complete inductive proof of "nationality" in literature, I have selected from Lampman's poetry a signal example of wholly indigenous expression of the Canadian genius and the Canadian view of nature and of life. I do not hesitate to claim that the example from Lampman, which goes under the name of "Sapphics," is for faultless technic, for spiritual vision of nature and for the beautiful application of noble ideas to life, an indubitable contribution to poetic art, and peculiarly Canadian. This is not too high praise; for the poem itself, which I shall quote immediately, and the analyses of its form and beauty, together with the commentary, I shall supply as to its spiritual meaning, will furnish sufficient evidence that it must be given a unique place in the history of English literature. For expository purposes I shall divide the poem into three parts—its three themes and their inspiration:

I.

Clothed in splendour, beautifully sad and
silent,
Comes the autumn over the woods and
highlands,

Golden, rose-red, full of divine remembrance,
Full of foreboding.

Soon the maples, soon will the glowing birches,
Stripped of all that summer and love had dowered them,
Dream, sad-limbed, beholding their pomp and treasure
Ruthlessly scattered:

Yet they quail not: Winter, with wind and iron,
Comes and finds them silent and uncomplaining,
Finds them tameless, beautiful still and gracious,
Gravely enduring.

II.

Me, too, changes, bitter and full of evil,
Dream by dream have plundered and left me naked,
Gray with sorrow. Even the days before me
Fade into twilight.

Mute and barren. Yet will I keep my spirit
Clear and valiant, brother to these my noble
Elms and maples, utterly grave and fearless,
Grandly ungrieving.

III.

Brief the span is, counting the years of mortals,
Strange and sad; it passes and then the bright earth,
Careless mother, gleaming with gold and azure,
Lovely with blossoms—

Shining white anemones, mixed with roses,
Daisies mild-eyed, grasses and honeyed clover—
You and me, and all of us, met and equal,
Softly shall cover.

The pure beauty of that poem, of its spiritualised imagery, of its rhythmic flow and cadences, *andante tranquillo*, and the noble mood and emotion it induces—how it all affects the heart and imagination like music heard in dim cathedral aisles, recalling us from the vulgar distractions of life to sequestered retreats in the Canadian wildwood, there to contemplate existence with a subdued joy and tender peace! Nay more, we rise from communing with the poet, as he did from his communing with nature, anointed with a new spiritual grace and with a new strength to achieve, amidst ten thousand vicissitudes of fortune, a right worthy destiny—"grandly ungrieving."

The poem divides into three parts, each having its own theme and inspiration. The first section gives us the poet's vision of nature and of her own (as well as the poet's) autumnal mood. This is an important distinction: it notes the peculiar Canadian pictorialising and humanising vision of nature. Who can mistake in what land comes that autumn, "clothed in splendour," and "beautifully sad and silent," in what land flourish those woods, "golden, rose-red," and in what land rise those hills, "full of divine remembrance"? Those are indubitably, unmistakably, Canadian woods and hills in their precise autumnal garb and mood.

Some would contend that this way of pictorialising nature is Grecian or even English. Nay, not so, for this reason: The Greeks, as it were, "decked out" nature solely for the sensuous enjoyment of a world made lovely to look upon or pleasant to dwell in. The external beauty of nature was with them, as also with Keats and Wordsworth when these two did not assume the moralising attitude, the sufficient reason for their impressionistic word-painting. With Lampman and his *confreres*, as with the Kelts (and Lampman was a Gael on his mother's side), the physical loveliness of the face and garb of nature is an essential, living aspect of earth, or, as the æstheticians say, expressive beauty; for does not nature change her aspect becomingly with her seasons, thus expressing her varying moods? Lampman's attitude to nature is not the attitude of an impressionistic portrait-painter, but of one for whom physical loveliness is supremely a spiritual revealment. This, however, might be wholly Kel-

tic, and not Canadian, unless the interior revealment expressed, as we shall immediately see it does, a special view of nature and a special mode of intimate communion between the Canadian heart and the spirit of nature in Canadian wolds and streams and hills.

Part second of the poem gives us an altogether novel and original spiritual interpretation of nature's mood and temper. It is a mood or temper, be it noted, not expressed by nature in any land save Canada, and not to be divined, and sympathised with, by any other racial genius save by the mind and heart indigenous to Canada, by the Canadian genius, "informed" from birth through intimacy with nature in the homeland and sensitive emotionally to her varying aspect and manner, as children to the meaning of changes in the facial expression and manner of a mother.

The uncritical, having in mind that inveterate sermoniser Wordsworth, may think that Lampman in this poem does but "moralise" nature. Far from it, our poet *humanises* nature in a peculiar way, namely, by reciprocal sympathy. Mark that—"reciprocal sympathy"—as an original Canadian contribution to the poetic interpretation, the spiritual revealment, of nature. Our poet, as he says himself, is "brother" to nature. Her reflections on her own vicissitudes are as his own on his fortunes of life. They, though two physically, are one by a mutual bond of sympathy. The poet sympathises with nature as he himself feels that she sympathises with him. Thus does he humanise, not sentimentally, but nobly. the Canadian maples and birches, which, as he says:

"Dream, sad-limbed, beholding their
pomp and treasure
Ruthlessly scattered:
"Yet they quail not:——"

"Yet they quail not"—there we have envisaged the mood and temper of Canadian nature! The Gael, visioning the maples and birches, with his racial sentiment for glories gone or departed, might say of them that they "dream, sad-limbed." But only a Canadian Gael, apprehending, through sympathy, their inmost mood, could say of them, nobly, inimitably:—"Yet they quail not." And so our poet, divining, with a more than Keltic subtlety of vision, the spirit of the Canadian woods in autumn, sympathetically responds to their mood, and is heartened to endure, as they do, silent and uncomplaining:

"—Yet will I keep my spirit
Clear and valiant, brother to these my
noble
Elms and maples, utterly grave and
fearless,
Grandly ungrieving."

"Yet will I keep my spirit *clear* and *valiant!*" Mark that as the authentic spiritual note of the Canadian genius. It is not Canadian, however, because it is the expression of indomitable courage, but because the idea, the inspiration of a self-controlled destiny, achieved with clearness of vision and valiant heart, first comes to the mind and heart and moral imagination of the Canadian poet as *a gift from Canadian wolds,* and he, for his part, conveys that gift to his compatriots, by the envisagement in his poetry of the "brotherhood" of man and nature in this land of glowing birches, noble elms and maples. And that note of clear-visioned faith and courage is in Canadian poetry of pioneer days before the Confederacy, as well as in these days of social and commercial progress—in the Gaelic verses of James MacGregor, who for years trod, with dauntless spirit, the wilds of Nova Scotia, companion of the snows, and beasts, pines and maples, as well as in the poetry of Campbell, Carman and Roberts, laureates of the Canadian lakes, marshes and forests. Much as I should like to illustrate this fully by quotation from the verse of Rob-

erts and the literary group of '61, I must forbear in order to signalise in their writings another quality—a nature-note—which is also peculiarly Canadian.

Taking the first two parts of Lampman's poem as a whole,* and the nature-poetry of Roberts, Carman and Campbell, from which I had to forbear quoting illustrative examples in point, we may say that the first distinctively national note in the literature of the Canadian Confederacy is a unique humanising of nature, singularly apparent in Lampman—a sympathetic identity of mood and temper, a reciprocal sense of brotherhood in man and nature. This is a psychological phenomenon by itself, belonging solely to the Canadian genius and expressing itself with fine art solely in Canadian poetry.

Like other poets, British and American, Canadian poets have notable pictorial gifts, and can visualise a scene so vividly as to give a reader of their verse the intimate view of an eye-witness of the reality; and they can, as aptly as Wordsworth, moralise nature and convey a noble preachment; but they stand alone in this—the power to humanise nature into personality and sympathetically identify her spirit with their own, in mood and will.

They also stand alone in this—in their love of local beauty and their power to individualise and vitalise it. This, too, is a national note and a psychological phenomenon by itself. Theirs is not a love of nature's beauty abstracted from a particular time and place, but of those very scenes and haunts where first they beheld nature in all her physical loveliness and many moods and became her intimate companion and lover. Lampman so individualises and vitalises his fields and woods; Campbell, his lakes; Roberts, his woods and marshes; and Carman, his tides and mists, that the reader can localise the region and time the season of their inspiration with the nicest perception. So singularly is this quality present in their poetry that a reader can, with absolute surety, say not only, "This is Canadian nature-beauty," but also, "This is Canadian nature-beauty in Nova Scotia, in New Brunswick, in Ontario." Surely, then, this peculiar power of imagination and imaginative appeal, whereby Lampman and his *confreres,* first, localise nature, and, next, humanise her noblest mood and temper into an identity with their own—surely this power, informing, as it does, their finest writing, is enough to raise Canadian letters both to the dignity of literature and of nationality.

It remains for me briefly to show, as I promised, that Roberts utters a national note when he becomes "the voice" of the Canadian Confederacy. We recall how Lampman expressed the clear-visioned courage of the essential Canadian heart—

"—Yet will I keep my spirit
Clear and valiant, brother to these my noble
Elms and maples——"

But he does this quietly, in a reflective mood. Roberts expresses, not by implication, but boldly, or, as it were, with the voice of a prophet, the same "call" to the essential Canadian heart—a call of clear and valiant faith in the self-controlled destiny immanent in the Canadian genius, land, and institutions. He did this somewhat after the manner of a political "spell-binder" in his verses beginning, "O child of nations, giant-limbed." He did it again somewhat grandiloquently in his "Ode for the Canadian Confederacy"—

*Part three, save for a few lines of lovely nature-painting, is quite Greek, contrasting the brightness of earth with the brief sad life of man. There is no such melancholy, as there is no humour, in the Canadian genius, and this section of Lampman's poem is beautiful as world poetry, not as a sample of peculiarly Canadian verse.

"Awake, my country, the hour is great with change,
* * * * * *
The hour of dreams is done. Lo, on the hills the gleam!
* * * * * *
Doubt not, nor dread the greatness of thy fate."

This note of inexpugnable faith, and dauntless courage to achieve, was uttered twenty years after the forming of the Confederacy. The progress of Canada, in the ensuing twenty years is the best proof that her people are answering Roberts's "call" and achieving a destiny consistent with their view of life and their genius. In general, the essential character of their view of the meaning and worth of life may be phrased thus:—"Prosperity that brings with it a rational serenity of mind and a wholesome contentment is the only prosperity worth while."

The normal Canadian citizen is, above all things, sane. The turbulent pursuit of prosperity, so conspicuous in our American cousins, in his view disturbs balance of mind and character, and so destroys that which is really worth while in living, namely, the ideal enhancement of life with pure spiritual possessions. For what, in Biblical paraphrase, shall it advantage a people if they gain the whole world of material goods and lose their own souls and the priceless goods of the spirit?

Canadians are notably in the eyes of the nations a sane and happy people, and they are so because they keep their souls always clear and valiant, having, as Lampman and Roberts and the rest of the literary group of '61, a sure vision of the greatness of their fate and the means to it. Prosperity which enhances ideally every sphere of life—this is the peculiar Canadian view. Who can gainsay its sweet reasonableness and genuine nobility?

SPEECH AFTER SILENCE

By JAMES P. HAVERSON

YOU have retired unto that garden still
To nurse your woe as 'twere a single son,
To clothe it how you please and brood upon
The days wherein it grew to hold your will.

And all the wistful sorrow mothers know
Is yours who nurse your pain in holy peace,
Till comes the dream that brings, with time, surcease,
And God and I are glad it should be so.

For you, the cloistered isles of silent trees;
I tread again the busy, moiling streets
And take my way where every day entreats
Some weary brother's sad necessities.

Each bears the burden as is willed, God wot:
You in the quiet gloom, remembering still;
And I where life and strife must daily thrill—
I—I, God help me, I have not forgot.

THE ROCKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND

By LURANA SHELDON

THUS far, old Ocean! 'Twixt thee and man's far habitat we stand,
'Twixt thee and that drear, meagre stretch of fields,
That wind-blown rime which in brief season yields
Bare sustenance, and standing, guard our strand
Against the fury of thy snarling rage.
Thus have we stood in battle age on age
Against thine anger and on-rushing greed.
Were we not staunch how would thy waters speed,
To swallow valleys and to lick the hills,
To wreak swift vengeance, overwhelming ills,
And link thine arms across man's destiny—
A ravening union of the parted sea!

These are the blades which thy desire doth whet—
These sharpened daggers, wrested from our sides,
Shaped by the torture of unnumbered tides,
Whose strong impotence in untiring fret
Gnawed at our bulwarks. These gaunt, ragged spears
That split the tongues of thine unceasing ire
Do thus defeat thine effort, thy desire,
And with their terrors lash thy treacherous tears
To venomed foam. Yet beatest thou in vain,
With importunings and dull, baffled cries!
Until Time's end thus shall these rocks arise
In strong defiance of thy wrack and strain.

Back, hungry ocean! In thine own vast breast
Hide thy great envy of man's little peace!
We stand to warn, to chide, to bid thee cease,
To thwart the madness of thy monstrous quest.

THE CHARM OF OLD WALNUT

BY PHIL IVES

"I love everything that's old, old friends, old times, old manners, old books, old wines."—Oliver Goldsmith.

WALNUT was occasionally used for furniture-making in England as early as the time of Charles I. A great many walnut trees were planted during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the trees, which grow slowly, were at this time beginning to mature. Most of the high caned-backed chairs were made of this material, but as their constructional affinities are more closely related to the oak period, they may, for the purposes of classification, be relegated to that period.

The walnut age proper immediately follows the oak furniture of the Tudor and Stuart dynasties. This age embraces all those pieces (usually, though not always, made of walnut), which exhibit the French and Dutch influences brought into England by the Courtiers who returned after the Restoration, and by those who followed the fortunes of William of Orange.

Although no fixed dates can be given in this fashion, it may be broadly indicated as beginning about the accession of James II., continuing during the reign of William III., and becoming modified, adapted, and thoroughly Anglicised in the time of Queen Anne. Finally, the quasi-Dutch style disappears during the reign of George I., when it is displaced by the mahogany furniture of Chippendale and his school.

No sharp line of demarcation can be drawn between the respective styles of oak and walnut furniture, nor between those of walnut and mahogany. The transitions were very gradual, the earlier traditions died hard. In the first quarter of the eighteenth century we find furniture being made in all three of these different woods simultaneously and in fashions which were sometimes nearly a century apart.

Not without a struggle, we may be sure, did the English workman abandon his beloved traditions of rectangular construction, strength, solidarity, and sobriety of outline. We may imagine the feelings of wonder, dismay, and aversion with which he beheld curves, applying the difficult veneering on bent surfaces, also cutting elaborate marqueterie which seemed almost too delicate to touch. Nevertheless, however much they may have rebelled against these innovations, the demands of fashion were then imperious and irresistible as today, and it is most interesting to trace the earliest naïve concessions to the new style, first a little trivial, paw-shaped foot, then a little ripple of curves in the under-rail, then the enrichments by veneering in simple designs; and sometimes these efforts are quite amusing and suggest the *gaucherie* of the rustic arrayed in the costume of a courtier.

Soon, however, this preliminary awkwardness and diffidence dies away, and we find British cabinet-makers boldly essaying the most difficult feats, exercising a definite discrimination and deliberately selecting the best features of the foreign

style. They rejected much that was bizarre and eccentric, and out of exotic elements created a new English style; formal, dignified and restrained, admirably suited to the courtly times of Addison, Swift, and Steele.

Many new pieces of furniture, lacquer is black or green, but sometimes it is scarlet or buff; the latter colour is very rare. But scarlet is also held in the highest estimation by collectors.

At first the designs of walnut furniture did not differ materially from the oaken furniture of the Jacobean

A WRITING DESK AND OCCASIONAL CHAIRS BY JACQUES AND HAY

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF MR. R. SCULLY

hitherto almost unknown in English homes, appear at this time. We may instance the writing cabinets and bureaux, the quaint mirrors for the toilet tables and for the walls, the card-tables, the tall candlestands or "torchers," the powdering tables and wash-stands, the corner cabinets, the china cabinets, the long-cased clocks, the tall chests of drawers, and linen presses (see illustration of pieces in possession of writer. Page 569).

This period also witnesses the advent of gilded furniture, also of lacquer, in imitation of those Oriental cabinets which were then being brought to this country by the Dutch and East India Trading Companies. The usual ground-colour of period. In early examples the legs of tables and chairs followed the simple turnings and spiral twists with which we are so familiar, but soon the turned work begins to change, and we find a curious widening (something like an inverted cup) near the centre of the leg, or portions of the leg are shaped in square or octagonal form.

The stretchers, or connecting cross-bars of the legs, which were formerly straight rails intended to keep the feet from the floor, now become X-shaped.

The next change is the adoption of that peculiar curved form of leg known as the "cabriole" leg. This was no new form, but had been known

in very ancient days; an example closely analagous has recently been found during excavations in Beni-hassan in Egypt, which is at least three thousand years old. It is im-

tions of old bureau and china-cabinet in writer's possession). The cornice mouldings become wider and wider until they attain to great importance, considerable skill being shown in

A WALNUT SIDEBOARD BY JACQUES AND HAY SHOWING LOWESTOFT AND SPODE TEAPOTS

possible to trace the origin of the form, but we may conjecture that this leg (which often resembles the hocked leg of an animal) was possibly suggested by the skins of animals thrown over seats, the pendant legs often assuming an appearance from which the design would arise. It seems to have found its way into Europe from China, and was frequently adopted as a motive in design in France and the Low Countries.

Tall pieces of furniture, such as presses, wardrobes, bookcases, which were formerly made with straight, flat tops, were now made arched, rounded, and dome-shaped; or with "broken" pediments of a somewhat architectural character (see illustra-

their construction. Instead of being cut out of a solid piece, they were built up in small wedge-shaped sections placed in an opposite direction to the sweep of the moulding. This method of working the wood in a contrary direction to the grain is peculiar to the walnut furniture of this period; it was a laborious and expensive process, but the rich effects of colour thus gained gives a great charm to "Queen Anne" furniture. Modern reproductions of Queen Anne furniture generally evade this trouble by working the moulding straight, but the loss of effect is very great.

To obtain beautiful effects of colour and rich "figuring of the wood"

seems to have been the *beau ideal* of the cabinet-makers; no trouble was too great; they would almost cut up a tree specially to obtain a little piece of curiously gnarled wood, and then apply it quarter-wise, so that by repetition it would form a sort of nature design. On the edges of the drawers and doors it was customary to place a border of lighter-coloured wood, with the grain running in an opposite direction, to the centre; this is technically "cross-banding." A second, inner border of two strips, with the grain cut diagonally and arranged like the barbs of a feather, was also used; this is called "herring-bone" or "feather" inlay.

Obviously this gnarled wood could not be used in a solid form, but had to be applied as a veneer. In early instances it was sometimes laid upon an oak foundation, but soon it was discovered that the shrinkage of oak did not synchronise with that of walnut, consequently the veneer fell off. In time, deal was therefore substituted, and with good results. Hence the amateur of to-day is often puzzled by observing that a piece, externally of rich quality, is lined with deal, which he, in ignorance of the facts, is apt to regard as an inferior wood.

Curious little hiding-places and secret drawers are characteristic of

A ROOM FURNISHED WITH OLD WALNUT

Queen Anne furniture, some being so obvious and palpable that they could only deceive young children, while others are most cunningly contrived in positions of difficult approach. They were intended for the reception of wills and private papers, or coin and jewels, in days when banking facilities were not so great as in our own time.

In course of time walnut was superseded by mahogany, obtained from the West Indies. Its greater durability, the ease with which it could be worked, its immunity from the attacks of "worms," and its rich purplish colour contributed largely to a popularity which has lasted for nearly two centuries. Although wal-

nut went gradually out of fashion, the style of construction which characterised walnut furniture survived far into the eighteenth century. But for the sake of classification the furniture made after about 1725-1730 must be relegated to the period known under the title of the "Age of Mahogany."

If we compare the furniture of the Age of Walnut with the later furniture of Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Adam, Sheraton, and their contemporaries (by some, called the Golden Age of Furniture), it must be conceded that greater utility and refinement of design belong to the latter; but there is undeniably a charm, a naïveté, a quaintness, a variety in form, belonging to the furniture of the walnut period, which are entirely its own. We may venerate the "sturdiness" of oak, we may admire the "daintiness" of rosewood and mahogany, but, despite a few faults, the walnut furniture not only captivates, but retains a lasting place in our affections. So much so that Canadians are beginning to, and fresh arrivals have already begun to, recognise the enduring merits of the walnut furniture made by Hilton, of Montreal, and Jacques & Hay, and a fine old sideboard, sofa, or an arm-chair, made by them, is a welcome addition to our homes. Today we often hear cultured Canadians speak with regret of certain old pieces that their parents foolishly parted with in days gone by, when early Victorian, or some other eyesore was in vogue. Oh, Fashion! What a lot we have to put up with for your sake, and, like custom, you are a perfect nightmare to wise folk!

Although genuine pieces of Jacques & Hay furniture (made in their

AN OLD WALNUT LINEN PRESS

A FINE SETTING FOR ANTIQUE FURNITURE

A WALNUT BUREAU AND CHINA CABINET, SHOWING BROKEN PEDIMENT

best period, and beautifully carved) sometimes fetch more than mahogany, yet pieces are still to be had, if one takes the trouble to seek around, at a price well within the reach of the slenderly-lined purse, and oftentimes at a price even lower than their modern equivalents.

Robert Hay was a Scotchman. His parents were Robert Hay and Elizabeth Henderson, and he was born in the Parish of Tippermuir, Perthshire, on the eighteenth of May, 1808. His father was a small farmer in anything but affluent circumstances, and had a family of nine children.

At the age of fourteen, Robert had to push for himself, and he became an apprentice to a cabinet-maker in the town of Perth. After faithfully serving his apprenticeship, he worked for some time as a journeyman, and then, in 1831, he sailed for Canada, and landed at Montreal in June, and, after speding two months in that city, he came to Toronto on the eleventh of September of the same year, where he found employment.

In 1835 he formed a partnership with Jacques, a native of Cumberland, England, under the name and style of Jacques & Hay, and commenced business as cabinet-makers, etc. The capital possessed at this time by the firm only amounted to about eight hundred dollars, but they had pluck, and, with two apprentices and their own willing hands, they laid the foundation of a business, which, at that time, was one of the largest in Canada.

Their store-rooms were situated at the corner of Jordan and King Streets, where the present Bank of Commerce now stands, and their factory was on the Esplanade, at the bottom of Bay Street. After being in business for about twenty years, they

were twice burned out, and lost about two hundred thousand dollars' worth of furniture and machinery. They were unfortunate enough to have a third fire some five years later. But, used to test each piece personally before it left the factory (and woe betide the workman if a chair creaked). It not only found a ready market in Canada, but a good deal

ITALIAN WALNUT CENTRE TABLE — EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

nothing daunted, these plucky and energetic cabinet-makers rebuilt their premises and started into business with renewed vigour.

In 1875 Jacques retired from business, and Charles Rogers and George Craig, who had long worked for the firm, were taken into the partnership, and the name was changed to Robert Hay & Company. This partnership continued until 1885, when Messrs. Rogers and Craig retired, leaving Mr. Hay in entire possession of the business. Mr. Hay three months after retired from business, and Mr. Rogers, not being able to come to terms with him, started on his own account, under the title of Charles Rogers, Sons & Company.

The furniture manufactured by the original firm was of the finest description, and Mr. Hay found its way in time to England.

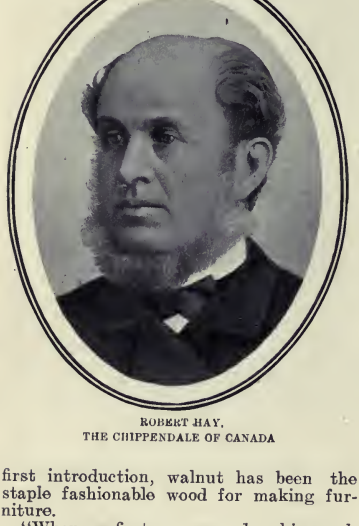
Several of the county families purchased their furniture, amongst others, Mr. Bass, M.P., the brewer, now Lord Burton, and the late Lord Abinger. These suites of furniture were designed by the late Mr. Rogers, father of Mr. W. B. Rogers, the Postmaster of Toronto, and were made before the style was altered and the workmanship had begun to deteriorate. Mr. Hay represented Central Toronto in Parliament for several years.

Before a commission sitting at Toronto in 1880, to report on agriculture, including forestry and arboriculture, Mr. Hay supplied the following information:

"When I first came to this country there was very little walnut used, but one or two years afterwards it came to

be used more extensively. I think it was Sir Peregrine Maitland who first introduced walnut here, and who was the first to make it fashionable.

"Previous to that they had used cherry or any of the common woods. Since its



ROBERT HAY,
THE CHIPPENDALE OF CANADA

first introduction, walnut has been the staple fashionable wood for making furniture.

"When we first commenced making walnut furniture we got the wood from Canada West. A great deal came from about Port Stanley and the banks of the Thames, in Kent, Essex and South Middlesex. We now obtain very little walnut, indeed, from that part of the country.

"Lately we have been getting our principal supplies of walnut from Indiana. The walnut grown in that State is as good as that grown in Canada, but as you go south of Indiana the walnut is of a lighter shade. The dark walnut grows best in a climate such as that of Michigan or Canada. I don't suppose the supply in Indiana is inexhaustible. I have been told, in fact, it will not last a great many more years.

"When I came to Canada first they used walnut for rail fences. . . . . (The writer has seen pig styes in Newfoundland made of mahogany collected from shipwrecks). The principal value of walnut is that it is an excellent wood for furniture, and is handsome in appearance. It is universally admired, has a close grain, is not liable to be much affected by changes of temperature, and, at the same time, it is not hard to work. It is a very valuable timber economically.

"I could not say exactly what time it would take for walnut trees to grow to maturity, fifty or sixty years at least. I don't know any other parts of Canada where walnut is to be found, except the district I have mentioned. There was a little once in the Niagara district, but that has been cut down. There is none at all north of us. I don't think any careful examination has ever been made of the walnut region to ascertain how much of the wood may still be remaining, but I am sure there can be very little left. It would be a desirable thing to replant walnut. There would be a great market for it."

It is to be regretted that our farmers and others living in the country sadly neglect the work of planting forest trees from the notion that their growth will be so tardy as to make the outlay of time and a little money worthless to them in their day and generation.

The idea of handing down a fine estate beautifully timbered to their sons is not constantly present to the minds of Canadians as in England, where timber has helped to save many a bankrupt landlord, and a craving to achieve immediate results is one of the curses of the times.

Judging from the walnut trees growing round about Oakville they will repay the trouble and expense of planting. This ought to encourage the residents in that district to plant extensively in their pastures and round their houses. A well-grown walnut tree is not only ornamental and a good shade for cattle, but its nuts, pickled when green, and, when ripe, assisted with a glass of good old tawny port, is an ever welcome adjunct to our luncheon and dinner tables.

It is an ill wind that blows no one good. Were it not for the Philistines and the *bourgeois* in our midst, the collector or connoisseur would miss many bargains. These dear, good people have been too busy chasing the almighty dollar to cultivate a taste for art. Consequently, the

house beautiful is beyond their comprehension, and antiques to them are mere "junk." They will often dispose of them in order to furnish their houses in what, poor souls, they fondly consider the fashion. This genteel furniture (to use one of their pet words), covered with some quite too awful an abomination for words, being usually jerry-built and made of unseasoned wood, warps as soon as the rooms are heated in the winter, falls to pieces in the spring, and is smashed up for firewood in the summer. Then, and then only, they learn the folly of buying the banal things we see every day in our shop windows, or the inane crudities of *l'art nouveau*.

Beware of "fakes" and "shams" of all kinds, for there are many traps for the unwary. Genuine old rosewood, mahogany, or walnut furniture may not appear cheap at the time of purchase, but do not be prevented from becoming the lucky possessor of such a piece. For, remember, in buying well-made furniture, you are buying once and once only, not for your life-time, but for generations to come.

Rome was not built in a day—neither can a house be successfully furnished in an afternoon by rushing pell-mell from one shop to another. It requires quite as much time, skill, and thought as it does to write a successful play like "The Importance of Being Earnest."

The scheme of a room should be always determined before anything is chosen, and then patiently elaborated in detail, if one would avoid the garish or discordant note so commonly seen in the mansions of mushroom millionaires. The second generation of the *nouveau riche* usually have better taste or are wise enough to know that they are lacking in this commodity and call in an expert or consult their educated friends, who have grandfathers, and who are to the manner born.

One of our Dominion's merchant princes has recently deputed a well-known artist to furnish and decorate his new house throughout, and to go to Europe to purchase pictures.

Everything in the principal rooms, the artist informed the writer, is to be carried out with that fidelity to tradition which is so essential to a harmonious ensemble. In fact, everything will bear the unmistakable stamp of "correctness." For instance, in the Louis XVI. music-room, the stuff on the chair seats, or the curtains, and even the door handles, will all belong to this period.

The day for rare bargains and wonderful "finds," so dear to the collector's heart, is not yet passed. There are many delightful pieces of old furniture and china and other treasures lying *perdu* still for the seeing eye and thinking brain of the collector to discover.

The writer, in his rambles in the quest of the antique, recently discovered in a "junk shop" a Lowestoft and an early Spode teapot, which were promptly secured at the ridiculous price of twenty-five cents each, and which are photographed on the sideboard, shown on page 567, for the benefit of the true antiquary, who is generally a person of elastic tastes, many-sided and omniverous.

"A wife, a span'l and a walnut tree,
The more you beat them the better they be."

—Old Saw.

THE WOODS IN AUTUMN

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

AUTHOR OF "ANNE OF GREEN GABLES" ETC.

MAPLES are trees that have primeval fire in their souls. It glows out a little in their early youth, before the leaves open, in the redness and rosy-yellowness of their blossoms, but in summer it is carefully hidden under a demure, silver-lined greenness. Then, when autumn comes, the maples give up trying to be sober and flame out in all the barbaric splendour and gorgeousness of their real natures, making of the ancient wood a thing out of an Arabian Nights dream in the golden prime of good *Haroun Alraschid*.

You never may know what scarlet and crimson really are until you see them in their perfection on an October hillside under the unfathomable blue of an autumn sky. All the glow and radiance and joy at earth's heart seem to have broken loose in a splendid determination to express itself for once before the frost of winter chills her beating pulses. It is the year's carnival ere the dull Lenten days of leafless valleys and penitential mists come.

The maples are the best vehicle for this hidden, immemorial fire of the earth and the woods, but the other trees bear their part valiantly. The sumacs are almost as gorgeous as the maples; the wild cherry trees are, indeed, more subdued, as if they are rather too reserved and modest to go to the length the maples do, and prefer to let their crimson and gold burn more dully through overtints of bronzy green.

I know a dell, far in the bosky deeps of the wood, where a row of maiden birches fringe a deeply-running stream, and each birch is more exquisite than her sisters. And, as for the grace and goldenness of the young things, that cannot be expressed in terms of the dictionary or symbols of earth, but must be seen to be believed or realised. I stumbled on that dell the other day quite by accident . . . if, indeed, there can be such a thing as accident in the woods, where I am tempted to think we are led by the Good People along such of their fairy paths as they have a mind for us to walk in. It was lying in a benediction of amber sunshine, and it seemed to me that a spell of eternity was woven over it . . . that winter might not touch it, nor spring evermore revisit it. It must continue forever so, the yellow trees mirrored in the placid stream, with now and then a leaf falling on the water to drift away and be used, mayhap, as a golden shallop for some adventurous wood sprite, who had it in mind to fare forth to some wonderful far-off region where all the brooks run into the sea.

I left the dell while the sunshine still shone on it, before the shadows had begun to fall. And I shall never, if I can help it, revisit it again. I wish to remember it always as in that one vision and never see it changed or different. I think it is one of the places where dreams grow; and hereafter whenever I have a dream of a certain kind . . . a golden, mel-

low, crimson-veined dream, a very dream of dreams, I shall please my fancy with the belief that it came from my secret dell of birches, and was born of some mystic union between the fairest of the sisters and the genius of that crooning brook. The woods are full of purple vistas, threaded with sunshine and gossamer. Down drop the tinted leaves, one by one, with the faintest of sighs, until our feet rustle most silverly through their fallen magnificence. The woods are as friendly as ever; but they do not make the advances of spring, nor do they lavish attentions on us as in summer. They are full of a gentle, placid indifference. We have the freedom of their wonders, as old friends, but we are not any longer to expect them to make much fuss over us; they want to dream and remember, undisturbed by new things. They have spread out a spectacle that cannot be surpassed . . . have flung all their months of hoarded sunlight into one grand burst of colour, and now they wish to take their rest.

The conebearers hardly know what to make of the transformation that has come over their deciduous neighbours, who comported themselves so discreetly and respectably all through the earlier months of the year. The pines and hemlocks and spruces seem to wrap their dark mantles around them, with a tinge of haughty disapproval. No change of fashion for them, and it please ye, no flaunting in unseemly liveries of riotous hue. It is theirs to keep up the dignity of the forest. Only the firs are more tolerant. Indeed, here and there a fir seems trying to change its sober garments also, and has turned a rich red-brown. But, alas! The poor fir pays for its desertion of fir tradition by death. Only the dying fir can change its colour . . . and exhale that haunting, indescribable odour, which steals out to meet us in shadowy hollows and silent dingles.

There is a magic in that scent of dying fir. It gets into our blood like some rare, subtly-compounded wine, and thrills us with unutterable sweetnesses, as of recollections from some other, fairer life, lived in some happier star. Compared to it, all other scents seem heavy and earth-born, luring to the valleys instead of the heights. But the tang of the fir summons upward and onward to some "far-off, divine event" . . . some spiritual peak of attainment, whence we shall see with unfaltering, unclouded vision the spires of some ærial city beautiful, or the fulfilment of some fair, fadeless land of promise.

Autumn woods give us another rare fragrance also—the aroma of frosted ferns. The morning is the best time for it—a morning after a sharp frost, when the sunshine breaks over the hollows in the woods; but sometimes we may catch it in the evenings after the afternoon sun has steeped the feathery golden sheets of a certain variety of fern and drawn out their choicest savour.

I have a surprise for you if you will but walk with me through these still, stained mazes and over the enclosed harvest field beyond, and up this dour hill of gnarled spruces and along this maple-fringed upland meadow. There will be many little things along our way to make us glad. Joyful sounds will "come ringing down the wind;" gypsy gold will be ours for the gathering; I can promise you a glimpse now and then of a shy partridge, scuttling away over the fallen leaves; as the evening deepens there will be nun-like shadows under the trees; and there will be squirrels, chattering in the beeches where the nuts are. Squirrels, you know, are the gossips and busybodies of the woods, not having learned the fine reserve of its other denizens. But there is a certain shrill friendliness in their greeting, and they are not really half such scolds as one might imagine from appearances. If they

would but "take a thought and mend" their shrewd-like ways they would be dear, lovable creatures enough.

Ah, here is my promised surprise. Look you . . . a tree . . . an apple tree . . . an apple tree laden with fruit . . . as I live, a veritable apple-bearing apple tree here in the very heart of the woods, neighboured by beeches and pines, miles away from any orchard. Years ago it sprang from some chance sown seed; and the alien thing has grown and flourished and held its own. In the spring I wandered this way and saw it white amid wildness with its domestic blossom. Pluck and eat fearlessly, I pray you. I know these apples of old and fruit of Hesperides hath not a rarer flavour, nor the fatal apple of Eden. They have a tawny skin, but a white, white flesh, faintly veined with red; and, besides their own proper apple taste, they have a certain wild, delicious flavour no orchard-grown apples ever possessed or can possess. Let us sit here on this fallen tree, cushioned with mosses, and eat our fill, while the shafts of sunshine turn crimson and grow remote and more remote, until they vanish altogether and the early autumn twilight falls over the woods. Surely, there is nothing more for our quest, and we may as well go home.

Nothing more? Look you, I pray you, over yonder, through the mist of this mild, calm evening. Beyond the brook valley, halfway up the opposite slope, a brush fire is burning clearly and steadily in a maple grove. There is something indescribably alluring in that fire, glowing so redly against the dark background of forest and twilit hill. A wood fire at night has a fascination not to be resisted by those of mortal race. Come, let us arise and go to it. It may have been lighted by some good, honest farmer, bent on tidying up his sugar orchard, but it may also, for aught we know, have been kindled by no earthly woodman, a beacon or a summons to the tribes of færy. Even so, we shall seek it fearlessly, for are we not members of the immemorial free-masonry of the woods?

Now we are in the grove. Is it not beautiful, O comrade of my wanderings? So beautiful that it makes us perfectly happy; we could sit down and cry for pure, unearthly joy; and we desire fervently some new language, rich in unused, unstained words, to express our rapture.

The fire burns with a clear, steady glow and a soft crackle; the long arcades beneath the trees are illuminated with a rosy radiance, beyond which lurks companies of enticing gray and purple shadows. Everything is very still and dreamy and remote. It is impossible that out there, just over the hill, lies a village of men, where tame household lamps are shining. We must be thousands of miles away from such things. It is an hour and place when and where anything might come true . . . when men in green might creep out to join hands and foot in fealty around the fire, or wood nymphs steal from their trees to warm their white limbs, grown chilly in autumn frosts, by the blaze. I don't think we would feel much surprise if we should see something of the kind . . . the flash of an ivory shoulder through yonder gloom, or a queer little elfin face peering at us around a twisted gray trunk. Oh, I think I do see it . . . but one cannot be sure. Mortal eyesight is too slow and clumsy a thing to match against the flicker of a pixy-litten fire.

Everything is in this hour—the beauty of classic myths, the primal charm of the silent and the open, the lure of mystery, the beguilement of gramarye. It has been a pure love match 'twixt light and dark, and beautiful exceedingly are the offspring thereof.

We go home by the old fir lane over the hill, though it is somewhat longer

than the field way. But it always drags terribly at my heart to go past a wood lane if I can make any excuse at all for traversing it. Sometimes I like to walk in this lane alone, for I know it well and can tryst here with many shapes of old dreams and joys. But to-night I am glad to have a comrade . . . for the dark is coming down, and I am just a wee bit afraid, with a not unpleasant fear. The whole character of the lane seems changed. It is mysterious . . . eerie . . . almost sinister. The trees, my old, well-known friends, are strange and aloof. The sounds we hear are not the cheery, companionable sounds of daytime . . . they are creeping and whispering and weird, as if the life of the woods had suddenly developed something almost hostile . . . something, at least, alien and unacquainted and furtive. I could fancy that I hear stealthy footsteps all around us . . . that strange eyes were watching us through the boughs. I feel all the old primitive fear known to the childhood of the race—the awe of the dark and shadowy, the shrinking from some unseen menace lurking in the gloom. My reason quells it into a piquant watchfulness, but were I alone it would take but little—nothing more than that strip of dried bark keening so shilly on the rail fence—to deliver me over to a blind panic, in which I should turn and flee shamelessly. As it is, I walk more quickly than my wont, and feel, as we leave the lane behind, that I am escaping from some fascinating, but not altogether hallowed, locality—a place still given over to paganism and the revels of fauns and satyrs. None of the wild places are ever wholly Christian in the darkness, however much they may seem so in daylight. There is always a lurking life in them that dares not show itself to the sun, but regains its own with the night. Comrade, I vow I am right glad to see the steady-gleaming homelight below us, shining on homely, mortal faces. It is a good thing after the uncanny enchantment of the autumn forest.

EARLY NAVIGATION ON THE SASKATCHEWAN

BY W. EVERARD EDMONDS

THE Saskatchewan River is one of Canada's greatest waterways. Its two branches, draining the prairie country between Lake Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains, are twin sisters of the Missouri and Mississippi. The north branch rises in the mountainous region of western Alberta, flows north-east past Edmonton, and then turns south-east. At Battleford it receives the waters of the Battle River, and after passing Prince Albert it is joined by the south branch, the combined streams pouring their waters into the northern end of Lake Winnipeg at Grand Rapids. The South Saskatchewan, some eight hundred miles in length, is formed by the union of two Rocky Mountain streams, the Bow and Belly Rivers, and after skirting Medicine Hat and Saskatoon, pours its swirling waters into the north branch, which, at this point, is six hundred yards wide.

The history of navigation on the Saskatchewan dates from the old fur-trading days, when the northern wilderness first echoed to the stirring strains of the Highlanders' bagpipes, and the *chansons* of red-sashed *voyageurs* and hardy *coureurs du bois*. In 1774 Samuel Hearne, discoverer of the Coppermine, built Cumberland House for the Hudson's Bay Company, about a hundred miles above Grand Rapids. Within twenty years the company had extended its posts westward to the foot of the Rockies, Norway House, at the foot of Lake Winnipeg, being the distributing point for the Western trade.

But the Hudson's Bay Company was not long permitted to have all the trade in the North and West. Free traders advanced up the rivers, and in the closing years of the eighteenth century they carried on a flourishing trade with scattered tribes of Northern Indians. In 1783 a number of merchants of Montreal organised the North-west Trading Company and succeeded in securing the services of the free traders by making them partners or salaried employees. Fort William, on Lake Superior, was made the headquarters of the new company's trade, and fur-posts were built at strategic points along the swift-flowing Saskatchewan.

The name Saskatchewan means "swift current," and anyone who has battled with its seething waters will admit that the stream does not belie its name. Rapids, shoals, and sand bars are characteristic of both branches of the river from the foothills to the forks, a little more than a hundred miles above Cumberland House. A short voyage down stream brings one to the Pas, which marks the extreme northern point that connected railway steel has yet reached on this continent. A train could be made up at the Pas, and in a week's time its passengers could step out

on the platform in New York, San Francisco, or New Orleans.

The Pas is one of Canada's coming cities, for within a very short time, a new line of glistening steel will connect this point with Hudson's Bay. Eastward from the Pas, the river runs through a flat, marshy country, with shallow lakes on either hand. After passing through Cedar Lake—a beautiful sheet of water—it forms a huge angle and then makes a final plunge into Lake Winnipeg over the seven miles of Grand Rapids.

In the early 'eighties, the Northwest Navigation Company placed a fleet of steamboats on the Saskatchewan, and from 1880 to 1885 the river was navigated each summer from Edmonton to Grand Rapids. The company had twelve miles of roadway built round the rapids, and freight was transferred by means of teams from the lake to the river boats and *vice versa*. The boats, which were drawn up on the bank during the winter, were launched just as soon as the ice went out, and made the first trip with the high water.

These boats were run for the benefit of the great northern trade, and delivered most of the freight billed for Cumberland, the Pas, Prince Albert, Carleton, Battleford, Fort Pitt, and Edmonton. The first trip of the season was the most profitable, and used to net the company something like $125,000, most of the freight going to the Hudson's Bay posts in the Far North. In 1882 the company's fleet consisted of the *Manitoba*, the *Northcote*, the *Northwest*, and the *Marquis*. The first two generally did the trip from Prince Albert to Edmonton, and the latter pair ran between Prince Albert and Grand Rapids.

The history of these early river boats is interesting. The *Marquis* was one of the old Red River steamers owned by a navigation company, of which, for a time, J. J. Hill was active warehouseman. When the railway advanced toward Winnipeg River navigation was abandoned, and the *Marquis* was bought by the Northwest Navigation Company, run down the lake to Grand Rapids, taken to pieces, hauled across in sections, and rebuilt above the rapids. After an honourable career, her old hulk now lies rotting on the river bank at Prince Albert, "and none so poor to do her reverence." The *Manitoba*, which went to pieces in the Shell River, formerly ran up the Assiniboine to Fort Ellis, but was transferred to the Saskatchewan in the summer of '82.

The oldest steamboats on the river were the *Lily* and the *Northcote*. The first drew too much water and was wrecked on a survey expedition up the south branch, above Saskatoon. It was the *Lily* which met the Marquis of Lorne at Carleton in 1881 and took him first to Prince Albert and then to Battleford, from which place he crossed overland to Calgary.

The *Northcote* distinguished herself during the Rebellion of '85 by serving as a military transport and gun-boat. When it was determined to send supplies to the scene of hostilities by the river, the *Northcote*, then at Medicine Hat, was taken to Saskatchewan Landing, where provisions and troops were taken on board. Captain "Gat" Howard, with a Gatling gun battery, almost monopolised the fore part of the upper deck, and the four companies of soldiers occupied the remainder. Two barges filled with supplies were lashed one on each side of the steamer, and the old stern-wheeler left on April 22nd for Clark's Crossing, where General Middleton anxiously awaited the expected stores.

But the *Northcote's* progress was slow. Owing to the turbulent nature of the South Saskatchewan, new channels are continually being cut, and the water is coloured a deep yellow by the moving sand. The improvised gun-boat therefore had her

share of trouble. She ran on the rocks once, ran ashore twice, and went aground on sandbars no less than eleven times in a single day. Clark's Crossing was reached on May 5th, and two of the companies were left there, with a considerable part of the stores. It was found that General Middleton had advanced to Fish Creek, and the boat arrived at that point, with the two remaining companies, on the following morning.

The General decided to send the *Northcote* down the river to fire upon the rebel stronghold at Batoche, while his main body of troops attacked it from the land. Unfortunately, the steamer dropped down the stream too quickly, and, as she swung round the big bend above the town, she was swept by a leaden hail-storm from both sides of the river. At the same time, the rebels began to lower the heavy ferry cable to block her further progress. The pilot, seeing that his only chance of escape was to break the cable, ordered "full steam ahead." The next moment the *Northcote* struck the powerful steel hawser in the centre, and it bounded fully twenty feet into the air. The momentum acquired by the steamer caused her to pass partly under the wire before it fell on the hurricane deck, tearing off the top of the wheelhouse, and sending the smoke-stacks down with a crash. Although partially disabled, the old boat "was still in the ring." Amid a howl of rage she swung round in the current and drifted down the stream, firing a broadside as she went. After maintaining a running fight for three days with rebels along the shore, the staunch old boat reached Hudson's Bay Ferry, twenty-two miles down stream, and was met there by the *Marquis*. The two boats proceeded up stream to Batoche, only to find that the town had already been taken.

Some twenty years later, a more disastrous fate overtook Captain Ross's boat, the *City of Medicine Hat*, in the crooked currents of the South Saskatchewan. While making a pleasure trip down stream from her namesake city, she was wrecked at Saskatoon in 1907. The cause of the wreck proved to be the submerged electric light and telegraph wires which crossed the river at this point.

One of the most interesting trips in recent years was that of the *Alberta*, of Prince Albert, through the dreaded Grand Rapids. It was a risky experiment, but fortune favoured the adventurous crew; and, though the boat sank immediately after reaching shore in the still water below, she was afloat again in less than a week. At present she is doing duty as an excursion boat on the Red, and the Saskatchewan knows her no more.

Navigation on the Saskatchewan was no easy task, even in its palmiest days. The channels were constantly changing, and it took a pilot with a practised eye to detect a shoal where, probably on the previous trip, a deep channel had existed. The larger boats had long spars attached to the bow, and these were operated by means of a donkey-engine. When the craft stuck on a sandbar, these spars were set at an angle, and the donkey-engine proceeded to manipulate them in the same way that a man does a pole in punting a scow. As a rule, the boats were of very light draught, three feet being the maximum when fully loaded.

Until one got used to life on the boat, sleep was out of the question; "sounding for the channel" was too important an item to be dispensed with, even under the most favourable circumstances. One man was stationed at the bow, with a long, thin pole marked in feet, while another stood just outside the pilot-house. The first man would sound and call out in a monotonous voice the various depths—"two feet slack—three feet slacking—no bottom," or "three feet—two feet scant," as the

case might be, and the call would be repeated by the man near the pilot-house.

The company used to engage Indians to cut wood during the winter at many points along the river, so that fuel could be easily obtained. Failing to reach one of these points, the boat was tied up, and the crew turned out to cut enough wood to last until the next wood-yard was reached. The transferring of freight from one boat to another, and to the various depots, was performed by Indians—the roustabouts—and it was truly marvellous to see what one of these men could carry.

The usefulness of the old river boats was taken away, however, when the railways began to stretch out their tendons into the north. The Calgary and Edmonton line robbed the river of most of Edmonton's trade, and the Qu'Appelle, Long Lake and Saskatchewan Railway did the same for that of Prince Albert. At present, there are no boats running on the south branch, and the once famous north branch fleet has given place to a few tug-boats and lumber-barges.

But the end is not yet. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's dream of a thousand-mile waterway from the foot of the Rockies to the head of Lake Winnipeg is likely to be realised in his own lifetime. Even if it is not, the future of the Saskatchewan is assured. To-day the Peace River country is on the eve of its development; to-morrow, as a new Province, it will be sending its wheat to European markets by the cheapest and shortest route. And what is that route? Beyond all doubt, it is by way of the Saskatchewan River and Hudson's Bay. The expenditure of a few million dollars would make the river safely navigable as far as the Pas, where waiting trains would whisk the golden grain away to the holds of trans-Atlantic steamships. This is not a dream, but a prophecy. Railway companies may scoff, but the fact must soon be faced; the Saskatchewan is again coming into its own.

The WAY of LETTERS

"IN manufactures Canada is 'away behind' both Great Britain and the United States. I am not asserting the Canadian manufacturer has not grit and push; but the results have not yet been sufficient to justify him in thinking he is anywhere near a level of competence with Britain. With the exception of a particular branch of agricultural implement manufacture there is not a single industry in Canada at the present time which could hold its own against fair-price and quality competition with the United States and Great Britain." The foregoing is the opinion of John Foster Fraser, author of a new book on Canada entitled "Canada as it Is." Lord Strathcona contributes to this book what is called an introduction, but he does not say anything about the book or the author. He makes a few observations regarding Canada, and lets it go at that. The volume is the most readable of the many that have been written about Canada of late, but it is not the most correct. For instance, a chapter is devoted to "Toronto: the most English city in Canada." If Toronto had been called the most American city in Canada the estimate would have been better. Toronto is not nearly so English as either Halifax or Victoria. Again, Mr. Fraser writes with admirable assurance about the loyalty of French-Canadians, a subject that has all along baffled the most astute and constant observers. It is always well to listen carefully to remarks of strangers, but passing impressions should not be retailed as the last word. The volume contains several reproductions of excellent drawings by the Canadian illustrator Mr. C. W. Jefferys. (Toronto: Cassell & Company).

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"THE Dominion of Canada," by W. L. Griffith, is one of the books of the "All Red Series," which is "designed at once to quicken the interest of Englishmen in the extension and maintenance of the Empire, and to give an account of its constituent countries as they are to-day." It is some time since a volume of equal illuminating qualities has been written about Canada. Besides giving at the outset a brief, yet intelligible survey of the history of Canada, there are chapters on, for instance, "The American Invasion," "The Habitant," "Social Life To-day of Canada," "The Governor-General and the High Commissioner," "The Parliament of Canada," "Defence," "Banking and Currency in British North Amercia," "Customs Revenue and Taxation." It is therefore a volume that is full of instruction for the average Canadian, a volume indeed, that might well be used in Canadian schools and colleges. It deals with subjects that are not familiarly understood. Most Canadians observe Parliament in session, but they do

not appreciate the working of its various functions; they frequently do business at some bank, but they know almost nothing about the Canadian system of banking. On many things which directly affect the people of Canada this book gives interesting comment and valuable information. (Toronto: McClelland & Goodchild).

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"THE New Garden of Canada" is the appropriate title of a volume written by F. A. Talbot and dealing with British Columbia along the route of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway from the "end of steel" at Wolf Creek to Prince Rupert. The author had many varied experiences during the trip, and his opportunities for close observation were excellent. He has written, as a result, a fine narrative as well as what appears to be a truthful account of conditions and opportunities in that new and promising part of the Dominion. The book is well illustrated with reproductions of photographs. (Toronto: Cassell & Company).

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IT is safe to say that from a popular point of view no book issued within recent years covers the field of architecture so comprehensively as "How to Know Architecture," by Frank E. Wallis, A.A.I.A. This book embraces the history of architecture from the early Pagan period down to the time of the American decadence, and the author deals with present conditions and forecasts the future, making allowances for the inevitable influences of new materials, such, for instance, as steel, concrete and cement. The purpose of this book is to entertain the lay reader with an exposition of the importance of architecture in the progress of the world and its intimate relationship to man, with regard particularly to expression of sentiment, culture, and character. At the same time, it is intended that the intelligent reader, after having read the book, can at a glance tell what architectural name to give any building he may come in contact with in his own town or anywhere. (New York: Harper & Brothers).

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AS the title of "The Jesuit," by Joseph Hocking, would indicate, the author has given us another of his anti-Romanist novels. His only excuse for so doing is his evidently sincere belief in the reality of the danger. According to him, the Roman Catholic Church is a hotbed of intrigue, with an avowed purpose of restoring Roman Catholic supremacy in England. The present novel is written around the changes made in the King's coronation oath changes, which, he believes, are only preliminaries to a fight against the Bill of Rights and the establishing of a possible Catholic succession. Overstrained in many ways as the plot may appear, the story in the main is a readable one. Its strong family likeness to other novels by Mr. Hocking will by some be welcomed and by others deplored. For Canadian readers it loses much from the fact that the "feeling" upon which the controversy is based is not an active factor in Canadian thought and life. The dangers which Mr. Hocking points out do not seem real to us. A possible civil war over religious differences, for instance, seems in the last degree absurd. One feels inclined to laugh; and one cannot fight and laugh at the same time! (Toronto: Cassell & Company).

*

SPAIN is a country about which some truth might well be told, and therefore it is gratifying to find so engaging a volume as "The Truth About Spain," by G. H. B. Ward, a writer who for some years has made a close study of Spanish affairs. He has kept in touch with many of the prominent publicists of that Kingdom, and has made a careful analysis of political, ecclesiastical, educational, legal, social, industrial, commercial, economic, military, and naval

aspects of the country. The volume gives a vivid picture of Spain as it is, and is unusually interesting. There are excellent illustrations. (Toronto: Cassell & Company).

*

THE thousands of readers who enjoyed W. Pett Ridge's volume of sketches, entitled "Light Refreshments," will want to read this author's new book, "Table d'Hote." The character of these later sketches is quite the same as that of the first book, but there is perhaps an improvement in style and a more matured humour. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

J. J. BELL gives us another of his irresistible juvenile characters. "Jim," which is the title of his latest book, and the name of the chief person in it, measures up well with "Wee Macgreegor." But, then, everything that J. J. Bell does is well done. "Jim" is a book of good fun and good philosophy, too. (Toronto: the Musson Book Company).

*

"CANADA'S West and Farther West" is the title of a profusely illustrated volume written by Frank Carrell, of *The Telegraph*, Quebec. (Quebec: the Telegraph Printing Company).

*

IT is worthy of note that "Irish Poems," the latest volume of verse by Arthur Stringer, was published by Mr. Mitchell Kennerley, of New York, a publisher who has made a reputation for the excellence of the verse that comes from his press.

*

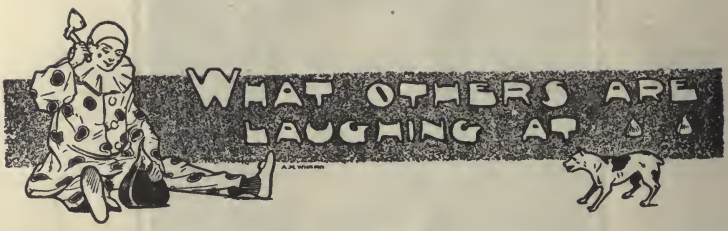
ROOSEVELT'S celebrated enjoinder to the English people respecting the British administration of Egypt has elicited from J. Alexander a consideration of the Egyptian question in a volume entitled "The Truth About Egypt." The author has apparently attempted to consider the question with fairness, from the standpoint alike of the Nationalist and the supporter of the British occupation. Occasionally, however, he seems to take a definite stand, and when he does so he shows ground for his contentions. He is credited with first-class knowledge of the subject. The volume is well illustrated. (Toronto: Cassell and Company).

*

"BURNING Daylight," as *Elam Harnisch* is called by his palls in Alaska, is one of the physically and mentally strong men, in whose life and struggles in a world of men Jack London delights. The nick-name furnishes a title of this popular author's book, which is the type of a present-day masculine school of fiction. *Daylight* becomes a Klondike king—in cleverly buying up all the best claims in the gold creeks—then goes down into the States and fights many a wild battle in the financial arena. Here he grows hard, selfish and cruel as never before, losing the geniality that had been his in Alaska, losing even the splendid physical strength that was his pride. Unassumingly, with none of the italicising that sometimes annoys us in Jack London's work, big financial deals that have the ring of truth about them are exposed. But it is all seen through *Daylight's* eyes, in relation to his life, his development. The balance of proportion between the background, first of the Alaska wilds, then the Gold Stampede, then the world of high finance and gambling—the proportion between this teeming background and the central figure is excellently held throughout. Finally, when he is forty, a woman comes into *Daylight's* life, this life that had known the things interesting men only, and through his love for her he returns to

MR. S. A. WHITE, WHO HAS WRITTEN A NEW NOVEL OF COBALT ENTITLED "THE WILDCATTERS."

his former simple, strong self. Leaving the "big game" of finance, leaving also his thirty millions, he settles down to a charming idyl of the simple life in married happiness. The picture of the ranch and the life there is very pretty, coming after the storm and stress of the earlier chapters. And we take a real interest in the temptation that comes to *Daylight* when he discovers gold on his own land, and all his gambling instincts flare up anew. But he conquers them and returns to his wife, with a plan to plant trees over the hidden richness that he may never think of it again. It reads well as a book, and its author may be forgiven some recent failures for its sake.



Distracting

"What drove the lady exchange editor crazy?"

"Reading of bargains in cities a thousand miles away."—*Toledo Blade.*

*

By an Alumnus

Ball—"What is silence?"

Hall—"The college yell of the school of experience."—*Harper's Bazar.*

*

Great Expectations

"Where are you going with that goat, little boy?"

"Down to the lake. Come along if you wanter see some fun. This here goat has jest et a crate of sponges, an' I'm goin' down an' let him drink."—*Toledo Blade.*

MERELY A SUMMER ENGAGEMENT
—The Chicago *News*

Kept Him Busy

"You have kept my nose to the grindstone, Serepta," spoke her husband, nerving himself to say something at last, "for fifteen years."

"I've done more than that, Volney," snapped Mrs. Vick-Senn; "I have made you turn the grindstone."—*Chicago Tribune.*

*

Will be Airy

"Do you think that aviation will become fashionable?"

"To a certain extent," replied Miss Cayenne. "Of course, very few people will fly. But if airship costumes are made sufficiently picturesque they will be much worn."—*Washington Star.*

*

Making it Right

The check which the comely young German woman handed in at the window of a Walnut Street savings fund bank the other day was made payable to Gretchen H. Schmidt, and she had indorsed it simply Gretchen Schmidt. The man at the receiving teller's window called her back to rectify the mistake just as she was turning away.

"You don't deposit this quite this way," he explained. "See, you have forgotten the H."

The young woman looked at her check and then blushed a rosy red.

"Ach, so I haf," she murmured, and wrote hurriedly:

"Age 23."—*Philadelphia Times.*

SANDY, the local fox-destroyer (enquiring about new tenant). "What's he when he's at hame?"
GILLIE. "They tell me he does naething but hunt foxes; keeps saxty dogs and twenty horses for 't."
SANDY. "Losh me! It maun be a fine trade doon there."

—*Punch.*

ONE BEST BET

Plaintiff (in lawsuit)—"So you think I will get the money, do you?"

His Counsel—"I think we will get it."—*Puck.*

*

THE LATEST

"What are her days at home?"

"Oh, a society leader has no days at home any more. Nowadays she has her telephone hours."—*Smart Set.*

*

IN THE SWIM

A reviewer in the New York *Nation* illustrates his own comments on a certain new volume of essays by a story that is worth putting into circulation. Three hearers, he says, of the admired Dr. X. were talking in the vestibule after the sermon. "We must admit," remarked the first, "that the doctor dives deeper into his subject than any other preacher." "Yes," said the second, "and stays under longer." "And comes up drier," added the third.—*Western Christian Advocate.*

NOT TO BE LOST

"Dr. Junks and I were chasing his hat for a quarter of an hour this morning."

"What did you want to chase it for?"

"Well, I didn't want to lose sight of him. When his hat blew off he was just starting to propose to me."—*Fliegende Blaetter.*

*

UNPALATABLE

The Rev. Charles H. Spurgeon's keen wit was always based on sterling common sense. One day he remarked to one of his sons:

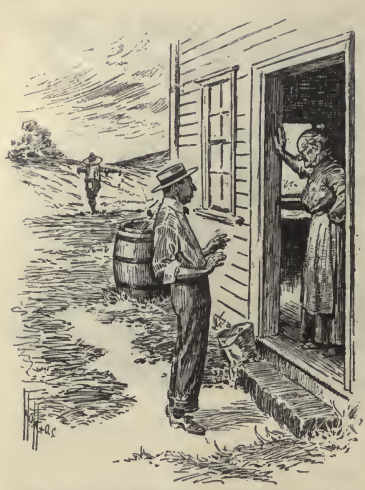
"Can you tell me the reason why the lions didn't eat Daniel?"

*

A WISE COURSE

The Author—"Would you advise me to get out a small edition?"

The Publisher—"Yes; the smaller the better. The more scarce a book is at the end of four or five centuries the more money you realise from it."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*



SUMMER BOARDER: Do you find that that scarecrow really keeps off the birds?

"Scarecrow! That ain't a scarecrow that's my husband."

—*Life*

TIME TO GO

"Pa, is a vessel a boat?"

"Er—yes—you may call it that."

"Well, what kind of a boat is a blood-vessel?"

"It's a life-boat. Now run away to bed."—*Boston Transcript.*

*

HE WOULD

"When they take woman away from the co-educational college," said the speaker, "what will follow?"

"I will," cried a voice from the audience.—*Success.*

*

UP AGAINST IT

"John," asked Mrs. Dorkins, "what is a 'political con game'?"

"Why, it's—it's a frame-up, you know."

"Yes, but what is a frame-up?"

"A—er—piece of bunk, of course; can't you——"

"What is a piece of bunk?"

"Oh, shucks!" exclaimed Mr. Dorkins. "What's the use of trying to tell a woman anything about politics!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

PRETTY QUICK

He—"But couldn't you learn to love me, Anna?"

She—"I don't think I could."

He (reaching for his hat)—"It is as I feared—you are too old to learn. —*Harper's Bazar.*

*

A FALSE IMPRESSION

"What sort of a magazine do you publish?"

"The official organ of the dentists."

"I see. A sort of mouth ōrgan, eh?"—*Toledo Blade.*

*

IF YOU WANT A KISS, WHY TAKE IT

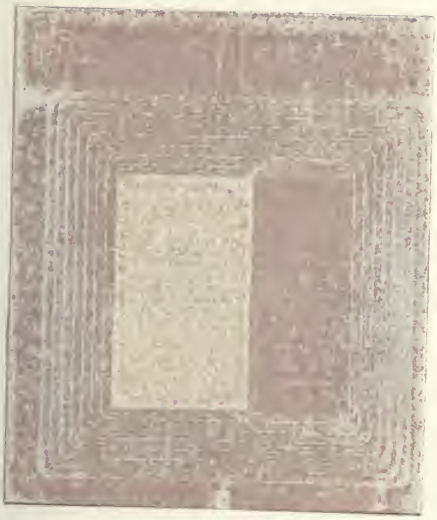
There's a jolly Saxon proverb
That is pretty much like this—
That a man is half in heaven
If he has a woman's kiss.
There is danger in delaying,
For the sweetness may forsake it;
So I tell you, bashful lover,
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Never let another fellow
Steal a march on you in this;
Never let a laughing maiden
See you spoiling for a kiss.
There's a royal way to kissing,
And the jolly ones who make it
Have a motto that is winning—
If you want a kiss, why, take it.

Any fool may face a cannon,
Anybody wear a crown,
But a man must win a woman
If he'd have her for his own.
Would you have the golden apple,
You must find the tree and shake it;
If the thing is worth the having,
And you want a kiss, why, take it.

Who would burn upon a desert
With a forest smiling by?
Who would change his sunny summer
For a bleak and wintry sky?
Oh, I tell you there is magic,
And you cannot, cannot break it;
For the sweetest part of loving
Is to want a kiss, and take it.

—*Anonymous.*



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